CONTENTS

GREAT NOVELS

PHILOSOPHY RELIGION AND BELLES LETTRES

ILLUSTRATIONS

GREAT NOVELS

OLD SAINT PAUL'S

By HARRISON AINSWORTH

This is a novel with a building as a hero The cathedral is the really dominant character of "Old Saint Paul's" Always the action leads back to it, and it certainly towers above all the human personages of the story 'Old Saint Paul's' first appeared as a serial in the Sunday Times *during 1841 Its author, William Harrison Ainsworth (1805–1884), received £1000 for the serial rights Cruikshank, the illustrator, claimed that he had suggested the subject to the author as a vehicle for his own illustrations, but this is generally accepted as having been a delusion*

ONE night, towards the end of April 1665, Stephen Bloundel, a prosperous grocer of Wood Street, Cheapside, his family and his whole household were assembled according to custom at prayer His family consisted of his wife, three sons named Stephen, Basil and Hubert, and two daughters named Amabel and Christiana, his household of Leonard [illegible] an apprentice Josyna Shotterel, an elderly cook, her [illegible] Blaize, who acted as porter to the shop and general as[illegible]nt, and Patience, the kitchen maid

[illegible] ordinary prayers gone through, Stephen Bloundel [illegible] up a long and fervent supplication to the Most High [illegible] tection against the [illegible] uring pestilence with which [illegible] was then visited For the plague had found its way [illegible] ndon The whole city was panic stricken

[illegible] ong and frosty winter preceded the fatal year of 1665 [illegible] when the thaw came at the end of February the plague [illegible] ully increased in violence

[illegible] ard Holt was in love with Amabel, but he had reason [illegible] that a rival had superseded him in her good graces [illegible] nt, richly dressed lord in the presence of her mother [illegible] d his passion for her and threatened to carry her off [illegible] llowing day he managed to convey a message to [illegible] and Leonard, suspecting this, followed her one [illegible] and saw her meet Maurice Wyvil—for that was the

name he had given—in Saint Paul's Cathedral, the mid-aisle of which was at that time used as a public walk and was thronged with town gallants, bullies, cut-throats and rogues of every description Being discovered, she had promised not to meet Wyvil again without telling Leonard, and this very evening, after prayers, she went to the shop and whispered to him that Wyvil would be there that night.

As the family separated for the night, however, Stephen, the grocer's eldest son, staggered and complained of a strange dizziness and headache which almost deprived him of sight, while his heart palpitated frightfully. A violent sickness seized him, a greenish froth appeared at his mouth and he began to grow delirious His father tore off his clothes, and found under the left arm a livid pustule, the sign of the plague

Bloundel separated the rest of the family from the sufferer, treated him with stimulating ointments and with potent alexipharmics and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him become easier Leonard was sent to fetch Doctor Hodges, a physician with a considerable reputation for his skill in the treatment of the plague

In the meantime Maurice Wyvil proceeded to Wood Lane and by means of a rope ladder climbed into the garden of the grocer's house By a ruse he gained admission to Amabel's bedroom On the pleas of Amabel and Mrs. Bloundel, he was finally persuaded to leave the house, however, a[...] unsuccessful

Next day Doctor Hodges judged from Stephen's appea[...] that the danger was over He ordered the separation [...] rest of the family from the invalid for a month, wit[...] exception of Mr Bloundel, who was tending him [...] Bloundel consulted his advice concerning Maurice [...] Amabel, who was fascinated by him, produced a mi[...] that he had given her From this Doctor Hodges recog[...] Wyvil to be none other than the Earl of Rochester, a fav[...] of the King and one of the most profligate of the cou[...] who was even then urging his suit on Mistress Mall[...] wealthy young heiress He urged Amabel to forget h[...] fidious lover and bestow her affections on some worthy [...] such as Leonard

Towards the middle of May the Bills of Mortality h[...] swell greatly in number Rigorous measures were ad[...] the authorities When a discovery of the plague was [...] a house, that house was shut up and the sick and th[...]

confined within for forty days This was found so intolerable however, that many by artifice managed to conceal cases, and the vent was no sooner stopped in one quarter than it broke out again in another with additional violence Not a street now but had a house in it marked with a red cross a foot long, with the words above it "Lord have mercy upon us!"—some streets had many The bells were continually tolling for burials, and the dead carts went their melancholy rounds with the cry "Bring out your dead", and were constantly loaded All those whose business or pursuits permitted it, prepared to leave London without delay

Riots broke out incited by persons who would free the "plague prisoners", as they termed them, and the pestilence was greatly increased thereby So as soon as the house was declared free from the plague, the grocer of Wood Street announced his determination to stock his house with provisions for a twelve month and to close it till the plague had ceased admitting no one and letting no one go out except on pain that they did not return

Twice again the Earl of Rochester accompanied by a Major Pillichody gained entry to the premises of Mr Bloundel once disguised as two quack doctors named Calixtus Bottesham and Martin Furbisher, and again as the watchman, Gregory Swindlehurst, and a companion On the second occasion they pretended to aid Leonard against the Earl of Rochester, and when the supposed Earl left, Swindlehurst revealed himself as the real Earl, overpowered Leonard and succeeded in carrying off Amabel to the vaults of Saint Paul's

Scarcely knowing how he got there Leonard found himself at the great northern entrance of the Cathedral Burning with fury, he ran from door to door knocking without answer When he approached the portico, which at this time had shops and other obstructions built beneath it, he perceived a large concourse of people listening to the denunciations of one Solomon Eagle, who was standing in the midst of them with a brazier on his head Solomon Eagle had already foretold the plague Now he foretold a great fire in which old Saint Paul's itself should perish and not one stone be left standing on another "Theft, murder, sacrilege and every other crime have been committed within its walls, and its whole destruction will follow," he said "repent or burn"

As soon as he had finished Leonard Holt ran up and [illegible]ng the crowd said that even then it was the retreat

of a profligate nobleman who had forcibly carried off the daughter of a citizen The crowd battered at the door until the verger granted them admission.

Attracted by the sound of voices, they ran to the beautiful chapel built by Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, to discover a blind piper, named Mike Macascree, there and his daughter Nizza Leonard saved their dog, Bell, from destruction by the mob, and in gratitude Nizza told them she had seen Amabel being taken to the vaults under Saint Faith's, a subterranean church reached by passing through a low doorway on the right of the choir

There Judith Malmayns, the wife and murderess of the former sexton, and Chowles, the coffin-maker, denied all knowledge of Amabel and the Earl Judith allowed the party to search the vaults and finally tempted Leonard to search the tower, where she locked the door on him. Leonard made desperate efforts to escape and succeeded in reaching the belfry, where he was rescued by Nizza Macascree, who had already fallen in love with him

On returning to the choir, Leonard found the Earl and Amabel standing before the high altar, where a minor canon was about to marry them The intervention of Leonard and of Solomon Eagle, and the fact that the canon fell sick of the plague, saved Amabel once again Nizza Macascree aided their escape to Saint Faith's, and the arrival of Mr Blound gain and Blaize completed the restoration of Amabel to her fa ...ily

Nizza Macascree in the meantime, who had been wa ea tching Leonard carefully, saw him turn pale and stagger n She sprang to his side and assisted him to Bishop Kempe's C vit h the where he fell insensible with the plague Sir Paul Paria n Mrs. who had once seen Nizza and had come to persecut c Wyvil. with his unholy desires, fled in haste and bribed Judit mi niature mayns to kill him Her attempt was unsuccessful, but eco nized Doctor Hodges arrived he found Leonard in a frenzy a fa ourite had scarcely dressed the tumour when Leonard e e co rtiers, wrapped only in a blanket and ran through the str s Ma ett, a he reached the Thames Plunging in, he swam acr rget per- back again Clambering on the bank, he fell exhaust vorthy erson completely cured of the plague

Mr Bloundel now announced his intention of clos ality h house the next day Before he did so, however, the re a Rochester once again gained admission, this time d e wa as the injured Doctor Maplebury. Doctor Hod k and

Leonard arrived in time to see the humiliation of the Earl, whose very life had been at the disposal of Bloundel. When released, the Earl left threatening that Amabel should yet be his.

The first few days of the family's confinement were passed most uncomfortably. Communication, though with the utmost precautions, was maintained with the street by means of a shutter opening from a small room in the upper storey of the house and a porter in a hutch at the door held himself in readiness to execute commissions.

A few days later a youth who gave his name as Flitcroft was seen from the upper window to be hanging about outside the house. When he saw the youth being attacked by Sir Paul Parravicin and Pillichody, Leonard hastily drew her—for it was Nizza Macascree in disguise—up to the upper storey in a basket. Leonard had himself lowered in order to drive off her attackers. When he was overcome by Parravicin, however, Nizza had herself lowered again too, and was carried off shrieking and resisting to a coach. Leonard now was barred from return to the house but was permitted by Mr Bloundel to occupy the hutch and act as porter.

That night fires were lit in every street before every house in an attempt to purify the air, but Solomon Eagle foretold to Leonard that a thunder storm should come and the rain extinguish them, and so it came to pass. The mortality afterwards increased fearfully.

Mike Macascree created a special alarm when, being picked up in a drunken state for one dead of the plague, he later sat up on a pile of naked bodies in the dead cart with Bell, the dog, at his side and piped away at a furious rate. The piper was, however, already infected, and was carried off to the pest house, where under Doctor Hodges' care he eventually recovered.

Mike Macascree gave the dog Bell into Leonard's care, and it was the dog that led him to the rediscovery of Nizza in a pest house whence she had been sent by Parravicin on his discovery that she was infected. Doctor Hodges had her removed to his house where she, too, recovered.

The plague had by this time increased to such a frightful extent that Saint Paul's itself was now converted for use as a pest house. A great burial pit was dug about a quarter of a mile distant from the church of All Hallows in the Wall, and into this mighty chasm, forty feet long, twenty wide and

twenty deep, the dead were thrown, without regard to sex or condition, generally stripped of their clothing, and covered with a thin layer of earth and quicklime.

In the meantime Amabel was sinking under the distress of her love and her lover's falsity, and her life began to be despaired of. It was arranged that she should go into the country to Ashdown Park, in Berkshire, where Mr Bloundel's sister was the housekeeper. And early one morning, horses having been procured, a party set out from Wood Street, comprising Amabel and Leonard, Nizza, who was also flying for safety from Parravicin, Blaize, the porter, and Patience, the kitchen-maid.

The night before leaving Leonard and Nizza went to see her father, Mike Macascree, who, on recovery, had gone to lodge with Doctor Hodges' old nurse, Dame Lucas, at a cottage just outside the city walls, near Moorgate. When returning, they perceived a man stagger and fall in the fields. Leonard ran to him and found him ill of the plague. Near him lay the body of a beautiful little girl, already dead, which he was conveying to the plague-pit. This melancholy [illegible]ion com[illegible] Leonard himself performed before summoning help. W[illegible] the sick man saw Nizza, he appeared to recognize her [illegible]f.

In the morning the party set out. At Newgate they [illegible]the[illegible] stopped while their bills of health were examined and cou[illegible]ed, signed. Descending Snow Hill they entered [illegible] pletely devastated by the plague. Near Holbo[illegible] her fa[illegible]ly [illegible] were stopped by the pest-cart filled with its [illegible] wa[illegible]ching[illegible]d. The horse was in the shafts, but the driver was lyi[illegible] in the road, himself stricken with the dread disease. Retracing their way to Holborn Conduit, they crossed the Fleet Bridge, showed their passports again at Temple Bar, rode hard up Drury Lane and so to a road skirting the open fields to Hyde Park Corner.

By this time Leonard was already aware that they were being followed, but, when the Earl of Rochester, Pillichody and Sir Paul Parravicin rode up, the sudden appearance of Solomon Eagle, who threw the Earl to the ground and frightened the knight's horse so that it reared and threw him, gave them an unexpected deliverance.

Eventually they reached a small farm-house on the summit of the hill rising from Kensal Green, and there sought a temporary asylum from a farmer named Wingfield. When he had heard Leonard's story, Wingfield was transported w[illegible]ith

rage, for his own daughter had been betrayed by Sir Paul Parravicin and lay dead in the churchyard at Willesden

Eventually the party arrived in safety at Ashdown Lodge They were not to remain there unmolested, however, for about a fortnight after their arrival the King himself, accompanied by the Earl of Rochester and other profligates, arrived The King demanded to see Amabel He yielded to her entreaties and granted her respite until the following day, commanding Rochester to leave her unmolested

The King meanwhile had caught a glimpse of Nizza, and immediately tried to persuade her to become his mistress at the Court Rochester, however, still plotted to abduct Amabel but he was foiled by Leonard and the gamekeeper John Lutcombe, and Nizza and Amabel were safely transported to the house of a woman at Kingston Lisle, named Mrs Compton

Within twenty four hours the King and his entourage arrived The King commanded Nizza s presence and removed the interdiction from Rochester As the King left, himself with Nizza, Amabel flew downstairs, overcome by anxiety She had just reached the last step when she was seized by two men, a shawl was passed over her head and she was forced from the house

On the 10th of September, Leonard entered the West End of London again in a most dejected appearance and took his way slowly towards the city He had survived a second attack of the plague and had tracked Amabel to Oxford, whence she had been transported to London Nizza too had disappeared though he knew that Parravicin had been arrested and frustrated in his evil designs

He passed Saint Giles without seeing a single living creature or the sign of one in any of the houses The broad thoroughfare was completely grown over with grass and the houses had the most melancholy air Bodies had been thrown into the river and cast up on the banks to rot and taint the air The bills of mortality had risen to twelve thousand a week Scarcely a family but had lost half its number and many more than a half The dead lay even in the main thoroughfares, and none would remove them

At Saint Paul s Leonard found Blaize sick of the plague, and here he met again the man, Thirlby who had appeared to recognize Nizza In search of her they learned that Doctor Hodges had been summoned to a young woman and

desired them to await his return In their impatience they set out to try to find him The two separated near the north end of London Bridge There Leonard was approached by one Robert Rainbird, who had been present when Amabel was previously rescued in Saint Paul's He mentioned that the coffin-maker Chowles had been helping himself to the clothes, goods and other property of the dead and storing them in a large house in Nicholas Lane Struck with a sudden idea, Leonard desired to go there As they approached the house they saw two others enter, one of whom Leonard recognized to be Sir Paul Parravicin

Leonard and Rainbird discovered Chowles and Judith in a cellar Under threats he revealed a secret passage-way to the house next door, and there they found Parravicin Nizza was again sick with the plague She revealed that a young woman had assisted her to escape from the King The King's commands alone had kept Parravicin away until the previous day, and she was still unmolested

Parravicin, who had gone in search of Doctor Hodges, now returned with him and Thirlby, who claimed Nizza, to her surprise, as his own child Doctor Hodges proclaimed her case favourable, and Thirlby then revealed his own story and the story of Nizza.

As a youth he had become desperately enamoured of a lady named Isabella Morley He slew her other suitor in a duel and married her, only to find that she did not love him duly bore him a son and a daughter, Isabella In a fit of mad and groundless jealousy he threatened to kill the daughter His wife, however, committed the child to the care of a servant named Mike Macascree and he, believing the disappearance of the child a proof of her infidelity, killed her with his own sword

He escaped abroad from the justice which threatened him, leaving his title and estates to his son The son he now revealed to be the Lord Argentine, the man masquerading as Sir Paul Parravicin Nizza Macascree's real name, he said, was the Lady Isabella Argentine

Leonard also received news of Amabel After her seizure by Rochester at Kingston Lisle, she was conveyed to Oxford, where the Earl had, by his arts, inveigled her at last into a form of marriage with him

The wedding actually took place, and Amabel passed a month away like a dream of delight until Rochester, tiring of her, revealed that the marriage was only another sham.

The shock undermined her reason, and she passed days in a high fever and a delirium Judith Malmayns was secured as nurse, and when surprised by the Earl in the act of stealing jewels, revealed that the marriage had been no sham, but had been performed with proper rites by a real priest and in the presence of hidden witnesses While the Earl's back was turned she drew a small lancet from her dress and puncturing Amabel s neck infected her with the plague

The next day Amabel was pronounced incurably ill but she forgave the Earl for the wrong he had done her The Earl tried to speak, but his voice was suffocated with emotion Producing the certificate, he showed her that she was indeed his wife

By the end of September the plague had greatly abated in violence People began to appear in the streets again Dejection and despair gave way to frenzied delight, but Solomon Eagle continued to foretell the other and greater catastrophe to overtake the city

Time softened Leonard s grief Often he thought of the Lady Isabella, though he dared not dream of a union with her since she was now above his station

One night early in September he received a call from Thirlby who now went under the name of Grant Thirlby, who was in conspiracy with Solomon Eagle and a Brother Stabert, warned Leonard of a great danger to the city, and urged him to reveal it to the King and claim a reward which might place Isabella within his reach Leonard would not listen, however, and that very night the conspirators conveyed fire balls to a baker s house in Pudding Lane

In a few minutes the whole house had caught and burst into flames The baker and his family were with difficulty rescued and before long the houses on either side being also of wood, were in flames and a general alarm and confusion arose A house in Fish Street Hill was found to be on fire also, and soon another house there lower down than the first and out of the current of wind was observed to be burning

The original conflagration in Pudding Lane continued to rage with the greatest fury spreading from house to house with astonishing rapidity Soon the whole street was ablaze All idea of saving property was abandoned Plunderers were at work amid the raging element, Judith Malmayns and Chowles among them Grant and Solomon Eagle too were there, carrying fire balls to start new fires

The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs arrived, and were immediately confronted with Grant, who had been seen by Leonard and seized by the crowd. He denied the charge, but was committed to Newgate to await trial

Prompt and decisive measures were necessary to stay the fire Leonard, believing strongly that he could be useful in arresting the progress of the fire, with the help of Rochester gained admittance to the King and proposed that a wide gap should be made in the houses around the fire by demolishing them with gunpowder

All the King's better qualities were called into play by the terrible crisis With a courage and devotion that he seldom displayed, he exposed himself to the greatest risk, personally assisting at all the operations he commanded He ordered all the houses to the east of the fire to be pulled down, and once would have been killed by a wall which fell, had not Leonard dragged him out of harm's way

The house in Wood Street was fired by an incendiary, who was caught and killed. All his neighbours, however, flew to Mr Bloundel's assistance, and emptied his house of every article of value, so that he lost nothing but the house His goods, laden on carts, were conveyed to Farmer Wingfield's at Kensal Green

Leonard accompanied the household, and slept in a barn The next day he returned to London and found that the whole of Wood Street was consumed, Saint Michael's Church, Goldsmith's Hall and the Church of Saint John Zachary in flames and Cheapside impassable

In Saint Paul's Leonard found Rochester and Lord Argentine, the villain known before as Sir Paul Parravicin, in combat When Farmer Wingfield tried to separate them, Argentine (or Parravicin) turned on him, and as they fell was pierced through the breast by his own sword Thus was Susan Wingfield, the farmer's daughter, avenged. With his dying breath, however, Argentine urged Leonard to seek Thirlby at Newgate for something he would hand him

Hastening to Newgate, Leonard found the gaol already in flames, all the prisoners save two in the Stone Hold having been released Regardless of risk, Leonard reached the cell, where he found Grant (Thirlby in disguise) still living but half-roasted He staggered forward, however, and thrusting his arm through the red-hot bars, pushed a packet containing the deeds of an estate in Yorkshire into Leonard's hand before falling backwards to his death

Returning to the Cathedral, Leonard found the flames already dashing in the wind against the south east corner Scaffolding around the roof and tower kindled, and soon the whole upper part of the fabric had caught Streams of molten lead cascaded from the roof on to the carved woodwork and stalls, and the whole sacred pile was doomed.

Three people perished therein Solomon Eagle was seen grasping the stone cross at the eastern end of the roof The fire raged all that night and the next day, till the whole building was utterly consumed Solomon Eagle perished in the furnace below, shrieking the single word Resurgam! ' This his latest prophecy was indeed fulfilled, for Charles immediately entrusted the rebuilding of the Cathedral to Doctor Christopher Wren

Chowles and Judith had sought refuge with their hoard of stolen valuables in the vaults of Saint Faith's, thinking to be safe there They met a most horrible end, however, for the molten lead, eating through wood and stone alike penetrated to their sanctuary, cut off their retreat and buried the two partners in iniquity in its burning waves

Doctor Hodges had sought refuge in a house adjoining the Cathedral When this house also caught fire he escaped and all therein, with the exception of Isabella, who was trapped With the greatest courage Leonard secured a ladder and brought her out fainting His brave deed won the cheers of the crowd and the King, who was himself a witness, created Leonard Baron Argentine of Argentine in Staffordshire the title having that day been extinguished by the unhappy deaths of Thirlby and Parravicin He also gave his consent to Leonard s marriage to Isabella

Nothing else having served to stay the progress of the fire, Charles now commanded Leonard to put into operation his plan to blow up sufficient houses with gunpowder that the fire could not overleap the breach This Leonard proceeded to do, and by the middle of Wednesday the conflagration was got under, though it still lingered in the lower parts of many buildings

A week later the new Lord Argentine was united to the Lady Isabella the King according to promise, giving away the bride The Earl of Rochester, the grocer and all his family were present Blaize and Patience were married on the same day, and it is satisfactory to be able to state that both unions turned out to be extremely happy

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

By JANE AUSTEN

"Pride and Prejudice" is perhaps the best-loved work of Jane Austen's (1775–1817) small but popular output It contains her greatest satiric characters, Mr Collins and Lady Catherine, and is easily the most readable by anyone making their first excursion into early nineteenth-century English literature

"MY dear Mr Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr Bennet replied that he had not

Mrs Bennet, overwhelmed with delight at the good fortune that had befallen the neighbourhood, furnished him with a long account of the new master of Netherfield Park He was a young man—by name Mr Bingley—unmarried, of good fortune—four or five thousand a year, it was believed He had lately come from the north of England, but it was hoped that he meant to settle in Hertfordshire

Mrs Bennet was a foolish woman of little intelligence, uncertain temper and no self-control After three-and-twenty years of marriage, she had no understanding of her husband He, whose fancy as a young man had been caught by a pretty face, had lived to be disappointed of her wit and understanding, to become indifferent, and to withdraw himself as much as he could from the cares and responsibilities of his family Yet even he, as the father of five unmarried daughters, could not be blind to the advantage of making the acquaintance of his new neighbour Accordingly he called upon Mr Bingley

Within a few days Mr Bingley returned the call. He had hoped to meet the young ladies of the establishment, the two eldest of whom, Jane and Elizabeth, were famous local beauties He was disappointed, seeing only the father The young ladies, however, fared better They glimpsed Mr Bingley from the upstairs room where they sat, and the result of their observations was that they could add to the information about him that he wore a blue coat and rode a fine black horse

Not all the questions Mrs Bennet or her daughters could ask could draw from Mr Bennet a satisfactory description of Mr Bingley They were obliged to rely on the intelligence of Lady Lucas, their near neighbour, whose eldest daughter Charlotte, was the close friend of Lizzie and Jane Mr Bingley, they learned, was quite young, and quite wonderfully handsome To crown all, he had expressed his intention of being present, with a large party at the next assembly Nothing could be more delightful To be fond of dancing was a certain step toward falling in love Very lively hopes were entertained of capturing Mr Bingley's heart

On the night of the assembly, all eyes turned to witness the arrival of Mr Bingley's party It resolved itself into five Mr Bingley's two sisters, one who was married to a Mr Hurst being accompanied by her husband, Mr Bingley himself, and his particular friend Mr Darcy Mr Bingley was good looking and gentleman like, his sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion His brother in law Mr Hurst, merely looked the gentleman, but his friend Mr Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien and by the report, which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year

Elizabeth Bennet suffered a particular slight at his hands for when Bingley came up to him as he stood near her and begged him to join in the dancing he replied looking at Jane

You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room

"Oh! She is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable Do let me ask my partner to introduce you"

'Which do you mean? and turning round he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till, catching her eye he withdrew his own and coldly said "She is tolerable but not handsome enough to tempt me, and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men

Relations between the young ladies of Longbourn and those of Netherfield were soon established firmly Miss Bingley and her sister voted the mother intolerable, and the younger sisters not worth speaking to, but for the two eldest Miss

Bennets they expressed warm friendship Elizabeth felt in their friendship a degree of superciliousness which she could not but suspect and resent, but the gentle Jane extended to the sisters of Mr Bingley a happy, trusting affection. Elizabeth, seeing her beloved sister blossoming into radiant, though quiet happiness as the bond between her and Mr. Bingley strengthened, had not the heart to warn her to be on her guard

Occupied in observing Mr Bingley's attentions to her sister, Elizabeth was far from suspecting that she was herself becoming an object of some interest in the eyes of Mr Darcy. He began to wish to know her better, and to observe her closely when they met Of this she was perfectly unaware—to her he was only the man who made himself agreeable nowhere, and who had not thought her handsome enough to dance with

Mr Darcy was soon to have an opportunity of making himself better acquainted with Elizabeth Jane had been invited to dine at Netherfield, and had been unlucky enough to catch a severe chill which necessitated her staying there overnight Elizabeth, more anxious than her mother, insisted on walking over to see her sister. She found Jane so unwell that she was thankful to accept Miss Bingley's suggestion that she should stay with her

Miss Bingley and her sister noted with concern, not only their brother's increasing partiality for Jane, but Mr Darcy's admiration for Elizabeth Elizabeth, indeed, felt ill at ease in the house She knew that they would not approve of a match between Mr Bingley and Jane, she knew, too, that Miss Bingley hoped to become the wife of Darcy, and mistress of his vast estates at Pemberley in Derbyshire, but so great was her prejudice against him that she could only feel that he deserved such a fate She, no less than her hostess, was glad when the improvement in Jane's health was such that they could return to Longbourn

Mr Bennet's estate and fortune were entailed, and as he himself had no son, and his wife's fortune was small, his daughters looked to fare very ill in the event of their father dying No patient explanations, no reasonable arguments could persuade Mrs Bennet that the entail was anything but a piece of deliberate cruelty on the part of someone—and that Mr Bennet could order it otherwise if he chose A few days after their return, Mr Bennet received a letter from his cousin and heir, Mr Collins

Hunsford nr Westerham Kent
15th October

Dear Sir,

The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts fearing least it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance My mind however is now made up on the subject for having received ordination at Easter I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England As a clergyman, moreover I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessings of peace in all families within the reach of my influence and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good will are highly commendable and that the circumstances of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side and not lead you to reject the olive branch I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters and beg leave to apologise for it as well as to assure you of my readiness to make amends—but of this hereafter If you should have no objection to receive me into your house I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family Monday November 18th by four o clock and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se night following which I can do without any inconvenience as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday providing that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day I remain dear sir with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters your well wisher and friend

William Collins

Mr Collins presented himself punctual to the hour, and was cordially received He was a tall heavy looking young man of five and twenty who talked incessantly of his own good fortune in acquiring the living at Hunsford, and of the virtues of his patroness, Lady Catherine de Bourgh He had come to Longbourn with the intention of marrying one of the daughters if their good looks and amiable characters were all

that was reported. When he saw Jane's lovely face, he found no cause to alter his mind, but on a delicate hint from Mrs Bennet that the eldest Miss Bennet's affections were engaged, to change from Jane to Elizabeth was soon done—done as Mrs Bennet stirred the fire

A mile from the village of Longbourn, where the Bennets resided, was Meryton, a convenient distance for the young ladies, who were usually tempted thither three or four times a week, to visit their Aunt Phillips, a sister of their mother, and no less foolish

The two youngest of the family, Catherine and Lydia, were particularly frequent in their visits to their aunt Their minds were more vacant than their elder sisters', and the gossip of Meryton was their chief amusement At present, indeed, they were well supplied with news and happiness by the recent arrival of a militia regiment, which was to be quartered in the district for the winter and whose headquarters was Meryton itself

On the morning after Mr. Collins' arrival, the young ladies, with the exception of Mary, set off to walk to Meryton escorted by their cousin Lydia wished to find out if a certain Lieutenant Denny had returned yet, and great was her joy in espying him almost directly they reached the town On observing them, Mr Denny came up, and begged to introduce his friend, a Mr Wickham, who had returned with him to take a commission in the regiment The whole party were still standing and talking very amiably when Mr Bingley and Mr Darcy were observed riding down the street. They came up to salute the ladies Mr Bingley was remarking that they had been about to call at Longbourn and Mr Darcy was corroborating it with a bow when he was suddenly arrested by the sight of the stranger Elizabeth happened to observe both their countenances, and was astonished at the effect of the meeting One turned red, and the other white After a moment, Mr Wickham touched his hat—a salutation which Mr Darcy just deigned to return What could be the meaning of it?—It was impossible to imagine, it was impossible not to long to know

Elizabeth's curiosity was satisfied not long afterwards, for at a party given by her aunt Phillips, Wickham sitting by her opened the subject by asking hesitantly how long Darcy had been in the neighbourhood He then went on to tell Elizabeth that he himself had known Darcy from his infancy. His

father had been steward of the Pemberley estates, and he himself was the godson of Darcy s father

"—— and I can never be in company with this Mr Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections His behaviour to myself has been scandalous, but I verily believe I could forgive him anything and everything rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father"

Later in the evening, Wickham heard Collins mention Lady Catherine de Bourgh, and enquired of Elizabeth his relationships with her Elizabeth explained her cousin s position

'You know,' said Wickham ' that Lady Catherine and Lady Anne Darcy were sisters, consequently she is aunt to the present Mr Darcy Her daughter, Miss de Bourgh, will have a very large fortune, and it is believed that she and her cousin will unite the two estates'

Elizabeth smiled, thinking of the vain hopes of Miss Bingley

After this occasion, Elizabeth was forced to admit to herself that the handsome Mr Wickham occupied a great deal of her thoughts His wrongs at the hands of Mr Darcy made her yield more readily to this partiality, and when Mr Bingley gave the long promised ball at Netherfield, she anticipated with much pleasure the thought of meeting him again

She was bitterly disappointed, for Wickham did not make his appearance at all And in everything else the evening accorded with her mood She was continually teased by the heavy courtesies of her cousin, Mr Collins, she was forced to dance with Mr Darcy, she could learn nothing new of Mr Wickham, and to her it appeared that had her family made an agreement to expose themselves as much as they could during the evening it would have been impossible for them to play their parts with more spirit or finer success Her mother s loud rejoicings at Jane s success with Mr Bingley, the unrestrained behaviour of Lydia and Catherine and the determined efforts of Mary to usurp the place of honour at the piano all filled her with shame That Bingley's two sisters and Mr Darcy should have such an opportunity of ridiculing her relations was bad enough, and she could not determine whether the silent contempt of the gentleman, or the insolent smile of the ladies was more intolerable Only when she saw Jane s happiness was she consoled for her sufferings during that wretched evening

The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn Mr

Collins made his declaration in form. Elizabeth was forced to listen to a long and weary dissertation on his reasons for marrying, his reasons for selecting her, and the inestimable blessings of their future life under the patronage of Lady Catherine de Bourgh In vain did Elizabeth, torn between annoyance and humour, attempt to end the interview He would not believe her when she declined the honour.

" I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character "

" Really, Mr Collins," cried Elizabeth with some warmth, " you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being true " And despite his attempts to detain her with awkward gallantry, Elizabeth withdrew

Mrs Bennet knew Elizabeth's character better than Mr Collins. When she heard of her refusal she was in no doubt that Elizabeth was determined in what she said Her own ill temper when she saw one of her dearest plans coming to naught knew no bounds She hurried immediately to her husband, and poured out the tale to him He listened to her patiently, then summoned Elizabeth to the library

" Come here, child," cried her father as she appeared " I have sent for you on an affair of importance I understand that Mr Collins had made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was " Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

" I have, sir "

" Very well We now come to the point Your mother insists upon your accepting it Is not it so, Mrs Bennet?"

" Yes, or I will never see her again "

" An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*!"

* * * * *

Elizabeth's attention was distracted from Mr Collins, however, both by the return of Mr Wickham, who told her that he had felt it better to avoid Mr Darcy's company, and that therefore he had not attended the Netherfield ball, and more by the affairs of Jane For Jane received a letter from

Miss Bingley bidding her an affectionate farewell, and stating plainly that Mr Bingley had not the intention of returning to Netherfield that winter. There was one passage in the letter which gave Jane particular hurt —

> "Mr Darcy is impatient to see his sister and to confess the truth *we* are scarcely less eager to meet her again. I really do not think Georgiana Darcy has her equal for beauty, elegance and accomplishments, and the affection she inspires in Louisa and myself is heightened into something still more interesting from the hope we dare to entertain of her being hereafter our sister."

Elizabeth tried to console Jane by saying that it was merely an attempt of Miss Bingley to part her brother and Jane, and at last had the happiness of seeing her sister hope again.

Mr Collins, it has been stated, came to Hertfordshire with the intention of finding a wife. He did not mean to be crossed in his purpose. After his rebuff by Elizabeth he found consolation at the hands of Charlotte Lucas. Charlotte meant to marry him. He was neither sensible nor agreeable, his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. But still, he would be her husband—it was an excellent match, and Charlotte was twenty seven. She might do a lot worse. He proposed, and was accepted with alacrity.

The news was received in the Bennet household with varying emotions. Elizabeth and Jane were frankly shocked, then grieved that their friend should have shown so little sensibility as to marry such a man. Mr Bennet was amused, Mrs Bennet hysterically outraged. When Mr Collins at length took his departure she could barely be civil.

The Monday after he had gone, Mrs Bennet had the pleasure of receiving her brother and his wife, who came as usual to spend Christmas at Longbourn. Mr Gardiner was a sensible, gentleman like man, greatly superior to his sisters, as well by nature as education. The Netherfield ladies would have had difficulty in believing that a man who lived by trade could have been so well bred and agreeable. Mrs Gardiner was an amiable, intelligent, elegant woman, and a great favourite with all her Longbourn nieces. Between the two eldest and herself especially, there subsisted a very particular regard.

From Mrs Bennet, Mrs Gardiner heard many grievances and complaints, how two of her girls were on the point of being married, and how nothing came of it all. From

Elizabeth and Jane she heard the other side of the story At Elizabeth's plight she could laugh, but the patient, gentle unhappiness of Jane was a different matter To Elizabeth she suggested that they should take Jane back to town with them, where a change of scene and relief from her mother's constant bewailings might ease her Elizabeth was exceedingly pleased with this proposal and felt persuaded of her sister's acquiescence

During their stay at Longbourn, the Gardiners saw much of the officers stationed at Meryton, who did, indeed, constitute most of the society of the district. At most gatherings Mr Wickham was present, and Mrs Gardiner, rendered suspicious by Elizabeth's warm commendation of him, narrowly observed them both Their preference for each other was enough to make her uneasy, and she felt it her duty to warn her niece of the imprudence of encouraging such an attachment For both Mr Wickham and herself were without any sort of fortune

Elizabeth was too sensible to resent her aunt's gentle interference, or not to realize she spoke truly, and she promised to consider carefully her feelings towards Mr Wickham

Scarcely had the Gardiners returned to town taking Jane with them, than Mr Collins returned for his wedding Charlotte left for her new life at Hunsford with no admission of her doubts of being very happy other than an earnest plea to Elizabeth to pay her a visit as soon as she could.

In those early weeks of the new year, nothing so occupied her mind as the unhappiness of her sister Jane wrote that Miss Bingley had called at last, but that her coldness left her in no doubt as to the altered state of her affections. Of Mr Bingley there had been no sign

March took Elizabeth to Hunsford in the company of Sir William and Maria Lucas She had at first contemplated the visit with some misgivings, but now was all eagerness. For one thing, she would see her sister as they passed through London, for another, Mr Wickham's attentions were now engrossed by another—a Miss King who had lately inherited ten thousand pounds Elizabeth admitted that her vanity rather than her heart was touched, but she was none the less glad to be gone

Their arrival at Hunsford was greeted by Charlotte with delight, and by Mr Collins with a profusion of tedious courtesies and the promise of a sight of Lady Catherine de

Bourgh the following Sunday The honour of their presentation to Mr Collins' patroness came sooner than that, for Lady Catherine having heard of the visitors arrival, and being consumed by an overwhelming curiosity and a passion for interfering in other people s affairs, invited them to dine the next day

Elizabeth found her to be very much the type of woman she had expected, haughty, overbearing and stupid Her daughter Ann was a sickly, peevish girl, who had inherited too many of her mother s less pleasant characteristics, but had not her commanding personality

They had been at Hunsford a little over a week, and Sir William having satisfied himself that Charlotte was happily settled, had returned into Hertfordshire, when Mr Collins came in one morning with the intelligence that Mr Darcy and a cousin, a Colonel Fitzwilliam, had arrived on a visit to their aunt Mr Collins hastened to Rosings the next morning To the great amazement of both Charlotte and Elizabeth he returned accompanied

civilly after the family

in the usual way addi

these three months Have you never happened to see her there?" His slight look of confusion, as he told her he had not had the pleasure, informed Elizabeth that he had some consciousness of what had passed between the Bingleys and Jane Not long afterwards she had her suspicions confirmed, for Colonel Fitzwilliam told her how Mr Darcy had saved a young friend of his from an imprudent match, and that he believed the friend to be Mr Bingley Though she had always believed Darcy to have had a share in Jane s unhappiness, this sudden revelation threw her into such a violent state of emotion that she hardly knew how to bear herself

She was sitting by herself the next morning, reading over Jane s unhappy letters, when Mr Darcy was announced Anger kept her silent except to answer his greetings with cold civility Mr Darcy was agitated, he paced the room, then suddenly came towards her and burst out

"In vain have I struggled It will not do My feelings will not be repressed You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you!"

Elizabeth s astonishment was beyond expression She could not have prevented his continuing There were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed, and he was not more

eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. He spoke of the inferiority of her family and of her connections, and when at last he ceased the colour rose in Elizabeth's cheeks.

"—— if I could feel gratitude, I would now thank you," she said, "but I cannot—I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly!" She was sorry to have caused him pain, but "—— had not my own feelings decided against you, had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?" Then with steadily growing anger, she went on to accuse him of terrible injustice to Wickham. Darcy heard her to the end, then with a few cold words of regret for his presumption he left her.

The next morning he delivered himself to her a letter which he begged she would read. She found it contained no renewal of his proposal, but an answer to the charges she had brought against him. He admitted that he had used his influence with Bingley to separate him from Jane. He said he felt the match to be an imprudent one from his friend's point of view, but he believed—and he assured Elizabeth of his utter sincerity on this point—that when Bingley left Hertfordshire, Jane's attachment for him was not strong. On this point he admitted now he might have been mistaken, and he deeply regretted the sorrow he had caused.

Then he went on to deal with Elizabeth's second charge—his treatment of Wickham. On this point he wrote at greater length. He admitted his father's partiality for Wickham—his godson—and also that in his will he had recommended to his son that he should be given a living in his gift. But, Darcy went on, even before the death of his father, Wickham had become a profligate, dissolute young man. His vices he was careful to conceal from his patron, but could not conceal from the son. When the elder Darcy died, Wickham wrote saying that he did not wish to go into orders, but desired to study law, and needed monetary help. He accepted from Darcy the sum of three thousand pounds and in return relinquished all claim on the living. In little more than a year he had squandered all the money, and wrote again saying he had decided after all to take orders, and was ready to step into the living. Not unnaturally, Darcy refused his claim. But that was not the end of his villainy. He went down to Ramsgate,

where Darcy's sister, then just out of school, was staying with her chaperone He so duped the child—an heiress in her own right—with his easy charm, that she consented to elope with him Mercifully Darcy found out just in time to save his sister

It can be imagined with what mixed feelings Elizabeth read this letter She still felt that Darcy had interfered unwarrantably in her sister s affairs, but admitted the sincerity of his actions In the affair of Wickham she knew herself to have been wholly wrong, and burned with shame when she realized how she had been misled

That day Darcy and Fitzwilliam left Elizabeth was thankful that she too was to return home She yearned to be able to unburden herself to Jane

Elizabeth and Maria Lucas broke their journey in London, and when they set out again for Hertfordshire, Jane was with them Elizabeth was pleased to see an improvement in her sister s health, but could see that try as she would to conquer her unhappiness, Jane was still in very low spirits She confided Darcy s proposal, and his account of Wickham On her own affairs she felt it kinder to keep silence Jane was deeply shocked, but as Wickham was removing from the neighbourhood they felt it better to keep their own counsel

Then Lydia was transported with delight by an invitation from Mrs Forster, Colonel Forster's lady, to accompany her to Brighton, whence the militia had moved to summer quarters In vain Elizabeth pleaded with her father not to let Lydia go Her father could not face the storm that his refusal would bring on his head, so to Brighton Lydia went, and after Catherine had got over her disappointment at not being asked as well, the house settled down to peace once more

In July Elizabeth was to tour in Northern England with the Gardiners She had been looking forward to this holiday and it was with great pleasure that she left Longbourn again in the company of her aunt and uncle She did not know whether she was glad or sorry when her aunt expressed her desire to visit Pemberley, which she had known well as a child

Elizabeth was reassured by the housekeeper that the family was still away so that she was able to enjoy wandering over the fine old house, and admiring the beauties of the park

They were walking across the lawn towards the gates, and had turned to take a last look at the house when the owner of it himself suddenly appeared Both he and Elizabeth were

startled, but Darcy recovered himself first, and coming up to her greeted her, asked after her family and begged to be introduced to her friends

In the days that followed Elizabeth was astonished at the change in the master of Pemberley. His manner was quiet and subdued, he made every effort to please Elizabeth, and her aunt and uncle She met his sister Georgiana, who obviously also desired to be pleasing. This much-talked-of heiress Elizabeth found not to be proud at all, as Wickham had reputed her to be, but only painfully shy Bingley and his sister were staying at Pemberley, and Bingley's manner led Elizabeth to believe that Longbourn would soon have the pleasure of a visit from him

But just when it seemed that all misunderstandings were at an end, Elizabeth received a letter from Jane, begging her to return home, where they were in great distress Lydia had eloped with Wickham, and no trace could be found of the fleeing couple, but it was feared that they had not married

Elizabeth had just read this dreadful news when Darcy was announced, and she could not hide from him her agitation and distress He heard her news with grave concern, and having done what he could for her, left her

Within an hour of the receipt of the letter Elizabeth, her uncle and aunt were on their way home The journey to Longbourn was terrible to Elizabeth Again and again she blamed herself for not having spoken openly of what she knew of Wickham Then her thoughts wandered to Mr Darcy. She would never see him again, she thought This last shame had lost him to her for ever Now that it was too late, she knew she did indeed love him

At last Longbourn was reached Elizabeth found a sorry state of affairs Her mother, in constant hysterics, kept to her room Jane was worn out, her father had gone to London to try to trace the fugitives Then Mr Gardiner followed immediately, and the women settled down to wait for news with what patience they could muster

Weary days passed Mr. Bennet returned home, leaving the search to his more capable brother-in-law; then at last Mr Gardiner wrote He had found them, they were unmarried, but if Mr Bennet would agree to a very moderate settlement, they could be married immediately. The stricken household could lift its head again

It had been Mr. Bennet's fixed intention to refuse to see his

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Eugenie Grandet and Manon — *Rischgitz*

A scene from Balzac's novel

daughter again, but calmer counsels prevailed Wickham was to go north very shortly to join a regiment there Mr Bennet reluctantly gave permission for the newly married pair to come to Longbourn to make their farewells

In describing her marriage to Elizabeth, Lydia mentioned that Mr Darcy had been present at the ceremony Elizabeth s curiosity could not be subdued She wrote to her aunt Gardiner begging for an explanation She received, in due course, an answer which gave her a sense of mingled joy and astonishment For it had been Mr Darcy who had traced the fugitives, Darcy who had persuaded Wickham to marry Lydia by settling his debts buying him a new commission and setting him up again Elizabeth dared not acknowledge even to herself what she knew in her heart to be true—he had done this for her

The Wickhams left, regretted by no one except Mrs Bennet, and her lamentations speedily turned to rejoicings, for Mr Bingley arrived again at Netherfield

He called, accompanied by Mr Darcy It was very plain that only a few days would pass before Mr Bingley declared himself to Jane, but Elizabeth was puzzled by Mr Darcy s behaviour He was grave and silent, and watched her always but he said very little

'Why if he came only to be silent grave and indifferent " said she, " did he come at all?'

At one point *she* at least could not remain silent A few days after Jane had become engaged to Mr Bingley Elizabeth found herself walking alone with Darcy, and while her courage was high she told him she must thank him for what he had done for Lydia

'—— I thought only of you, he replied Elizabeth could find nothing to say, and he went on ' You are too generous to trifle with me If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once My affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will silence me on this subject for ever

Elizabeth forced herself to speak, and to tell him how great was the change in her feelings towards him, and how happy she was in his present assurances They walked on, scarcely knowing where they went, so much was there to be felt and thought and said

Elizabeth suffered the last retribution of her oft violently expressed prejudice against Darcy when her family was in

formed of her engagement. They could not believe her serious at first. But when at last she persuaded them of her great happiness, they rejoiced with her. Her mother received the news in her own fashion.

"Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr Darcy! Who would have thought it! Oh, my sweetest Lizzie! how rich and how great you'll be!—— Dear, dear Lizzie! A house in Town! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh, Lord! What will become of me? I shall go distracted"

Mr Bennet's reaction was equally characteristic.

"I admire all my three sons-in-law highly," said he "Wickham, perhaps, is my favourite, but I think I shall like *your* husband quite as well as Jane's"

There is little more to tell Elizabeth took up her new life at Pemberley, happy in the love of her husband and her dearly loved new sister, Georgiana Jane and her husband bought an estate near to them, and sold Netherfield, which was a little too near Mrs Bennet for comfort. To them came often, as a welcome visitor, Mr Bennet, and Catherine, who in the society of her elder sister's friends became much improved

With the Gardiners they were always on the most intimate terms Darcy, as well as Elizabeth, really loved them, and they were both sensible of the warmest gratitude towards the persons who, by bringing her into Derbyshire, had been the means of uniting them.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY

By JOSEPH CONRAD

The author's full name was Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, and he was born in the Ukraine in 1857. After an eventful life at sea he was naturalized as a British subject in 1884, the same year that he gained his Master's Certificate. Ten years later he left the sea and devoted the rest of his life to literature. "Almayer's Folly" is an excellent example of the fluency with which Conrad was able to write English. It is also a stirringly effective story of Borneo and the union of East and West.

TWENTY FIVE years had gone since Kaspar Almayer, young, slim, light in heart, and lighter in purse, had landed at the dusty jetty of Macassar. Twenty five years. As he stood upon the verandah of his house in Sambir waiting anxiously for the return of Dain Maroola, he looked back at those years with disillusioned eyes.

He had come to Macassar in the hope of making his fortune. Gladly he had left Java and the meagre home where his mother ceaselessly lamented the lost glories of Amsterdam, and his father—a petty official in the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg—grumbled as ceaselessly at the stupidity of native gardeners. Macassar was teeming with life. In old Hudig's warehouse, with its long avenues of gin cases and bales of Manchester goods, the big door ever on the swing, and cool Chinese clerks writing unperturbed amid the din of rolling casks, Almayer had dreamed of conquering the world.

Past his desk went men whose salty presence stirred the hot air with a whiff of the sea: seamen they were, come to trade with old Hudig the merchandise they had gathered in the Malay Archipelago. Captain Tom Lingard was king of them all, and many were the tales Almayer heard of him: he had discovered a river, whose whereabouts he would reveal to no one; in a desperate fight with Sulu pirates he had captured a Malay girl, whom he had adopted as his daughter, and he had sworn to marry her to a white man and to leave her all his money.

Tom Lingard took a fancy to Almayer, and had astonished

old Hudig one day by declaring that he must have "that young fellow for a supercargo Kind of Captain's clerk" Almayer was nothing loth He sailed with Lingard aboard the *Flash*, visiting almost every island in the Archipelago But as months went by he began to see reason in the old man's interest in him. Time after time, pacing the deck, when the faint night breeze, heavy with aromatic exhalations shoved the brig gently along under the peaceful and sparkling sky, Lingard talked of his adopted daughter: hesitatingly at first, but at the last plainly he wanted Almayer to marry her.

Marry a Malay! He, a white man! Startled, Almayer recoiled. But he saw before him a life of ease and riches—"There will be millions, Kaspar! Millions, I say," the old man urged—and he answered weakly:

"I—of course—anything you wish, Captain Lingard"

He married the Malay girl, and the *Flash*, freighted with building materials, carried the young husband and wife to unknown Borneo At Sambir, above the Pantai river, Almayer built his house He built godowns and a jetty for the big trade that he thought would be his But he soon discovered that Arab traders were ahead of him, and that he was no match for them. Trade passed by his godowns, the godowns fell into disrepair. His wife—hating him, as he knew—gave him scorn for scorn Old Lingard, who should have been his stay, disappeared into the interior. Old Hudig, who might have helped, failed Only one happiness, amid all these miseries, remained to Almayer—his little daughter, Nina

A time came when she, too, was taken from him Old Lingard turned up at last, a ghost of his former self, with the fire of fever burning in his eyes Untold riches—he said—were within his grasp, but he needed money. All that Almayer could rake together he gave, but Lingard demanded more He would go to Singapore for it, and he would take Nina, for there he had friends who would bring her up decently

So Almayer was left, ruined and helpless, owing his very life to the fact that both Abdulla, chief of the Arabs, and Lakamba, Malay ruler of Sambir, believed he knew Lingard's secret of the river whence untold treasure could be drawn Lingard never came again He wrote once from Singapore, saying Nina was in good hands, and that he himself was going to Europe to raise money for the great enterprise But in his next letter he said he was ill. And Almayer heard no more

Year followed year, and only the rare letters from Nina made

life bearable for Almayer He longed to see her What, he wondered, would she be like? She would be a woman now, a civilized woman, full of hope, while he hopeless was little better than the savages around him He was almost afraid of her, yet he longed for her

And then, with no word of warning, she came arriving by the steamer, under the care of Almayer s friend Captain Ford The child with whom Almayer had parted ten years earlier had become a beautiful woman, black haired, olive skinned, with great sad eyes What, he wondered, would this grave girl in European clothes think of her mother, who spent her days squatting half naked in a dark hut, chewing betel nut What would she think of him?

He never knew She had accepted without question the neglected, unhappy home, giving to him a gentle and pro tecting affection fitfully, that is, for she had her bad days, when she visited her mother and remained long hours with her Her arrival brought better days to Almayer Attracted by her, the Arab traders no longer passed the rotten little jetty of Lingard & Co Lakamba himself came with all the pomp of war canoes and red umbrellas Hope revived in Almayer All was not lost, he told himself, these Arabs and Malays saw at last that he was a man of some ability His old dream of making a fortune returned to him, but now the fortune was not for himself alone, it was for Nina, epecially for Nina He would discover old Lingard's river, whence the old man had brought gutta percha, rattans, pearl shells, birds nests, wax, and gum dammer He asked Captain Ford to try to find out if the old man was still alive, or—if he were dead—if he had left any papers that might throw light on his secret He had one of Lingard's notebooks, and he searched it tirelessly for some clue to the river s whereabouts

The news that the British were about to establish a trading company at Sambir further heartened him He set about building a house for the use of their engineers and agents, spending every available guilder he had on it Luck was against him as usual The British relinquished their claim to that part of the coast The Pantai river fell to the Dutch who laughed at their unsuccessful countryman, and named the house he had built so hopefully for the English, 'Almayer s Folly"

But Almayer still had his secret, and jealously he guarded it

And then one day at sunset a strange brig sailed up the river, and a Malay trader, finer than yet seen in Sambir, landed at the rotten little jetty of Lingard & Co His black silk jacket was decked with gold embroidery, bright fringes of horsehair hung from the hilt of his sword, jewels flashed from the hilt of his kriss, and gleamed from the rings on his dark fingers

"You have come to the wrong house, Tuan Maroola, if you want to trade," Almayer had told him "I was a trader once, not now You should go to Rajah Lakamba Or, better still, to Abdulla the Arab There's nothing he would not buy or sell"

But Dain Maroola answered

"Who would not believe a white Tuan's words? A man seeks his friends where his heart tells him To-morrow I will go to the Rajah, for a trader wants the friendship of great men Then I will return here, if Tuan permits. But I shall not go to the Arabs, their lies are very great"

Gunpowder was what Dain Maroola wanted In Sumatra the Malays were fighting the Dutch, and hostilities threatened to spread all over the Archipelago The great traders whom Dain had already approached with guarded proposals had turned a deaf ear to him Then he heard of the white man, Kaspar Almayer, at Sambir, and of his friend Captain Ford, whose steamer traded regularly to Singapore By his enthusiasm and the prestige of the great name of his father, the Rajah of Bali, he had already persuaded Lakamba to look the other way while he worked his will on the white man

He came again as he said he would—came often, so that the people of Sambir got used to the sight of many fires burning in Almayer's campong, where Dain Maroola's men were warming themselves during the cold nights of the north-east monsoons, while Dain himself held long conferences with Almayer within It had been long before Dain could persuade the white man to consent to his proposal Lakamba had had to send over Babalatchi, his Prime Minister, with the solemn promise that his eyes would be shut (Dain having paid for that promise in good silver guilders of the hated Dutch), before Almayer agreed to induce Ford to smuggle gunpowder from Singapore on board Dain's brig

Almayer did not want any money out of the transaction What he asked was Dain's help in discovering old Lingard's river He dared not trust Lakamba alone, lest he should lose both treasure and life, yet Lakamba had to be told, and he

demanded his share, otherwise his eyes would no longer remain shut to the gunpowder smuggling.

Thereafter Almayer walked amongst his workmen and slaves in a kind of trance in which practical details of the fitting out of boats for the great expedition were mixed up with dreams of untold wealth in that splendid future that awaited him and Nina. He hardly saw Nina in these days, although she was ever present in his thoughts. He hardly took notice of Dain, whose constant presence in his house had become a matter of course to him now. Blind dreaming, he did not know that Dain, coming every day to his house, took his way quietly to where, on the edge of a banana plantation a clump of palms and mango trees formed a shady spot; and hidden there, waited with gleaming eyes to hear the dried grass rustle under the light footsteps of Nina.

From the very first moment that he saw her, Dain felt in his inmost heart that Nina would be his, felt the subtle breath of mutual understanding passing between their two savage natures ... and every time he spoke to her, every time he looked into her eyes, Nina, although averting her face, felt as if this bold looking being who spoke burning words into her willing ear was the embodiment of her fate, the creature of her dreams—reckless, ferocious, ready with flashing kriss for his enemies and with passionate embrace for his beloved.

Many were the delicious and fast fleeting hours these two had passed under the mango trees, till Mrs. Almayer's shrill voice warned them to separate, for she it was who—paid well with Dain's shining guilders and Mexican dollars—had undertaken to keep her husband out of the way.

But Dain had had to go away, his brig laden with smuggled gunpowder. He told Nina nothing of that, but only that he was going and would return in a few days. In Bulangi's Creek at break of day, they had taken passionate farewell of each other and there Lakamba's Prime Minister, one eyed Babalatchi, visiting his fish baskets, had seen Nina's canoe drift past, Dain's head upon her knee. Babalatchi saw more than that ... he saw Bulangi's slave girl, Taminah, and speaking to her noticed the hard look in her eyes and the tremble in her voice. Little Taminah evidently admired Dain Maroola. That was good! Babalatchi laughed aloud at the notion.

So Dain had gone, and in anxiety Almayer awaited his return. That he *would* return Almayer had no doubt, for Dain would not miss his share in the treasure to be found by Lingard's

river. As for himself, success was to be his at last. He would quit for ever this miserable coast, where he had spent twenty-five bitter years. In Europe he and Nina would be rich and respected. Nobody would think of her mixed blood in face of her great beauty and his wealth. And witnessing her triumphs, he would grow young again.

These were his thoughts as he stood that night on the verandah of Almayer's Folly—that last failure of his life—searching the darkness for Dain Maroola. Swollen by the rains, the river rolled by in angry flood, sweeping along uprooted trees as if they were but driftwood. Almayer shivered. Dain would not come to-night. Time he went home. Dismally he stepped on to the ladder leading down from the verandah of Almayer's Folly, and was turning towards the house where he lived—"my old house", he called it—when he heard the splash of paddles. Someone was on the river. He could hear the heavy breathing of men who fought with the current as they hugged the bank on which he stood.

"Oh, ya! Man!" he hailed.

The bush in front of him shook, and the sharp sound of paddles falling into the canoe rang in the night. The men were holding on to the bush now, but all Almayer could see was the blurred shape of a man's head and shoulders.

"You, Abdulla?" Almayer asked doubtfully, thinking it was the Arab, but a grave voice answered:

"Tuan Almayer is speaking to a friend. There is no Arab here."

"Dain!" Almayer's heart gave a great leap. "At last! At last! I had nearly given you up."

"Nothing could have stopped me from coming here," Dain answered, almost violently, and whispered to himself, "Not even death."

Almayer asked if anything were wrong with the brig.

"The brig is where no Dutchman can lay hands on her," Dain answered, and Almayer, in his elation, failed to note the gloom in his voice. "But, listen, Tuan Almayer. To-morrow's sun shall see me in your house. Now I must go to Lakamba."

"Dain, you're not going to abandon me," Almayer pleaded, "when all is ready?"

"Have I not returned?" the other answered. "But I must see Lakamba first, for your good and mine."

The full tale Dain told to Lakamba and Babalatchi: the

Dutch had captured the brig—warned of its sailing, Dain averred, by someone in Sambir.

'Yes, you faithful friend of the white Rajah,' Dain turned scornfully to Babalatchi. 'I have escaped and am here to gladden your heart. The Dutch are coming here to seek me—to ask their faithful friend Lakamba and his slave Babalatchi. Rejoice!'

'You came here,' Lakamba retorted, 'because of the white man's daughter. Your refuge was with your father, the Rajah of Bali. What am I to protect great princes? You came here first as a trader with sweet words and great promises, asking me to look the other way while you worked your will on the white man. And I did. What do you want now? It is easier for me to have you killed than to fight the Dutch.'

Dain, after one glance over his shoulder to make sure there was no one behind him, quietly took a siri box from the folds of his waist cloth, and carefully wrapped the little bit of betel nut and a small pinch of lime in the green leaf politely offered him by Babalatchi. The Malay knew that Lakamba was too deeply implicated in the gunpowder smuggling to care for Dutch investigation into that business; knew too, that the Rajah would not kill him, for he believed Dain held the secret of the white man's treasure. Neither would Lakamba give him up lest he should disclose too much to the Dutch.

With heads close together the three consulted in whispers, Dain suggesting, Lakamba contradicting, Babalatchi conciliating, till at last it was settled that Dain should go into hiding in Bulangi's Creek. Bulangi was a safe man, and in the network of crooked channels about his house no white man could find his way.

'Tuan Dain will go at once?' Babalatchi said.

Dain shook his head.

'I am going first to Almayer to tell him our arrangements.'

No matter that the river was in flood, and rain and thunder added to the turmoil, he was going now.

Out on the shaking verandah, Babalatchi shouted into Dain's ear:

'The river is very angry. Look! Look at the drifting logs! Can you go?'

But Dain, with a cry to his shivering boatmen, ran down to the watergate.

* * * * *

At break of day the body of a man, battered, unrecognizable

lay on the muddy flat by Almayer's Folly From house to house the news ran Almayer himself heard it, and went down to gaze as others did.

"Who is it?" he asked of Babalatchi, who had come over in his canoe, and now gazed steadily at the shapeless mass of broken limbs, torn flesh, and bloodstained rags

"Look at your feet, white man," Babalatchi answered. "Tuan Almayer, have you seen Dain this morning?"

"No" Almayer's eyes grew wide with fear "Is he not with the Rajah? I am waiting for him Why does he not come?"

"He is come, Tuan He left last night when the storm was great, and now lies here."

"How can you tell?" Almayer cried "You cannot tell Nobody can tell"

Babalatchi, who was on his knees, wiping the mud from the stiffened fingers of the dead man's hand, rose to his feet and flashed before Almayer's eyes a gold ring set with a large green stone

"You know it well," he said "This never left Dain's hand Do you believe now?"

Almayer raised his hands to his head, then let them fall in utter despair Dain was dead Dead Dain, who was to have helped, after all these years of waiting, to find the treasure of Lingard's river The fear that he was going mad came upon him The thought terrified him, and he turned and ran back to his house, repeating to himself, "I am not going mad, of course not No, no, no"

Babalatchi, too, went home, to tell Lakamba the tale that Nina had told him She had been waiting for Dain last night, and at last he came and fell at her feet exhausted

"But she brought him back to life in her arms, and made him breathe again with her own breath That is what she said, speaking to my face, as I am speaking now to you, Rajah. She is like a white woman and knows no shame"

Lakamba nodded "And then?"

"They called the old woman, and he told them all, about the brig, and how the Dutch were seeking him And how his canoe had been overturned by the logs, and how, holding up his boatman who was hurt, he swam to the shore exhausted He had left the man in the bushes, and behold, when they went to him, they found his heart had stopped Then the old woman spoke She is wise and has a devil who whispers in her ear

And Dain followed her words He put his ring on the dead man s finger He took off his anklet, and broke it, twisting it round the dead man s foot And between them they clothed that thing that wanted no clothes in his sarong Then Dain and the white woman departed to find Bulangi and a hiding place And the old woman stayed by the body

'Hai! exclaimed Lakamba 'She has wisdom'

'And at the first sign of day she battered the face of the dead with a heavy stone, that none might know who he was At sunrise Mahmat Banjer found him They all believed I myself believed, but not for long The white man believed, and, grieving, fled to his house Then I spoke to the woman, and she, fearing my anger and your might, told me all, asking for help to save Dain'

'He must not fall into the hands of the Dutch,' Lakamba said 'Let him die, if the thing can be done quietly'

'It cannot, Tuan Remember there is that woman who being half white, is ungovernable And the Dutch are already here Dain must escape and we must help him for our own safety'

Lakamba sighed "Listen Babalatchi I am sick Get him away as you best can This is a great trouble in my heart

Babalatchi went close to his master "There is one of our praus at the southern mouth of the river The Dutch warship is to the northward, watching the main entrance I shall send Dain off to night in a canoe, by the hidden channels, to board the prau Almayer will deliver the dead body as Dain s to the Dutch, and the foolish white men will say, 'This is good, let there be peace And the trouble shall be removed from your heart, Rajah

At sunset that night Nina took farewell of her mother

Listen, mother I am going now to Bulangi s Creek, and if I should never return——

'You will not return muttered Mrs Almayer, Without you he will not go You will be a great ranee And I have been a slave all my life, and I have cooked rice for a man who had no courage or wisdom Hai! I! even I! She wailed to herself softly "I was a slave but you shall be a queen, but remember men s strength and their weakness Tremble before his anger, so that he may see your fear in the light of day but in your heart you may laugh, for after sunset he is your slave'

"A slave! He! The master of my life! You do not know him, mother."

Mrs Almayer laughed.

"You speak like a fool of a white woman What do you know of men's anger and of men's love? Have you watched the sleep of men weary of dealing death? Have you felt about you the strong arm that could drive a kriss deep into a beating heart? Yah! you are a white woman!"

"If I was white, would I stand here ready to go? Mother, I shall return to the house and look once more on my father's face"

"No!" said Mrs Almayer violently "No; he sleeps the sleep of gin, and if you went back he might awake and see you No, he shall never see you more. When that terrible old man took you away from me when you were little, I wanted to look at your face again And he said no! I heard you cry, and jumped into the river to follow you. You were his daughter then; you are mine now Never shall you go back to that house."

"I shall go," Nina whispered fiercely

"You shall not" With outstretched arms she confronted her daughter. "If you move another step I shall cry out And in that house sit two white men angry because they cannot have the blood of the man you love And down there in the settlement are men who would lead them to him who is waiting for you" Gently she pushed the girl towards the canoe "Go, before the moon rises, and while the river is dark Are you crying?" she demanded sternly as Nina sat in the canoe with covered face "Arise and take your paddle, for he has waited long enough" She put out all her strength, and swinging her body over the water, shot the light craft far into the stream

* * * * *

That night, huddled in a chair, Almayer, sleeping a drunken, uneasy sleep, was oppressed by dreams, and woke to find a hand shaking him by the shoulder It was Taminah, come to tell him in a rush of words of Nina's love for Dain and of her own fierce jealousy, of the deception of Dain's death and of how even now Nina had gone to join him in Bulangi's Creek Her words were to Almayer like a hot stream that swirled about his feet and rose in scalding waves about him, drowning his heart, blotting out his sight in scorching vapour, merciless and deadly Listening to the beating of his own heart, he wondered at the

regularity of its beat He counted mechanically one, two At the next beat it must stop No heart could suffer so and beat so steadily for long

Suddenly he flung the woman from him

'Oh! Nina!' he whispered "Oh! Nina! I do not believe"

* * * * *

In their hiding place, Dain lay with his head on Nina's lap, as, waiting for the coming of Babalatchi with the canoe that was to carry them to the prau, he spoke to her of his own island where the gloomy forests and the muddy rivers were unknown He spoke of its terraced fields, of the murmuring, clear rills of sparkling water And he spoke also of the mountain peak that, rising lonely above the belt of trees knew the secrets of the passing clouds He spoke of vast horizons swept by fierce winds that whistled high above the summits of burning mountains He spoke of his forefathers that conquered ages ago the island of which he was to be the future ruler And as he talked, Nina s head bent lower and lower till her face almost touched his Her hair was over his eyes, her breath was on his forehead, her arms were about his body No two beings could be closer to each other

'It is time for Babalatchi to be here, Dain said at last 'The night is more than half gone Our road is long, and a bullet travels quicker than the best canoe

They heard a rustle in the bushes then, as of one who approaches not wishing to be seen Dain, putting Nina behind him, laid his hand on his kriss The man was so near now that they could hear his deep breathing A sudden and fleeting brightness pierced the clouds, and Nina with a cry of "Father!", was between Dain and Almayer s revolver

'Am I a wild beast that you should try to kill me suddenly and in the dark, Tuan Almayer?' Dain asked as Almayer s arm dropped to his side

Almayer raised his arm again But with a quick bound Dain was on him There was a scuffle, then the weapon, wrenched out of Almayer s hand whirled into the bushes

'Nina!' Almayer cried 'What is this madness? Come to me! And together we will forget this horrible nightmare" He opened his arms for her but she did not stir 'Have you no pity for yourself? Do you not know what is waiting for you if you follow that man? You will be first his plaything and

then a scorned slave, a drudge, and a servant of some new fancy of that man."

"You hear this, Dain?" she asked. "Is it true?"

"By all the gods," he answered passionately, "by heaven and earth, by my head and thine, I swear this is a white man's lie. I have delivered my soul into your hands for ever. I breathe with your breath, I see with your eyes, I think with your mind, and I take you into my heart for ever."

"You thief!" shouted Almayer.

"Nay, Tuan," Dain answered gently, "that is not true. The girl came of her own will. She heard the cry of my heart, and she came."

"Nina," Almayer said, "have you forgotten the teaching of so many years?"

"No," she answered, "I remember it well. I remember how it ended in Singapore. Scorn for scorn, hate for hate. I am not of your race. You wanted me to dream your dreams, to see your own visions of life among the white faces. But I listened to the voice of my own self. Then this man came, and there was only the murmur of his love. Then I began to live. And I mean to live. I love you no less than I did before, but I shall never leave him, for without him I cannot live."

Almayer made a step towards her, and, taking her by the shoulder, pointed down the path to the landing-place.

"Make up your mind quickly," he said. She answered nothing, and he added meaningly, "Shall I call out to Ali?"

"Call out," she answered, "you that cannot be true to your own countrymen. Only a few days ago you were selling the powder for their destruction; now you want to give up to them the man that yesterday you called your friend. Oh, Dain," she cried, "instead of bringing you life, I bring you death, for he will betray you unless I leave you for ever."

Dain threw his arm round her neck.

"I can kill him where he stands," he whispered, "before a sound can pass his lips. For you it is to say yes or no. Babalatchi cannot be far off."

"No," she cried, clinging to him. "Kill me. Then perhaps he will let you go. He would rather see me dead than standing where I am. Kill me! Kill me!"

"I want you alive," Almayer said with sombre calm. "You go, or he hangs. Will you obey?"

There was not a glimmer of light now. Nothing was to be

seen, and nothing to be heard save the sobs of Nina, whom Dain, kneeling, held in his arms Then there came a cry of warning, the splash of paddles and the sound of voices

' Babalatchi ! " shouted Dain, and lifted Nina to her feet

Babalatchi came panting

Run ! To my canoe ! Taminah has told the Dutchmen all And they are coming "

Will you go without that woman who is my daughter ? ' Almayer demanded of Dain

No I will not go I will abandon her to no man

' Then kill me ' Nina sobbed ' And go '

" This is great foolishness,' broke in Babalatchi ' No woman is worth a man s life I am an old man and I know

He turned to go, looking at Dain as if offering him this last chance of escape But Dain s face was hidden in Nina s hair

Babalatchi was gone, but in his place came Ali, two paddles on his shoulder

I have hidden our canoe up the creek, Tuan Almayer, he said for Babalachti s men told me the white men are coming

Wait for me there Almayer said and stood silent till the man had gone ' Nina, he then said sadly, will you have no pity for me ? '

She did not even turn her head, which was pressed close to Dain s breast

Almayer made a movement as if to leave them then stopped

' I cannot, ' he muttered to himself After a long pause he spoke again unsteadily and in a voice still lower " It would be too great a disgrace I am a white man He broke down completely I am a white man," he repeated, weeping bitterly ' It would be a disgrace all over the islands white men finding my daughter with this Malay My daughter, ' he cried aloud, with a ring of despair in his voice

I will never forgive you, Nina, he said after a while Never I shall try to forget I have no daughter There used to be a half caste woman in my house but she is going even now You Dain or whatever your name is, I shall take you and that woman to the island at the mouth of the river myself Come

He took them in the canoe, steering it himself while Ali paddled and Dain held Nina in his arms He waited with them till the boat came to carry them aboard the prau He

watched them walk down the beach, enlaced in each other's arms; watched the boat grow smaller in the distance, with rage, despair, and regret in his heart, and on his face the blank expression of those who live in that hopeless calm which sightless eyes only can give He watched till he saw the sail of the prau gleam in the morning sun; watched it creep from cliff to cliff, till, for a fleeting moment, it shone brilliantly on the blue of the open sea For long he stood motionless, then he fell on his knees, and, creeping along the sand, erased carefully all traces of Nina's footsteps

Back in his deserted home, he piled together old account books, chairs, desks—all that was left after so many years of work and strife and weariness—and set fire to them With his pet monkey under his jacket, he crossed over to Almayer's Folly, and there set himself to wait in anxiety and pain for that forgetfulness which would not come

Captain Ford used to visit him sometimes, but it was not a pleasant task At first Almayer used to respond listlessly to the old seaman's boisterous inquiries about his health, he even made efforts to talk Then gradually he became more silent, as if he were forgetting how to speak He used to hide in the darkest rooms of the house, where Ford had to seek him, guided by the monkey Then there came a day when Ford found Jim-Eng the Chinaman there, and Almayer smoking opium with him

" Poor devil ! " Ford muttered to himself " The sooner the better now "

Kind death came at last In the tender light of early day, Ali found his master, stiff and lifeless, on his face a serenity which silently testified that the man lying there had been permitted to forget before he died Abdulla the Arab came to gaze on him, and to whisper the name of Allah—The Merciful—The Compassionate

EUGENIE GRANDET

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Eugenie Grandet" (published 1833), a novel from Balzac's 'Scenes of Provincial Life', is one of his greatest works The story is slight, but the careful building up of the characters, of the miser Grandet and his household, must be read in extenso *for the student to gain a full idea of the exquisite observation and discrimination that have gone to their creation*

THE stranger who climbs the dark and narrow street that winds through Saumur might almost believe the old market town had been evacuated by its inhabitants at some time during the Middle Ages, if now and then a pale, cold face did not appear above a window sill at the sound of an unaccustomed step on the echoing cobbles There is no sign of life about the shops, which are not easy to distinguish from the houses, for they have no front windows and no show cases, but only a wooden door, the top half of which is bolted back, while the lower forms a kind of gate that jangles a bell when you push it open You enter—and find yourself in a dim cavern amid a few tubs of codfish or bales of sail cloth or iron hoops, according to the nature of the business A young girl with red arms and white kerchief lays aside her knitting and calls her father, who serves you without betraying the least sign of emotion, whether you spend two sous or twenty thousand francs He seems to possess nothing but some old planks or two or three bundles of laths, but his timber yard on the river supplies all the coopers in Anjou, he knows to a stave how many casks he can sell if the vine harvest is good a sunbeam can enrich him, a shower ruin him, in a single morning the price of a puncheon can fall from eleven francs to six

At the top of the street, shadowed by the ancient ramparts of the town, stands the house of Monsieur Grandet He cultivated a hundred acres of vineyard, and possessed in addition thirteen farms and a hundred and twenty seven acres of meadow But only two people could hazard a guess as to the amount of his invested capital—Monsieur Cruchot the notary,

who had charge of the vine-dresser's loans throughout the province, and Monsieur Des Grassins, the wealthiest banker in Saumur, in whose profits Monsieur Grandet shared at his discretion and convenience.

"He must be worth at least six million francs," people were saying of Père Grandet in 1819, when this story opens. Though seventy-six years old, he looked no more than fifty. He was sturdy and thickset in every inch of his five feet, with broad shoulders, a straight back, and hands like legs of mutton. His face was sunburnt and wrinkled, and his eyes had in them the calm and eerie light which legend attributes to the basilisk. The end of his nose was adorned with a blue-veined wen. If this dilated ever so slightly, it was regarded in Saumur as ominous as a sign of bad weather.

He had dressed for more than thirty years in exactly the same manner—Quaker hat, black cravat, full-skirted brown coat over a velvet waistcoat with yellow and violet stripes, short breeches of coarse brown cloth with silver buckles, milled cotton stockings, and stout black shoes.

In the course of years, his growing fortune began to cast an aura of gold over everything he did or said. His speech, his clothes, his gestures, the movements of his eyes, acquired the force of law in the province. "It'll be a hard winter," some one would say. "Père Grandet has put on his fur gloves." Or "Père Grandet is getting in lots of staves, there'll be plenty of wine this year."

Monsieur Grandet never bought any food for his household, which consisted of his wife, his only daughter, Eugénie, and the servant, Nanon. His tenants brought him every week a stock of flour, poultry, eggs, butter and vegetables by way of rent. His only known expenses were for bread for the Communion, his wife's and daughter's dresses and their chairs at the church, light, Nanon's wages and the cost of re-tinning her saucepans, taxes, repairs and outlays on farming operations.

The whole town envied Monsieur and Madame Grandet their servant. She had been an inmate of the Grandet mansion for thirty-five years. She was twenty-two years old when she came to Saumur in a vain search for work. Grandet ran his eye over the girl as she was turned away from one door after another. The trade of master-cooper gave him an unerring eye for physical strength; he saw how much toil might be extracted from a woman built on the model of a Hercules, planted on her feet like a sixty-year oak on its roots,

strong hipped, square backed, and with the hands of a carrier Neither the pocks and warts that embellished her martial face, nor her brick red skin, nor her sinewy arms, nor her rags, dismayed the cooper, who was still at an age when the heart is easily moved He clothed, shod, and fed the poor girl, gave her wages and employed her Nanon wept for joy, and henceforth obeyed him like a dog

Now and then an impulse of pity would seize Grandet as he reflected that Nanon had never known any of the joys of normal womanhood He would look at her and mutter 'Poor Nanon! ' This exclamation was always followed by an indescribable glance of devotion from the old servant Grandet, noting with approval that nothing was ever wasted in her neat, cold kitchen, became quite fond of her, and allowed her many a small treat "Go and eat your fill, Nanon," he often said to her in seasons when the fruit trees in his orchard were so laden with plums and nectarines that he was obliged to feed them to the pigs

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"Well, as it's Eugenie s birthday, I think we'll have a fire,' said Grandet one evening in the middle of November, 1819, as he sat with his wife and daughter in the *salle* of their home

Grandet's present to Eugénie on her birthday was always a curious gold piece of some kind or other—an old foreign coin worth far more than its face value He also gave her one or more such coins every New Year's Day and on certain saints days He loved to tease her about this little hoard, and on each New Year s Day he asked to see it

Grandet had invited Cruchot his notary, Des Grassins his banker, with their wives to call round after dinner for a game of loto in celebration of Eugénie's birthday Des Grassins was the wealthiest banker in Saumur Scarcely had Nanon lighted the fire, when there was a knock at the door, and a few moments later the guests entered the *salle*

They took up their positions in two groups on either side of the great table No stranger to the province would ever have guessed from their smiles and pleasant nods that enmity had arisen between these two families as remorseless as that which formerly existed between the Medicis and the Pazzis

The secret combat between the Cruchots and the Des Grassins for the hand of Eugénie Grandet, the wealthiest heiress in Saumur, was the talk of the entire town Would she marry Monsieur Cruchot's nephew, the brilliant young

lawyer who had just been appointed president of the court of first instance at Saumur, or Monsieur Adolphe Des Grassins, whose parents were not only rich, but of noble birth as well? None could say with certainty, least of all perhaps Eugénie herself, who appeared quite unaware of the intrigues that went on around her

The Cruchot faction consisted of the Abbé Cruchot, a plump little man with shrewd and restless eyes, his brother Monsieur Cruchot the notary, a tall and dignified figure who rarely spoke if he could avoid doing so, and the lanky, conceited, red-haired young President Cruchot, who now advanced and offered Eugénie a huge bouquet of flowers that were rare at Saumur

"Permit me, mademoiselle, to wish you many happy years and a continuance of the health you enjoy," he said in a falsetto voice, then, taking Eugénie by the elbows, he kissed her on both sides of the neck so awkwardly that she blushed with humiliation

It was now the turn of young Adolphe Des Grassins He was a tall, fair-haired stripling, pale and slender, and still rather bashful, though he had spent ten thousand francs over his allowance as a student in Paris on learning to be a man of the world He walked up to Eugénie, kissed her on both cheeks, and offered her a workbox with "E G" engraved on the crest Eugénie opened it, and the sight of the silver-gilt utensils made her tremble with joy She glanced interrogatively at her father, and Grandet uttered a "Take it, my child!" in an accent that would have done credit to a great actor

Madame Des Grassins looked round triumphantly at the Cruchots She was one of those buxom and attractive women, with faces white and pink as a doll's, who, thanks to the monastic régime and virtuous habits of the provinces, maintain their youth to the age of forty. She dressed very well and set the fashion in Saumur Her husband, a former quartermaster of the Imperial Guard, retained the free-and-easy manner of a military man in spite of his dignity as a banker and his regard for his host

By half-past eight, the game of loto was in full swing Madame Grandet had just won a pool of sixteen sous—the biggest ever played for in that room—and Nanon did not try to conceal her delight She never could look at her mistress without a twinge of pity. Madame Grandet was a

thin, dried up woman, yellow as a quince, and awkward and slow of movement. She had large bones, a large nose, a large forehead, large eyes, and she reminded one of a stringy fruit without either savour or juice. But everyone admired and respected her. She was an angel of piety, kindliness and resignation.

She had brought Grandet as her marriage portion the sum of three hundred thousand francs. Occasionally he would give her six francs for pin money. But whenever he ran short of small change, he never hesitated to say to her, as if they had this fund in common, "Can you let me have a few sous, *maman*?"

Suddenly there was such a thunderous knocking at the door that the women jumped from their seats in alarm. Nanon hastened to the door, followed by Grandet. A moment afterwards, a fashionably dressed young man entered the *salle*, accompanied by a porter struggling with two enormous trunks and a number of carpet bags.

The young man gave a letter to Grandet, raised a small monocle to his eye, and drawled affectedly, "I presume I have the honour of addressing my uncle. I am the son of your brother Guillaume of Paris."

A peacock in a farmyard would have appeared less out of place than this exquisite young fop among the astounded circle of his beholders.

Eugenie gazed at him with breathless awe. She had never even imagined a man could be so attractive in person and costume. The perfume that exhaled from his glossy curls made her senses swim with delight. She was enchanted by the smallness and whiteness of his hands, the freshness of his complexion, the delicacy of his features. She would have given anything in the world just to touch the satiny kid of his dainty gloves.

Adolphe Des Grassins and President Cruchot, suddenly conscious of their worn and rumpled cravats, snuff stained shirts, shiny coats, and creased pantaloons, exchanged glances of dismay. Could it be possible that young Charles Grandet had come from Paris in order to ask for the hand of Eugenie in marriage? They had often been told by their elders that Guillaume Grandet had far loftier views of his son's future. One of the richest wholesale dealers in wines in Paris, mayor of an arrondissement, colonel in the National Guard, judge of the tribunal of commerce, it was said that he disowned the

Grandets of Saumur, and intended to form an alliance with some ducal family by the favour of Napoleon.

"Let us call off the game and keep our sous," said Madame Des Grassins The players each took two sous from an old chipped bowl which held the pool, and rose from the table.

Grandet looked up from his letter "Have you finished?" he said

"Yes, yes," replied Madame Des Grassins There was a flush in her plump white cheeks She glanced at Charles Grandet, lolling indolently on his chair by the fireside The young dandy smiled at her Her eyes, full of the reserve and caution habitual to middle-aged women in the provinces, suddenly glowed with a prurience that reminded Charles of the nights he had spent recently in the arms of his lovely Annette, before her suspicious husband took her with him on a tour of Scotland

Monsieur Des Grassins glanced at his wife, then said to Grandet, "We don't want to intrude You may wish to talk with your nephew, so we will bid you good-night."

The guests took their leave Grandet read the letter for the third time

My Brother,

When you have this letter in your hands, I shall have ceased to live, for I have determined not to face the disgrace of bankruptcy The failures of my broker and of Roguin, my notary, have swept away my last resources and left me nothing Poor Charles, whom I idolize, knows nothing of this Oh my unhappy son, my son! Grandet, dying, I entrust Charles to you I view my pistols without sorrow, knowing that you will be another father to him Brother, Charles is an upright, brave young man Lend him enough money to go to the Indies, where he can work to regain the fortune of which I have deprived him

Adieu, brother May all God's blessings rest upon you in the fulfilment of the trust I confide to you, and which you will accept, I doubt not There will be one voice then that will pray unceasingly for you in the world to which we must all go some day and where I already am

Guillaume Grandet

Grandet folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and glanced with an almost timid air at his nephew "Well, Charles, if you're ready," he said, "I'll show you to your

room It won't be a fine gentleman's apartment, faith! but you will excuse a poor vine dresser who hasn t a sou Taxes swallow up everything '

As Charles glanced at the yellow, grimy walls of the staircase, and felt the worm eaten rail tremble under his hand, his heart sank, and he said to himself, "What the devil did father send me here for?'

* * * * *

There is a delicious hour in the life of every young girl when the golden beams of the sun reawaken in her the thrill she felt as a child on seeing them for the first time, when every flower reveals its thoughts to her, and when her heart beats with a vague, sweet torment that will allow her no rest Such a season of rapture began for Eugenie as she sat at the window of her bedroom and looked into the garden on the morning after her cousin's arrival

"I am not pretty enough, he ll never take any notice of me ' she thought despondently, as she gazed into the mirror, and her fine grey eyes filled with tears Her beauty was in truth of the kind that enchants the artist rather than a lover—somewhat too regular and cold in its lines Her features, the contours of her round face suggested noble devotion rather than passion, her mouth, though red as a cherry was marked with countless little lines that were instinct with the kindness and sympathy of a maturer age than twenty three, her neck was divinely graceful, only her swelling corsage would have made the pulses of a gay young Parisian beat more quickly

Eugénie sat by the window until she heard Nanon astir in the kitchen Then she ran downstairs and cried to the old servant

"Let s make a cake for him, Nanon '

Nanon gaped at her in astonishment 'Who ll give me wood for the oven, and flour and butter?" she asked Must I steal from Monsieur Grandet to feast your cousin? See there s your father now coming in from the orchard, you'd better ask him yourself" But at the sight of her father, Eugenie had already turned and fled in alarm into the garden

Pere Grandet walked into the kitchen, took a key from his pocket, and unlocked the door of the pantry

'Is there any bread left from yesterday?" he said to Nanon

' Not a crumb monsieur

Grandet took a coarse round loaf from the pantry and was about to cut it, when Nanon said, "There are five of us to-day, monsieur."

"True," replied Grandet, "but this loaf weighs six pounds and there'll be plenty left over. Besides, you'll see that this fine young gentleman from Paris won't deign to eat bread."

"Give me some flour and butter, and I'll make a cake."

"Do you think just because the fellow's my nephew I'm going to let him eat us out of house and home?"

"No, monsieur, I thought it would be a treat for all of us. But you've only put out six lumps of sugar for the coffee. I must have eight."

"Look here, Nanon, I don't know what nonsense has got into your head. If I've any more of it, you'll pack your things and go. Six lumps are all we need."

"But what will your nephew sugar his coffee with?"

"With two lumps; I'll go without."

"I'd rather buy you two lumps out of my own pocket," said Nanon boldly.

"Silence!" roared Grandet. He glanced at his watch, took his hat, and set off along the banks of the Loire to see if his workmen were making progress in clearing his fields of poplars.

An hour later, young Charles Grandet was sitting down to the noon breakfast that Eugénie had prepared for him. This meal was always a simple one in the household, and consisted merely of a little bread and butter and a glass of wine or cup of coffee. But Eugénie had sent Nanon out to the shops and had made, in the old servant's words, "a real spread" for her cousin—two boiled eggs, plates of fruit, a bottle of white wine, a bowl of coffee, preserve, and a saucer heaped high with lumps of sugar.

Charles, humming gaily to himself as he sampled the eggs, appeared quite unconscious of this honour, but the women kept glancing round furtively at the door, dreading every minute that Grandet would return before Charles had finished.

"'Pon honour, my dear cousin," he murmured, "if you were in a box at the Opera, I promise that you would cause much sinning in the way of envy among the men and jealousy among the women."

Eugénie did not understand the compliment, but it made her heart throb wildly with delight. Before she could reply, there was a rap at the door that made all three women jump to their feet. Eugénie removed the saucer of sugar, Nanon

hurried into the kitchen with the egg plate, and Madame Grandet quivered like a startled deer

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you all?" cried Charles

Monsieur Grandet entered the *salle*, darted a piercing glance at the table, then at Charles "Ah, so you've been feasting our young gentleman, eh?" he muttered "When the cat's away, the mice run round the larder"

The three women held their breath as he came nearer the table and saw the lumps of sugar Eugenie had left on the cloth Grandet turned and glared at his wife who had closed her eyes and gone deathly pale

He leaned over and whispered into her ear, "Where—did—you—get—that—sugar?"

"Nanon went to Fessard's for it"

At this moment of crisis Charles tasted his coffee and, finding it not sweet enough, looked round for the saucer of sugar

"What do you want, nephew?" asked Grandet

"The sugar"

"Put in some milk," rejoined the master of the house hoarsely, "your coffee's a bit too strong, that's all"

Eugenie put the saucer of sugar back on the table in front of Charles and looked her father squarely in the eyes No heroine who ever risked death for her lover was braver than Eugenie Grandet at that moment

The old vine dresser strangled a noise in his throat "When you have finished, nephew," he grunted, "we will take a turn in the garden together I have things to tell you that are not *sugared*!"

"What do you mean uncle?" exclaimed Charles "Since my poor mother's death"—his voice softened—"no misfortune could affect me"

"Come," said Grandet The colour ebbed from Charles's face as he rose to his feet and followed his uncle into the garden As he did so, Madame Grandet whispered to Eugenie the fatal news of the letter which her husband had read to her late the previous night

"Courage, cousin!" shouted Eugenie, her face white

The girl's tone froze Charles's blood Grandet strolled up and down the gravel paths in silence for a few minutes before he broke the news of his brother's death

Charles, who was only twenty one years old, and had not yet learnt to control his emotions, burst into tears

"That too is nothing, my poor nephew," added Grandet in a kindlier tone, "that is nothing, you will get over your grief, but——"

"Never! never! O my father, my dear father!"

"He has ruined you . . you are penniless," said Grandet, his voice breaking with pity

"What do I care for that? I want my father! Father!" screamed Charles again and again until the high walls around the garden echoed and re-echoed with his cries. Suddenly he turned away from his uncle, rushed blindly into the house, up the staircase and into his room, where he flung himself on his bed and sobbed as if his heart would break

Grandet returned to the *salle*

"I hope you do not intend to continue your extravagance, Madame Grandet," he said "I do not give you my money to stuff that young fellow with sugar"

"Mother had nothing to do with it," said Eugénie "I was the one who——"

"Is it because you are of age," interrupted Grandet sternly, "that you dare to disobey me?"

"But, father, your own brother's son ought not to go without——"

"Ta, ta, ta, ta!" said the cooper in four different keys "My nephew here, my brother's son there Charles is nothing to us, he hasn't a sou to his name, his father has failed, and when this young beau has wept his fill he'll have to take himself off I'm not going to let my house be turned upside down on his account"

"What does failing mean, father?" asked Eugénie

"To fail," Grandet replied solemnly, "is to commit the most dishonourable of all acts that a man can imagine"

"But daddy, couldn't you have helped uncle Guillaume *not* to fail?"

"He did not consult me Besides, he owed . . millions of francs"

"Millions of francs!" cried Eugénie, aghast "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* Why, no one could have helped him There can't be anyone in all France with as much money as that!"

Père Grandet rubbed his chin, and the wen on his nose seemed to expand a little

"Whatever will become of poor cousin Charles?" asked Eugénie

'He s going to the Indies where he will try to make his fortune as his father wished'

'But has he any money to get there?'

'I will pay for his journey as far as—yes—as far as Nantes

Eugenie flung her arms around her father s neck

'Oh, father, how good you are!

At that moment a hollow groan from the attic made Eugenie and her mother start with terror

'Nanon, go and see if he s killing himself, said Grandet His wife and daughter turned pale at these words 'Enough of this nonsense,' he snapped "I am going out for a chat with the Dutch wine merchants—they're leaving to day'

The vine dresser did not return until late in the evening He entered the *salle* in high good humour Having taken off his gloves, he rubbed his hands together hard enough to bring the skin off, had it not been tanned like Russian leather He strode to and fro ecstatically At last his secret escaped him

"Wife," he said, I have outwitted the lot of them Our wine is sold! The owners of all the other vineyards are holding on to their crops, I didn't say a word to prevent them Be sides, we d all agreed not to sell Our Dutchman was in despair I got him up to two hundred francs the cask and sold him a thousand, ready cash, *gold*! Here are six francs for you In three months the price of wine will drop like a stone"

'A thousand casks, daddy?' said Eugenie

'Yes, *fifille*," said the vine dresser, using a term of endearment that always meant he was delighted with her

That makes two hundred thousand francs,' she said

'Yes Mademoiselle Grandet, he jested

'Then, daddy, you could lend Charles enough to start a little business in the Indies

Veins of purple stood out on the old cooper s neck 'Damnation! he exploded 'Ever since that young popinjay set foot inside my home everything has been turned topsy turvy You give yourself fine airs and graces You buy sweetmeats You set out wedding banquets Well, I ve had all I can stand of it, d ye hear? Any more of this foolishness, young lady, and I'll pack you straight off to a convent Now get to bed at once—both of you' he added, with a furious look at his wife

That night, Eugenie thought she heard the moan of a dying man Perhaps Charles had killed himself She sprang out of bed, wrapped herself in a *pelisse*, and opened the door a little A light streamed through the aperture and she saw

before her on the landing her father and Nanon yoked together by a staff that rested on their shoulders, and from which swung at the end of a thick rope a heavy, ironbound cask. A single candle placed between two uprights of the banisters illumined the eerie scene.

Grandet had overheard the gossip of a travelling carpenter to a farmer on the riverside that evening, who said that armaments had begun on such a huge scale that gold had doubled in value. Speculators were already at Angers trying to buy what gold they could. By taking to Angers overnight all the gold in his office, including the two hundred thousand louis the Dutchman had just paid him, Grandet reckoned he could clear a profit in Treasury bills of more than a million francs—provided Des Grassins and the other Saumur bankers did not get wind of his venture and forestall him.

Eugénie's eye met her father's, and she saw in it a look, vague and unmeaning, but which none the less made her feel as if hell itself were opening suddenly before her. With a gasp of terror, she closed the door. She stood trembling in the darkness while her father and Nanon slowly and clumsily descended the stairs. She heard the neighing of horses, the shout of a driver, and the sound of carriage wheels driving away. At last all was quiet again. Gently, Eugénie opened the door and tiptoed upstairs to her cousin's attic.

Charles was asleep in an old easy-chair, with his head hanging over the arm, and one hand, from which a pen had dropped, almost touching the floor. She lifted his head and laid it against the back of the chair, and he submitted like a child who even in his sleep knows his mother and is not disturbed by her caresses. Then she leaned towards him timidly and kissed his hair. Charles did not stir. Her glance fell upon an open letter lying on the table. Quivering with passion and curiosity, she picked it up. It began with the words "My dear Annette."

My DEAR ANNETTE,

Nothing could ever have parted us if a disaster which shatters all my hopes had not overwhelmed me. My father has committed suicide to escape bankruptcy, and his fortune and mine have entirely disappeared. Dear Anna, even if you should give up all your pleasures and your luxuries, your toilet and your box at the Opera we could not retrench enough to meet my debts in Paris. Nor could I accept so great a sacrifice. And so we part to-day, for ever.

'Blessed Virgin, he renounces her!" thought Eugenie, her heart bounding for joy She read on—

> I had thought of trying my luck in the Indies or America, but I haven t even the hundred francs I need for my passage no not even one franc, for that matter I want above all to restore my father s honour and my own by settling some day the immense debts he has left behind him Then perhaps I could think of marriage—and I must confess that I have found here at Saumur, in my uncle s house, a cousin whose manners face, mind and heart would please you and who moreover seems to possess——

He must have been very tired to have stopped writing ' thought Eugenie 'Poor Charles! I did well to read his letter I have plenty of money, I can help him

She stole back to her room lighted a candle, and opened the locked drawer of an old oaken chest From this she took a large red velvet purse with tassels of gold thread With a thrill of keen pleasure, which somehow reminded her of her father, she poured out its contents—rare coins glistening like suns—*portugaises, genovines,* Spanish gold quadruples of Philip V given her by her maternal grandmother, a hundred Dutch ducats coined in 1756, etc, etc, all worth much more than their face value Finest of all were a number of rupees with the sign of the Balance or the Virgin, valued at fifty francs apiece by connoisseurs Altogether, the hoard was worth nearly six thousand francs

She scooped the coins back into the purse and went upstairs again Just as she appeared in the doorway of the attic, Charles awoke and stared at his cousin in amazement Eugenie entered the room, poured out the coins on the table and said in a trembling voice, ' Here are my savings, Charles Take them and go seek your fortune in the Indies He did not answer She fell on her knees, and took his hand in her own 'You will, won t you? she said, weeping for joy This gold will bring you luck, some day you can repay me we re partners if you like

His eyes filled with tears ' You are an angel Eugenie he said hoarsely Then, rising to his feet, he took from one of his trunks a square casket richly chased with gold

'This dressing case was a present from my mother,' he said He opened it, and displayed to his wondering cousin the exquisite workmanship of the gold inlay, and the finely chased articles of toilet ' But that is nothing he added He pressed a spring and revealed a secret compartment, which

held two portraits, masterpieces by Madame de Mirbel, each in a frame of pearls

"My father and mother," he said "Eugénie, I will accept your gift—as a loan—if you will keep this treasure safe for me If I should die and lose your little fortune, this gold will more than make it up to you As for the portraits, there is no one but you to whom I would entrust them, and, should I not return, they are yours, too"

He took her hand and kissed it "Angel of purity," he said, "between us money will never be of any importance Let the world go hang, that's how we feel towards each other, eh?"

The young couple spent most of the next day walking in the garden. Charles said little to her, but his fond glances showed from time to time that he was beginning to return her affection In this quiet sanctuary he was realizing for the first time in his life that love could be tranquil, hitherto his dear Annette had showed him only its storms and tempests

That evening, Charles announced to the family that he wanted to leave for Nantes as soon as possible Grandet immediately displayed great interest in aiding the young man's departure with the utmost dispatch and economy

On the last morning, as Charles and Eugénie were seated pensively on the bench in the garden, he said to her, "I know that we feel deeply for each other . . but I cannot think of returning for several years Perhaps an opportunity for you to make a wealthy marriage will present itself——"

"Do you love me?" she said, abruptly

"More than my life," he replied with intense earnestness

"Then I will wait" He moved nearer to kiss her

"My father is at the window," she said, and ran into the house

He ran after her and caught her in the darkest part of the corridor He put his arm around her waist and drew her to him She raised her face and gave him the sweetest, purest and frankest of all kisses

"Dear Eugénie," said Charles, "a cousin is even better than a brother, for he can marry you"

"Amen!" cried Nanon, flinging open the door of her kitchen, and laughing with joy as the lovers fled in dismay into the *salle*

* * * * *

Two months had elapsed since the day Charles left for the Indies

On the mornıng of January 1, 1820, Nanon entered Madame Grandet s bedroom crying, ' What ın the world's the matter with Monsıeur Grandet? ' Happy New Year, you great nınny, he says to me, run along and make a fire ın my wife s room, ıt s freezıng cold! But you could have knocked me down wıth a feather when he reached out hıs hand and gave me a crown of sıx francs! He's a good man madame a fine man ındeed The older some men grow the harder they get, but he s turnıng as sweet as your currant wıne

A few moments later the old vıne dresser hımself entered the room Happy New Year,' he saıd jovıally, and he bent forward and kissed hıs wıfe on the forehead

"You're ın hıgh spırıts thıs mornıng, monsıeur," saıd the poor woman ın a solemn tone

"Always merry and brıght, that s me We re goıng to have a slap up feed thıs mornıng old gırl Des Grassıns has sent along a *pâte de foie gras* wıth truffles!

Grandet owed hıs cheerfulness to the sudden rıse of the Funds from eıghty nıne to nınety two after he had ınvested ın thıs stock all the Treasury notes he had got for hıs gold at Angers He calculated that by reınvestıng the ınterest, he would clear at least sıx mıllıon francs ın the next five years

After Nanon had cleared away the breakfast thıngs, Grandet turned to hıs daughter and saıd, ' Now for your lıttle treasure Lıttle? Faıth, no Fıve thousand nıne hundred and fifty nıne francs, and the forty you get thıs mornıng'll make ıt sıx thousand, less one Well I ll tell you what I m goıng to do, *fifille* I m goıng to gıve you thıs franc to make up the round sum So run along, sweetheart, and don t keep your father waıtıng

Eugenıe dıd not move

Lısten Eugenıe I m askıng you for your gold You wouldn t refuse your poor old daddy, would you? he wheedled ' I haven t any more gold left myself I had a few old coıns, but I let them all go There ısn t a graın of gold ın the house, apart from yours I ll gıve you sıx thousand francs for your gold and you can put them ınto the Govern ment Funds, so that you ll get nearly two hundred francs ınterest every sıx months You ought to kıss me for tellıng you the secret of how money grows and multıplıes lıke men and women, he added, wıth a horrıble expressıon on hıs face So go and fetch me your treasure at once my pet

The two women sat as ıf petrıfied But suddenly Eugenıe

remembered Charles "For him," she thought, "for him I would suffer a thousand deaths" And she glanced at her mother, to whom she had confided her secret, with eyes gleaming with resolution. Then she turned and faced her father.

"I no longer have my gold," she said.

Grandet reared like a horse that hears a cannon explode within ten feet of him

"You are joking, Eugénie."

"No"

"By my father's pruning-knife!"

When the cooper swore like that, the rafters trembled

"Mother of God!" cried Nanon, "see how pale madame has gone"

"Grandet, your anger will kill me," murmured the poor woman

Eugénie sank on her knees beside her. "Father," she said, "mother is very ill—look!"

Grandet was terrified at the grey pallor of his wife's face, so yellow a moment before.

"Nanon, come and help me to bed," said the mother feebly. "I am dying" The old servant and Eugénie carried the swooning woman upstairs to her room.

When Eugénie came downstairs again, her father said to her fiercely, "Where is your treasure?"

Eugénie did not answer

"You little b——, where is it? You're murdering me in cold blood Did you lend it to Charles? But no, that's impossible, no daughter of mine could have been such a fool as to let that beggar in kid boots get his paws on it At least you didn't part with it for nothing? Damnation, she won't budge, she won't move an eyelash, she's more of a Grandet than I am Go to your room You will stay there until I allow you to leave it Nanon will bring you bread and water!"

In the months that followed, the old cooper visited his wife in her bedroom several times each day, but he never spoke to his daughter, never uttered her name or made the slightest allusion to her. Madame Grandet did not leave her room, and from day to day her condition grew worse When visitors called to see her, she said nothing about Grandet's ill-treatment of Eugénie, for she was hoping to effect a reconciliation of father and daughter without an open scandal. But one

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John Ridd arrested by Colon l Kirke s *men*—A scene from I orna Doone



" Life is sweet, brother, who would wish to die? "—A scene from " Lavengro "

evening towards the close of spring she was so overwhelmed with grief that she betrayed to Monsieur Cruchot the true cause of her suffering

'Rest assured, madame," said the notary I will put an end to this nonsense to morrow '

Early the next morning, he found the old vine dresser in the garden Grandet was in the habit now of standing behind the walnut tree each morning at this hour, so that, unobserved, he could watch his daughter brushing her luxuriant chestnut tresses at the window of her room

'Look here, Grandet,' began the notary without more ado ' everyone in Saumur is saying that you re killing your wife by your cruelty to Eugenie

The old cooper glared at him with blood flecked eyes " What business is it of theirs, ' he said, thickly, ' or of yours, either, for that matter?"

' Do you realize what your position would be if your wife died? Eugenie is her mother's heir You and your wife hold all your property in common Your daughter would have the right to demand half of everything you ve got The cost of drawing up the inventory and partition alone would at at least four hundred thousand francs '

These words were like a thunderbolt to Grandet

What must I do? he gasped

Eugenie might be persuaded to abandon her claim But if you want to obtain a concession like that, you ll have to make your peace with her of course

When the notary had gone Grandet went into the house and crept stealthily upstairs to his wife s room Eugenie had just brought the dressing case to her mother's bedside and the two women were gazing with delight at the portrait of Charles s beautiful mother

Like a tiger Grandet pounced upon the dressing case

" Father! cried Eugenie in such a piercing tone that Nanon hurried upstairs in terror Grandet inserted his knife under one of the little gold plates and levered it up a little

Eugenie seized a long steel paper knife that was lying beside a book on the table

Father ' she said in a low tense voice, if you do not stop this instant, I will plunge this into my heart!

Madame Grandet fainted

'She is dying! screamed Nanon

Grandet threw the dressing case on the bed 'Here

daughter, let's not quarrel over a box Nanon, fetch a doctor—Monsieur Bergerin's the nearest Come, come, mother," he said, kissing his wife's hand, "it's nothing, we've made it up, haven't we, *fifille*? No more dry bread; you shall eat whatever you want Ah, she opens her eyes Look, mother, I am kissing Eugénie, look *mémère, timère* She loves her cousin, she shall marry him, she shall keep her little box But you must live a long time, dear wife"

He went into his office, and returned with a handful of louis, which he scattered over the bed "Here, Eugénie, here, wife, these are for you," he said, fingering the coins incessantly Madame Grandet and her daughter gazed at each other in amazement

"Take them, father, we need nothing but your affection"

"Oh well, just as you say," said Grandet, pocketing the coins swiftly "Let's all go down to the *salle* and play loto for—for two sous a hundred Cheer up! We're going to have a wonderful time!"

In spite of Grandet's longing for his wife's restoration to health, his immediate compliance with all her wishes, the medical skill of Monsieur Bergerin, and Eugénie's loving care, the good woman rapidly drew near her end.

On the day after her mother's death, Eugénie was summoned by her father into the *salle*, where she found Monsieur Cruchot awaiting her

After some preamble the notary said "You must sign this document, whereby you renounce your claim to your mother's property, and allow your father the usufruct, of which he guarantees you the reversion——"

"I don't understand in the least what you're saying," Eugénie interrupted "Give me the paper and show me where I am to sign"

* * * * *

Five years passed without any event of importance in the monotonous life of Eugénie and her father She had never once heard from Charles Mademoiselle Grandet's profound sadness was no secret in Saumur, but no one besides Grandet or Nanon ever learnt its cause

Towards the end of 1827, Grandet, who had reached the age of eighty-two, was stricken by a paralysis so grave that Monsieur Bergerin told Eugénie that he had only a few more weeks to live Eugénie nursed her father with devoted care A woman in love knows no purpose in life but love—and Charles was not there

The days of the death agony arrived. The cooper insisted upon sitting in a chair outside his office, so that he could watch the door leading into it from his bedroom. He pulled off all the clothes that were put upon him, saying to Nanon, "Put these away, so that they won't be stolen." Often he called out to Eugénie: 'I'm shivering with cold. Spread some money out.' His daughter would strew louis over the table, and Grandet would smile weakly like a child. "I feel warm again now," he would say.

When the curé of the parish came to administer the sacrament, Grandet's eyes, dulled and filmed for some hours, brightened at the sight of the Cross and the silver candlesticks. The priest put the gilt crucifix to his lips to kiss. The vine dresser made a ghastly clutch at it, and this final effort cost him his life.

'Take good care of everything,' he gasped painfully to Eugenie, struggling with the rattle in his throat. 'You'll have to settle accounts with me . . . over there!'"

The total amount of the property left to Eugenie was estimated at nearly nineteen millions.

* * * * *

While the poor young heiress wept out her heart in the cold dark *salle*, Charles was on his way home from the Indies. Fortune had smiled upon him. He had devoted himself so ardently to business that he had had little time to think of Eugenie, and after a few orgies with Nautch girls and mulattresses, the image of that pure young face no longer troubled his conscience.

As the handsome brig *Marie Caroline* neared Bordeaux, he reflected with some complacency that he would now be able to assume the station in life that befitted a gentleman. For he possessed nineteen hundred thousand francs in three kegs of gold dust, upon which he expected to make seven or eight per cent on having it coined in Paris.

On board the brig that took him home was a distinguished gentleman of the King's bedchamber, the Marquis D'Aubrion. The Marquise D'Aubrion was very proud of her husband's title, though he himself frequently complained that his fortune was now so reduced by his wife's extravagance that he found it impossible to maintain any longer the dignity of his rank. An even greater tribulation was the future of his only daughter, whose charms were not of the kind that recommended them

selves without the aid of a substantial *dot.* Mademoiselle D'Aubrion was long and lanky, with a sneering mouth, over which hung a long nose, yellow in its normal state, but bright red after meals

Charles had become very intimate with the Marquise D'Aubrion during the homeward voyage, and she in turn had spared no effort to capture so wealthy a son-in-law They travelled to Paris together, and Charles was installed as a guest in the D'Aubrion mansion, which was fine and imposing, and riddled with mortgages

Des Grassins was in Paris at the time, and, hearing of Charles's arrival, he thought he would try to do him a service

He called a meeting of Guillaume Grandet's creditors. They had refrained hitherto from declaring Charles's father a bankrupt, because they had hoped that Père Grandet of Saumur might settle their claims The old vine-dresser, who, to his credit, had some concern for his dead brother's honour, had authorized Des Grassins to fob off the creditors from time to time with promises of a settlement They now informed Des Grassins that they were willing to accept twelve hundred thousand francs in full payment of all claims

On hearing this, Des Grassins immediately sought an interview with Charles

* * * * *

A fortnight later, Eugénie was seated on the little wooden bench in the garden, when Nanon brought her a letter

Eugénie broke the seal with a trembling hand "My Dear Cousin——"

"I am no longer Eugénie," she thought, and her heart went numb with anguish

"You——"

"He used to call me *thou*!" Tears filled her eyes At last she began to read the letter.—

My Dear Cousin,

You will be glad to hear that I succeeded in my task You brought me good luck, I have returned very rich I was sorry to hear of the deaths of your parents, and hope that by now you are consoled Nothing resists the effects of time, as I know from experience Yes, my dear cousin, for me the period of illusions is past I went away a child, I returned a man You are free of my claims upon you, dear cousin, though I myself shall never forget the little wooden bench——

Eugenie sprang to her feet as quickly as if she had been sitting n red hot embers——

——the little wooden bench where we swore to love each other forever Alas love plays little part in a marriage *à la mode* My fortune makes it possible for me to ally myself with the D Aubrion family and thus obtain for myself a title, the post of honorary gentleman in waiting to His Majesty and a most brilliant social position I will confess to you my dear cousin that I have not the slightest affection for Mademoiselle D Aubrion But one must sacrifice oneself for one s children Had fate ordained that I should renounce my social ambitions, how glad I should have been to share for the rest of my days your pure and simple happiness

Your devoted cousin
CHARLES

P S I enclose herewith a draft on the bank of Des Grassins to your order for eight thousand francs payable in gold being principal and interest for the sum you were kind enough to lend me You may send my dressing case by diligence to the Hotel D Aubrion Rue Hillerin Bertin Paris

By diligence!" said Eugenie "And I would have given my life for it She walked slowly into the house Nanon had just admitted Madame Des Grassins, who approached her with another letter

My husband would be very grateful for your advice, Mademoiselle Grandet If you would be good enough to read what he has written to me——

Eugenie took the letter and stared at it dully for some moments before she could take in the sense of the opening lines

MY DEAR WIFE

Charles Grandet has returned from the Indies he has been in Paris for a month He is trying to marry into the D Aubrion family the whole town is talking of nothing else But the match is far from certain the Marquis D Aubrion will never give his daughter to a bankrupt s son I had to dance attendance twice before I could obtain an audience with this young coxcomb and when I told him about the clever manoeuvres I had used to keep the creditors quiet all this time he had the face to reply to me that *his father s affairs were no concern of his!*

The creditors want twelve hundred thousand francs and if they don t get this sum in the next few days they are going to have his father declared a bankrupt Now although the would be

Comte D'Aubrion may have little care for his honour, mine is of the utmost importance to me. I went into this affair on the word of that old crocodile Grandet, and I made definite promises, which Charles is now able, but unwilling, to fulfil. Therefore, I propose to explain my position to the creditors. Nevertheless, I have too much respect for Mademoiselle Eugénie, whom in happier times I had hoped to call my daughter-in-law, to take any step which may not meet with her approval, and so I should be glad if you would discuss the matter with her and——

Eugénie read no more. "Thank you," she said, coolly returning the letter to Madame Des Grassins. "*We will see about that.*"

During the past few months, President Cruchot had renewed his courtship of the heiress. Immediately Madame Des Grassins had taken her leave, Eugénie sent for him.

"Monsieur le Président," said Eugénie in an unsteady voice, when they were alone in the *salle*, "I know what it is you like in me. Swear that you will leave me free throughout my life, that you will never use any of the rights that marriage would give you over me, and my hand is yours. I do not wish to deceive you, monsieur. Friendship is the only sentiment I can offer my husband; I do not propose either to insult him or to ignore the laws of my heart. But you can possess my hand and my fortune only at the price of a great service."

"I am ready to do anything in the world for you," said the president fervently.

"Here are fifteen hundred thousand francs, Monsieur le Président," she went on, giving him a bill drawn upon the Bank of France. "Start for Paris, not to-morrow, not to-night, but this moment. Call together my uncle's creditors, and pay them principal and interest at five per cent. on all his debts. See that a general receipt is given, attested by a notary in proper form. When you have the receipt, monsieur, you will take it to my cousin Grandet, and hand it to him with this document and this letter. On your return I will keep my word. Entrusting myself to your promise, I will face the perils of life under the shelter of your name. We have known each other so long, we are almost relations; you would not want to make me unhappy."

The president fell at the wealthy heiress's feet, his heart beating fast with rapture.

"I will be your slave!" he said.

The president travelled post and reached Paris the followi

evening He met Charles returning to his apartment afte
crushing interview with the old marquis he had told Chari
that he would not allow him to marry his daughter until every
franc of Guillaume Grandet s debts had been paid

The president gave Charles the letter from Eugenie

MY COUSIN

President Cruchot has undertaken to hand you a receipt for all the sums owed by my uncle and also a document in which I acknowledge having received the necessary funds from you I have heard some talk of bankruptcy! It occurred to me that a bankrupt s son might not be able to marry Mademoiselle D Aubrion To make you happiness complete, I can do no more than offer you your father s honour

EUGÉNIE

' Now we can both announce our marriages, said the president with a smile, as he handed the rest of the papers to Charles

' Ah! so you are to marry Eugenie ' said Charles " Good, I am glad to hear it, she s a fine girl By the way, he added, as a ray of light flashed through his mind, she must be rich?

Four day ago, rejoined the president lightly, " she had nearly nineteen millions But now it s only about seventeen millions '

Charles s jaw dropped and he gazed stupidly at the president

Seventeen mil—— he groaned

' Seventeen millions, yes, monsieur, ' said the president taking his hat and walking towards the door " Mademoiselle Grandet and I will have about seven hundred and fifty thousand francs a year Adieu, *cousin*!

' That Saumur cockatoo was laughing at me, ' thought Charles savagely I d like to run six inches of cold steel into his belly He hurried to the door The president had vanished

* * * * *

President C
to Eugenie I
wish He w
observance of her desire for solitude

His forbearance towards Eugenie aroused the pity of all the married women in Saumur " The president is the most chivalrous man in France, they would say " Why does she refuse to give him an heir? Do you know, I think there s something cold and horrible about her

Eugénie herself began to feel sorry for the president, though for a different reason. Her long habit of meditation had endowed her with an exquisitely keen insight into everything that happened within her little sphere. She knew that the president was even more loth than herself that she should have a child. She knew that the deepest yearning in his heart was that she should die and leave him in sole command of their immense fortune.

The president himself had drawn up the marriage contract. It stated that the parties thereto should give to each other "in case they should have no children, all and singular their property, real and personal, without exception or reservation, in fee simple, dispensing with the formality of an inventory, etc., etc." Never in all his career as a lawyer had he exercised greater skill and care than in setting down its clauses. When he had finished this difficult task, he rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Not a loophole anywhere!" he said to himself.

God, who sees everything, found a loophole. Six months after his marriage, the president died of cancer.

* * * * *

Madame Eugénie Cruchot is a widow at thirty-three, with an income of nearly eight hundred thousand francs a year, still beautiful, but with the beauty of a woman approaching forty. Despite her great wealth, she lives as poor Eugénie Grandet lived, lights a fire in her room only on the days when her father would have permitted a fire, and dresses as her mother dressed. The mansion at Saumur, a cold, sunless house, is the image of her life. She hoards her income, but pious and charitable foundations, hospitals for the old and infirm, Christian schools for children, public libraries richly endowed, and restored churches bear witness each year against any charge of avarice. Everywhere in Saumur Madame Eugénie inspires a feeling of reverence.

Loneliness of heart such as few have known is the fate ordained for her for the rest of her days. "You are the only one who loves me now," she often says to Nanon.

Lately, the family of the Marquis de Froidfond has begun to seek Eugénie's favour, just as the Cruchots and Des Grassins did in earlier years. The marquis owns a large and derelict estate adjoining her property. It is whispered that he has already won Nanon to his interest. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nanon is too simple ever to understand the corruption of society.

LORNA DOONE

BY R D BLACKMORE

'Lorna Doone,' by Richard Doddridge B[...] (1825–1900), is the author's only novel which has survived the passing of time. It was published in 1869 and still brings its annual trail of pilgrims to Exmoor and the Lorna Doone country

WHEN at the age of twelve years John Ridd was taken from school and rode from Tiverton to Exmoor beside a grimly silent farm hand, the boy knew tragedy was in the air. For one thing John Fry was never silent by habit. For another, when summoned from school, it was always his father who came for him.

All through that horrible ride, the boy speculated on what might have happened. And, when Plover's Barrows farm was reached at last, the worst of his fears were realized. His mother and two sisters were weeping from heartbreak. The terror of the Doones had struck at the peaceful farm. Cruelly murdered because he had resisted robbery, John Ridd the father lay dead, and Plover's Barrows had a new master only twelve years old.

The hand of the Doones had lain heavy on Exmoor for years. Driven from Scotland by litigation and foolish crime Sir Ensor Doone had determined to live honestly no more. Settling in a dark valley of the western hills that was defended by natural gates of rock and slope he had founded the murderous colony over which he ruled. And since that day, no man might feel safe in his bed.

The King's writ ran slowly or ran not at all in the lonely moor country. Roads did not exist. There was not a wheel on Exmoor. And the troopers of the King had no love for riding in soaking mists and falling in quagmires. Exmoor could go hang. On that the Doones battened. But from the day his father was brought home dead John Ridd practised in the use of the long gun and shattered the barn door with vast pellets of lead cut from the church guttering.

So he grew up landlord of a five hundred acre farm that ... the days of Alfred. All the time he

Jeffreys, then a rising powe

perfected his aim with the long gun, not because he had a mad lust for revenge, but because, if the chance came his way, he would take it, and, meanwhile, his womenfolk must have protection

Then came a day which began a new life for John Ridd Two years after his father's death, his mother seemed to be ailing, and he thought of catching her some loaches, the dainty little fish of turbulent moor rivers It was St Valentine's Day and very cold

But loaches were lacking in the Lynn River John Ridd, led on by resolve not to go home without fish, turned into the dark Bagworthy water that crashed through trees and down a vast slide of rock from the lip of the Doone stronghold.

Lured on and on, but spearing fish at last, he essayed the last great torrent, was knocked and thrown by the icy water until, half-drowned, he staggered on to soft grass and fainted

When he recovered, a little girl of some eight years was bathing his forehead and imploring him to get better After their shyness melted

" I never saw any one like you before," said John " My name is John Ridd What is your name ? "

" Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid

But John Ridd saw the gold that even the dread name could not dull

" Don't cry," he said, " whatever you do I am sure you have never done any harm I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother "

So, though they little knew it, John Ridd and Lorna Doone plighted their troth

Next moment, Lorna saved John's life, for rascally Doones came running and calling for their " Queen " She showed him a hidden cave and, when they had gone, John Ridd went fearfully back through the icy stream that now was blackened by night and very terrible

Then farm life undisturbed by any outward thing The sheep-shearing came, and the hay season next, and then the harvest of small corn, and the digging of the root called " batata " (a new but good thing in our neighbourhood, which our folk have turned into " taties "), and then the sweating of the apples, and the turning of the cider-press, and the stacking of the fire-wood, and netting of the woodcocks, and the springles to be minded, in the garden, and by the hedgerows

In November, Tom Faggus came

Faggus was a highwayman, a cousin to John, and a man well loved in many places.

He hung about Plover's Barrows, made eyes at John's sister, Annie, and displayed the jumping and galloping powers of his beautiful strawberry roan, Winnie. John's mother was afraid, for, though she liked Tom Faggus, he was a wild man and no safe husband for a Ridd.

That Christmas old Reuben Huckaback, uncle to Mrs. Ridd, rode from Dulverton to spend the season at his niece's farm. And, for the second time, the hand of the Doones descended on the family. The old man was robbed on the wild moors and sent on, tied backwards on his horse. It was a sorry day for the murdering rascals when they did that act. Reuben Huckaback was no moor farmer, used to the Doones and over busy to worry too much at them.

He dragged John to the Lord of the Manor at Ley to testify to murder and robbery and ask for warrants. But he had no comfort from them. Then he made John take him to a high point which gave a view of Glen Doone. And, after gazing long into the robber stronghold, he returned to Dulverton. His last word was to bid John be ready at call for a long journey.

On St. Valentine's Day, seven years since he had first climbed in through the Doone Gate, John Ridd went there again to see if Lorna still had her bower by the stream. He found her and, though they talked only for a minute, knew that the love of his life was found in her. For now she was grown almost to young womanhood but gravity was in her eyes. She was watched, and men of the Doones were taking a newer, more unpleasant interest in her.

When they parted, John promised not to put her in peril by going again to the Doone Gate. But he made her swear to signal to him if in danger by putting a dark mantle over a great white stone that gleamed in the face of the cliff.

A slow, lovely Spring went by and Lorna gave no sign of danger. Then, one day, came a stranger to Plover's Barrows, a rider in the King's service with a summons for John Ridd. Old Reuben Huckaback's influence in London had begun to bear fruit. John never did himself better service when he took the weary traveller in and, before asking even his business, fed him and gave him strong waters. Thereby he made a mighty friend and a friend for life. Jeremy Stickles was apparitor to the King's Bench and, more weighty still, the agent of Judge Jeffreys, then a rising power in the land. John was called to

London to give evidence on certain matters imperilling the peace of the realm in the West.

Jeffreys was a thick-set, burly, and bulky man, with a blotchy, broad face, and great square jaws and fierce eyes full of blazes But he knew, at that time, an honest man when he saw one

The Doones were not his worry. He scoffed at them and said the trained bands could smoke out the nest He had other things on his mind There was talk of unrest in Devon and Somerset and Dorset The Duke of Monmouth was like to set himself up as Pretender. What did John Ridd know of all this?

The farmer of Exmoor knew nothing of it, though his straight answers pleased Jeffreys and earned the great man's favourable regard He said outright that he had had it in mind to make John his secret agent in the West, but now he saw he was too honest and open to play such a part Another would be sent John parted with Jeremy Stickles and posted home alone. He found the danger signal on the white stone and climbed to the gateway to find out its cause

Lorna was there, with new fear in her eyes She knew now that Carver Doone, giant leader of the robber band, wanted her for himself, while a younger man, Charleworth Doone, had aims at her as well In the first panic of the knowledge, she had signalled during the weary weeks that John was away in London But now she thought that Carver would not touch her yet Now, too, she returned John's love and the world seemed green and fair but for the shadow of the Doones But still she bade John keep away unless she signalled

Strange things were happening on the moor Weird sounds frightened people Old Reuben Huckaback came more often to Plover's Barrows and made mysterious journeys into lonely places As he was terrified of the Doones, it roused more curiosity than usual Apart from all that, farm life went on and John saw Lorna at rare intervals Harvest came and went Tom Faggus gave up highway robbery and courted Annie Then Jeremy Stickles came again and the air of peace vanished As the agent of the law talked of sedition and quested for details like a hound, John grew restive

Because of it, he dared to penetrate the Doone stronghold to its very heart, worried into fearing for Lorna's safety Luck held with him, and a whispered talk through her window arranged a new signal that could be worked if Lorna could no

longer go to the Doone Gate Her little Cornish maid could climb like a cat Over the crest was a high tree with seven rooks nests in it The maid would take one away if Lorna was in danger and two if Carver Doone carried her off

Easier in mind, John fell back to work on the farm, though interruptions grew more frequent Some time afterwards he saw three men creeping through the brushwood with long guns and a deal of whispered talk He heard enough to know that they meant to ambush and kill Jeremy Stickles, not liking his inquiring ways whether he was concerned with actions of the Doones or not A mad run by tracks he knew well allowed John to save Jeremy s life and double a firm friendship

As winter frost set in, Sir Ensor Doone died, and his death gave great fear to John, for he knew the old man was the last obstacle between Lorna and the desires of Carver Doone So, as a frost greater than any in living memory gripped the moor, John watched the rooks' nests and prayed for his love

Winter strove against him, gave him work that took every waking minute The sheep were buried deep in snow and had to be rescued, vast piles of wood had to be cut to feed the farm fires and keep out the cold John fashioned snowshoes from a picture in an old book and made himself master of them It was in the nick of time On a bitter evening, one rooks nest vanished, and John took to the snow the same night and struggled upward to the Doone valley, heart heavy with foreboding

He risked his life to reach the house again and found Lorna starving Every valley was snowbound No man could move any distance So the Doones had no food for the first time in their black lives

Staying only to give what bread he had, John went back to the farm to prepare He had decided to take Lorna from the clutches of the Doones, no matter what the consequences It was only just in time

When he crept again into Glen Doone, the door of the house was open and Lorna in the grasp of Charleworth Doone, who hoped to steal a march on Carver A second man was struggling with the maid

John Ridd seized upon them in the glory of his great strength and they went to grave The eng[through] the window Their weak cries were smothere e noises snow as John took Lorna and the maid over the snowaste moor to where he had left a

ledge And then it was only a matter of time before Plover's Barrows was reached, warmth and cordials had revived the fugitives and John's mother had been faced with her son's intended wife She crept into motherly affection as easily as she had invaded John's great heart

"And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine, I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness"

Lorna had nothing of property save her clothes and a necklace of brilliants, a childhood plaything Nobody thought twice of that till Tom Faggus, whose judgment of valuables was infallible, pronounced it of great worth and gave John another worry For, if Carver Doone did not pursue Lorna for herself, he might well come after the necklace

His fears were real A few days afterwards, while Lorna was gathering flowers by the river, Carver Doone appeared among the trees on the opposite bank With refined cruelty, he fired a bullet between her feet and said

"I have spared you this time only because it suits my plans, and I never yield to temper But unless you come back to-morrow, pure, and with all you took away, and teach me to destroy that fool, who has destroyed himself for you, your death is here, your death is here, where it has long been waiting"

Meanwhile, Jeremy Stickles had decided to storm the Doone fortress, for, even though the robbers might have no immediate connection with any rebellion conjectured in the West, many mutterings would be stopped by it and people would have a salutary lesson in the fate of evil-doers

While he waited for troops to come from Exeter, the Doones attacked the farm They came in a small band, at dead of night, but the look-outs John had posted for some time past, saw them in the moonlight And, as they came to the yard, intent on firing the ricks as a start, they were hotly greeted Two dead Doones and two flung into prison was the price they paid John knocked Carver into a muckheap when he might have killed him But he knew his leniency was wasted by the malevolent gleam in Carver's eye.

When that attempt on the farm failed, the Doones tried another way He whom they called the Counsellor, a very old man, but the craftiest rogue of all, came in peace to talk to Lorna Doone He was [illegible] fear and treated with courtesy, but, when he went, Lorna whispered t[illegible] went with him The old-man played on the supersti[illegible]ould be w[illegible]nnie Ridd and got her to

fetch it from its hiding place to show her a witch's way of charming cream from milk

In the middle of the preparations for the attack, Jeremy Stickles discovered great things He stumbled on a story of a child who had been kidnapped by the Doones years before and there was little doubt the child was Lorna For the last act of the mother had been to put a diamond necklace over the child's head So said an old Italian nurse, found living in a Devonshire tavern The name and estates of the baby were being argued in Chancery

Jeremy was dispirited about the attack In their wisdom the authorities refused leave to move troops from the coast, and he had to be content with a body of Somerset militia in yellow coats and a band from Devon in red Half trained and without officers, each side hated the other like poison Jeremy had all the ingredients of civil war with him as he led a hundred and twenty men into the hills, pulling three culverins, to the positions he had chosen

So it proved The swift thrust of Jeremy and John failed because no backing came at all The Devon men, who were to attack from the opposite side to the yellow coats, dropped the first charge from their culverin right among the Somerset ranks In an instant a reply came, and the Doones were forgotten in a red hot country feud

John Ridd fought his way out of a grim struggle with Jeremy badly wounded, to find the attack a complete failure and the Doones triumphant

Jeremy mended slowly Long before he was about again, the Italian nurse had been brought to Plover's Barrows, and Lorna still remembered her It was known then that Lorna was no child of the moor bandits, but daughter to the late Earl of Dugal Almost at the same time came messengers from Chancery bidding Lorna to London to claim her estate and enter into guardianship And in due time, she went

John was left to work his farm and hate the Doones and wonder if he had lost Lorna Tom Faggus received a pardon from the King married Annie and settled down And old Reuben Huckaback hoping to make John marry his niece, showed the secret which made him go so much into the moor It was a mine in which he extracted gold with the aid of a Cornish metal expert The engine that crushed the ore was responsible for the strange noises that sometimes throbbed in the air above the lonely waste

As it became known that Charles II was sick unto death, Jeremy Stickles was ordered south to watch the coast London feared that, with the accession of a Catholic king, Monmouth's long-talked-of rebellion might break at last.

It was not only London that feared Wives and daughter of honest farming people were afraid for their husbands and fathers Simple craftsmen and yeomen were caught up by the cry and lost their heads The handsome Duke had a way with him, but not a winning way

John Ridd would have none of it. He was a deal too level in the head But he feared for his friends as the others did And, when Charles had breathed his last, he saw how real that fear was Proclamations appeared from nowhere Arms of ancient make were culled from hiding-places almost forgotten. But John, when he was handed a Monmouth proclamation in Brendon town, thrust it into the blacksmith's fire, and blew the bellows thrice at it. It had been well for many a man had he done the same

He returned home with a heavy heart to find his sister Annie, a baby at her breast, weeping to break her heart. She had come flying from South Molton to implore John's help For Tom Faggus had gone with the rebel army

John swore he could not go after Tom Faggus while the farm was all open to an attack by the Doones Without a thought, Annie went bravely to Glen Doone and, on her knees before the Counsellor, prayed for an armistice while John Ridd was away She succeeded With a lighter heart, but scarcely trusting any promise given by a Doone, John saddled up and rode away to bring Tom Faggus back to his young wife

That was a nightmare ride John found no direct trail He need must follow scraps of information that led him from Bath to Frome, from Wells to Wincanton and on through Glastonbury, Shepton and Somerton to Bridgwater

From there, he heard the crash of muskets in the night and rode out to Zoyland, following the sound, in time to see the ghastly slaughter at Sedgmoor

"Would that I had never been there! Often in the lonely hours, even now it haunts me would, far more, that the piteous thing had never been done in England! Flying men, flung back from dreams of victory and honour, only glad to have the luck of life and limbs to fly with, mud-bedraggled, foul with slime, reeking both with sweat and blood, which they could not stop to wipe, cursing, with their pumped-out

lungs, every stick that hindered them, or gory puddle that slipped the step, scarcely able to leap over the corses that had dragged to die. And to see how the corses lay, some, as fair in death as in sleep, with the smile of placid valour, and of noble manhood, hovering yet on the silent lips. These had bloodless hands put upwards white as wax, and firm as death, clasped (as on a monument) in prayer for dear ones left behind, or in high thanksgiving. And of these men there was nothing in their broad blue eyes to fear. But others were of different sort, simple fellows unused to pain, accustomed to the billhook, perhaps, or rasp of the knuckles in a quickset hedge or making some to do, at breakfast, over a thumb cut in sharpening a scythe, and expecting their wives to make more to do. Yet here lay these poor chaps, dead, after a deal of pain.

Amid that pitiful shambles stood Tom Faggus's strawberry roan. She whinnied to John and led him through the grim field just as, in the distance, the King's Guards charged and smashed the remnants of Monmouth's deserted army into a bloody heap.

In a low, black shed, Tom Faggus lay wounded. Tightly bandaged, revived by brandy and able to sit well on his beloved mare, John sent him from the battlefield and lay down to rest secure in his own clear conscience. He woke to find himself surrounded by the terrible troopers of Colonel Kirke that men afterwards called "lambs" in sarcasm. And, when the cold hearted commander himself came on the scene, a rope and a tree held John's life by a thread.

In that fateful moment, Jeremy Stickles appeared and whispered words into the ear of Colonel Kirke. The name of Jeffreys was the only word John caught but it worked as magic. Kirke dropped his prisoner with a snarl and John rode off with Jeremy.

There was no rest for John even then. Jeremy knew the sort of justice that was being dealt out in the West, knew that John had no chance at all if caught again. His only hope was to sue for trial or pardon in London, where honest law still existed.

So to Churchill, the great man who afterwards became Marlborough, and now in command in Somerset. Jeremy Stickles had some influence with him and soon had leave to take his man to London.

There, while waiting for the law's slow wheels to turn and

show his name, John heard much of Lorna and glimpsed her once at a great function She was ward to the Earl of Brandir, her dead mother's uncle, and a toast at Court.

Lorna felt John's eyes on her in all that crowd and he went humbly to the Earl's house, only to find that his love was unchanged, still the unspoilt girl he had known on Exmoor Because of that visit, and others that followed, John did great service to Lorna's guardian

He saw two men lurking in a thicket near the house one night and followed them about When, as he had thought, they entered the house at dark, he followed again and caught them as they threatened the Earl of Brandir with pistols and strove to take his great chest of money In the fierce fight that came after, one was shot, but two John bound and gave to justice Once more, his lucky star was with him The men were no ordinary thieves but political desperados long wanted by the law, friends of Titus Oates and Carstairs, men the King himself feared

When the story got round, James sent for the Earl of Brandir and then for John He asked what he could give John to show his gratitude and favour, and John said, as for a joke

"My mother always used to think that having been schooled at Tiverton, with thirty marks a year to pay, I was worthy of a coat of arms"

And James took him up on the words, bade him kneel and clapped a sword to his back, saying "Arise, Sir John Ridd!"

"This astonished and amazed me to such extent of loss of mind that when I got up I looked about. And I said to the King, without forms of speech

"'Sir, I am very much obliged But what be I to do with it?'"

But John had his coat of arms and he had greater equality with Lorna's rank He had also the sense to use his new-found favour and secure pardon for anything he had been charged with after Sedgmoor He rode home, leaving Lorna still in London, to find that, though the Doones had kept their word not to molest Plover's Barrows, they were ranging the country worse than ever Before the winter was out, they went far beyond their usual limits and roused the whole moor country to white anger, a thing that had never happened before It was their end

Led by Carver, a band of them descended on a small farm while the man was away, stole his food and goods, killed

child and took the wife to outrage and captivity. All honest people came to John Ridd and swore he must lead an expedition again. But John's honesty refused to let him go without first warning the Doones, because they had at least kept their word about Plover's Barrows.

So he went up to Glen Doone under a white flag, but with a Bible over his heart and another on his spine in case of treachery. Carver sneered at the request for the return of the farmer's wife and hidden men fired on John as he turned away. Luckily he had seen their gun muzzles in the cave and dodged in time. Before they could reload, he was away down the glen.

The attack was to be at dawn and some guile was to be used. Old Reuben Huckaback's gold expert, who had a score against the Doones like most others, agreed to lure some of the robbers to the mine by pretending treachery to his employer and a willingness to hand over a pile of gold. He was given a store of liquor to entertain the guests and would pour water on the primings of their guns while they caroused.

Yeomen were to go and finish the drunkards at the mine while the rest fell on Glen Doone in two bodies, one in a noisy feint, the other in the real assault.

It fell out just as it was designed. When full daylight came, no Doone was left alive save Carver, who was not there, and the Counsellor, who was spared because of his age.

Now came Lorna to the West Country, tired of peacocking at Court and longing only for marriage with her John. Because of the favour he once had given John Ridd, aided by a sum of money from Lorna's estate, Jeffreys gave Chancery permission for the wedding. And, on Whit Tuesday, a beautiful day, the two went to the altar.

Then, as the parson's words ended and Lorna turned to her love, eyes brimming with emotion, a shot rang out and bright red blood leaped out on Lorna's snowy dress. John laid her quietly in his mother's arms and, taking no weapon, mounted his horse and went madly, but coldly, after Carver.

Nothing could stop him. A bullet struck him as the chase narrowed, but he scarcely noticed it. Then, as Carver turned to charge down on him, John felled his horse with an oak branch wrenched off with herculean strength as he rode. The two men were together in fight at last, and the death grip came soon in that lonely hollow of the moor.

"I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle Out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him

by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling; but he had snatched at mine, and now was no time of dalliance In vain he tugged, and strained, flung himself on me, with gnashing jaws Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes, and his blazing eyes lolled out"

Even then John offered Carver his life if he swore to repent and go away But it was too late Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy, for his beard was frothy as a mad dog's jowl; even if he would have owned that, for the first time in his life, he had found his master, it was all too late

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew on him, like the thirsty lips of death

John leaped back with difficulty and "scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sank from sight."

And then, going slowly home, as he thought, to his dear, dead one, John Ridd found her faintly living, saved by good nursing from a doctor who would have killed her by further bleeding

As John recovered from the bullet wound and the terrible squeeze of Carver's arms, Lorna recovered, too. Until, one day, they were together in strength and beauty, and there was no shadow at all over Plover's Barrows or the great thrust of the sunlit hills above.

LAVENGRO

By GEORGE BORROW

"Lavengro (published 1851) though complete in itself is really the first half of a work of which the second half is 'The Romany Rye.' This explains why the book ends so abruptly. Petulengro is the name given by Borrow to Ambrose Smith, a real gipsy from Norfolk, who was his contemporary. George Borrow (1803–1881) is famous for his assistance with the compilation of the "Newgate Calendar" and his amazing gift for languages. All his novels have a strong autobiographical basis.

I was not the only child of my parents, I had a brother some three years older than myself, with such dauntless spirit and beauty that, even in infancy, people would follow his nurse to gaze on his lovely face. For myself I was ever a lover of nooks and brooding. I remember always a peculiar heaviness, a strange sensation almost amounting to horror, which overwhelmed me sometimes and for which I could never find cause. When strangers addressed me I not infrequently turned my head from them; if they persisted in their attentions I burst into tears—singularities of behaviour which by no means tended to dispose people in my favour. One day—they told me about it long after—a travelling Jew knocked at the door whereat I sat in the sunshine, drawing strange lines in the dust. The maid told him I was her mistress's younger son, tapping her brow as if to show I was weak *there*.

The Jew leaned forward to stare at the lines I had traced. Of a sudden he started back, growing as white as a sheet. Taking off his hat he made curious gestures at me, cringing, chattering, showing his teeth, before he departed, muttering something about 'holy letters.'

We once lived within the canvas walls of a camp at Pett in Sussex and there it chanced that my brother and I played one evening alone in a sandy lane when a glorious object glided into my view, moving across like a line of gold light. Uttering a cry of pleasure, I sprang forward and seized it. Despite its sunlike appearance, its contact was numbing and

cold The thing was a viper, as my brother's shrieks quickly informed me, but it made not the slightest struggle to escape from my infant grasp When I dropped the captive at length, as our mother came running towards me, it hissed furiously at my brother and quickly made its escape, yet of my interference it had taken no notice at all Thus I learned for the first time of the inherent power which some individuals, myself included, possess in the taming of brutes and of reptiles

At this time my father's regiment was stationed at Norman Cross, serving as guard to French prisoners from the war then being waged against Napoleon I met an old man there, a catcher of serpents, who made it his business to prepare from the vipers he caught an ointment good against the rheumatism He gave me a snake from which he had taken the fangs, which I carried often in my shirt One day as I rambled down a green, little-used lane I came on two carts and a tent, a caldron beside it, by which sat a man and a woman They were rough and wild-looking When they saw me they rushed to attack me, shouting words which, young as I was, I remarked to be very different from any I ever had heard

"So I have caught you at last," said the man. "I'll drown you now in the toad-pond over the hedge!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I, not running away "I should like to see you! What's all this about?"

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me "Come spying on us"

But at this moment up poked the head of my viper, menacing them with its eyes

"I say, wifekin," the man said in faltering tones, "did you ever see the like of this here?"

The woman stared, with an expression part terror, part curiosity on her loathly face She and the man fell to muttering together in their strange tongue When they addressed me again their whole manner had altered In place of reviling me, she called me her "tiny tawny", her "gorgeous angel", bidding me eat of a sweetmeat and bide with them in their tent Instead of a spy, they now took me for some sort of goblin, who would bring them good luck if they kept me I ate of the candied fruit that they offered, and very soon told them the truth, yet they seemed not a wit less surprised at my power with the viper, and still begged that I should stay with them This I could not do, though

tempted, but before I left them I met their son Jasper whose father bade him shake my hand, for we were to be brothers

'What, a sap engro!' whined Jasper, using their curious jargon But he took my hand and declared we should meet again

Years passed, taking me to schools in the north and in Scotland, wherever my father's duties called him to go In Edinburgh Castle his regiment was stationed at last, and there at Edinburgh I went to High School The Scots are pugnacious people My schoolfellows fought for any reason at all, very often for none With other callants among them I climbed the sheer rocky heights and fought with the best In the autumn of 1815 my father was ordered to Ireland, and thither we went in the troopship His regiment was stationed close by the mountains of Tipperary My brother, an ensign now, had his own small troop garrisoned in a tiny blockhouse far out on a moor, where I visited him But my chief adventure was one with a cob, an Irish cob, on which I took my first ride

'He'll soon teach you to ride,' the groom told me 'He's the best riding master in Ireland, and the best friend I had till I struck him, which he's never forgot or forgiven

The cob was led forth, what a tremendous creature! He was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray horse, his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back, his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength, he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short

'I'm half afraid,' said I "I had rather you would ride him And where's the saddle?'

'If you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance—see there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot that's to shake hands Now you are on his back at last—hold the bridle gently, gently

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain and was returning along the road, bathed with perspiration, but screaming with delight, the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right Oh, that ride! that first ride! People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event I dare say—but give me the flush and triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken,

it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species.

But Ireland and the cob were left behind. We returned to a fine old city in Eastern England There, with the aid of a tessara-glot grammar (a strange old book which pretended to be an easy guide to the acquirement of French, Italian, Low Dutch and English) and a certain banished Norman priest, I began—or rather proceeded with, for I had already learned some Latin, Greek and Irish—that philological knowledge which was to be one of my chief attainments French and Italian I learned, the last with great facility, and a knowledge of Spanish as well In my leisure I fowled and I fished One day I went to a neighbouring horse-fair I was watching some wild-looking folk engaged in trick-riding when I felt someone's eyes staring at me

"Lor! the sap-engro!" a voice cried, and Jasper, the Rommany boy, now grown to a man, greeted me as his brother and led me away to his camp His friend Tawno Chikno welcomed me there, with other ones of their Rommany tribe Jasper told me his father and mother were exiled now, that he was king of the Rommanys, and that his whole name was Jasper Petulengro, "which means the horse-shoe master, as sap-engro means the snake-fellow"

"And you are what is called a Gypsy King?"

"Ay, ay, a Rommany Kral"

"Are there other kings?"

"Those who call themselves so, but the true Pharaoh is Petulengro"

"Pharaoh lived in Egypt"

"So did we once, brother"

"And you are not English?"

"We are not gorgios"

"And you have a language of your own?"

"Avali"

"This is wonderful"

"'Tis called Rommany"

"Would you teach it me?"

"None sooner"

"Not while I am here," screamed Jasper Petulengro's mother-in-law, fixing two eyes upon me which shone like burning coals "A pretty manoeuvre, truly, and what would be the end of it? I goes to the farming ker to tell a fort This

and earn a few sixpences for the chabes I sees a jolly pig in the yard, and I says to my sister, speaking Rommany, Do so and so' which the farming man hearing, asks what we are talking about Nothing at all, master, says I, 'something about the weather', when who starts up from behind a pale, where he has been listening, but this ugly gorgio, crying out, 'They are after poisoning your pigs neighbour' An ill day to the Romans when he masters Rommany and when I says that I pens a true dukkerim

"What do you call God, Jasper?'

"You had better be jawing ' said the woman raising her voice to a terrible scream 'you had better be moving off, my gorgio hang you for a keen one, sitting there by the fire, and stealing my language before my face Do you know whom you have to deal with? Do you know that I am dangerous? My name is Herne and I comes of the hairy ones!"

And a hairy one she looked! No she bear from Lapland ever looked more fierce and hairy than did that woman

'I call God Duvel brother

"It sounds very like Devil Would it not be a rum thing if divine and devilish were originally one and the same word?'

It would, brother, it would——

From that time I had frequent interviews with Jasper soon finding that I had become acquainted with a most singular people, whose habits and pursuits awakened within me the highest interest Where did this speech come from and who were they who spoke it? 'Whoever we be, brother Jasper told me 'we are an old people, and not what folks in general imagine, broken gorgios, and if we are not Egyptians, we are at any rate Rommany Chals!"

My rapid progress in their language astonished while it delighted him

'We'll no longer call you Sap engro, brother said he, but rather Lav engro which in the language of the gorgios meaneth Word Master

But by now I had reached sixteen and my father decided to put me to some profession He himself would gladly have seen me enter the Church, yet feared I should steer an erratic course if sent to a university and, having excellent common sense, did not press me to adopt a career requiring qualities of mind he saw I did not possess In the end they put me to

And for many long months I worked eight hours a day,

happy enough in the womb of a lofty deal desk, whereat, though remaining a novice in law, I somehow made myself perfect master of the Welsh tongue!

Yet sometimes I gravely wondered wherefore I was born, or of what profit life was I told Jasper Petulengro my doubts as we sat on the heath watching the downgoing sun

"What is your opinion of death, Mr Petulengro?" I asked

"My opinion of death, brother, is this When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose, and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter"

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity"

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother There's night and day, sun, moon and stars, all sweet things, brother, there's likewise a wind on the heath Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool Were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser Wish to die, indeed!—a Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother, if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves, and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

My father declined and died despite all our care, when I was eighteen years old My brother, who had forsaken the army to become an artist, returned to our home to stand by his parent's death-bed Then I quitted the lawyer's office and, with a small sum of money and certain writings, set out on the coach for London, leaving the desolate home and my brother to comfort my mother In dingy lodgings I took my abode, determined to live by my pen

The publisher to whom I carried a letter of introduction was a tall, stout man, about sixty, with a sinister, somewhat bilious expression He welcomed me, but refused to have anything to do with my translations from the Danish ballads or the Welsh of Ab Gwilym which I had brought him This

caused me grave disappointment, but he gave me some consolation by telling me that he intended to start a new magazine the *Oxford Review*, for which I should write contributions confined to belles lettres and philology. He suggested that I might also try my hand at some popular, evangelical tales on the style of the "Dairyman's Daughter", which I promised him I would consider. Finally, however, it was decided that beside other contributions I should make my main work a compilation of Newgate lives and trials, six volumes, each holding not less than one thousand pages, for which, when completed, he said he would pay fifty pounds. I was to bear any cost incurred in procuring books, papers and manuscripts. In addition, the publisher said I should have the very great privilege of translating his own book of philosophy into the German tongue.

I compiled the Chronciles of Newgate, I reviewed books for the *Review*, and I occasionally tried my best to translate into German portions of the publisher's philosophy. Of these three occupations I found the 'Newgate Lives and Trials' most to my taste, full of wild and racy adventures—and in what racy genuine language they were told. I often sighed that it was not my fortune to render these lives into German, rather than the publisher's philosophy, which I found dull and difficult enough, for it is one thing to translate from a foreign into one's own tongue, but quite another to change good English (which my publisher's philosophy was not, being interlarded with much unintelligible Greek and Latin) into abstruse German. Also the publisher interfered with my work, often changing his mind as to how the "Lives and Trials" were to be presented, so that at the last, after many weary months' labour, I was not altogether either surprised or distressed to find him stamping with fury upon certain fragments of paper.

'Sir,' said he, 'you know nothing of German. I have shown your translation to several Germans, it is utterly unintelligible to them.'

'Did they see the Philosophy?' I replied.

'They did, sir, but they did not profess to understand English.'

'No more do I,' I replied, 'if that Philosophy be English.'

The publisher was furious, but I said no more. The compilation completed, I was paid in the usual manner and forthwith left him.

And now what was I to do? Turn porter? I had little

enough money left and nothing to do. An Armenian acquaintance offered me work as his clerk At first I refused, but when, necessity urging, I decided to take his suggestion, I found he had just taken mine and left to wage war on the Persians who troubled his country Another, more intimate friend, a dashing young Irishman, offered to lend me one hundred pounds for me to disport down at Brighton with his *belle amie's* sister, but this I renounced out of hand, not considering his plan as one likely to lead either to profit or rest

On my way home I found myself in a street of which I had some recollection, and stopped before the window of a shop in which various publications were exposed; that of the bookseller to whom I had last applied in the hope of selling my ballads A paper was affixed to the glass with wafers, with something written upon it In a fair round hand was inscribed—" A Novel or Tale is much wanted "

That night over bread and water, along in my lonely apartment, I considered what I should do. Had I the imagination requisite to write a tale or a novel? Filled with desperation and doubts, at last I started to write The story I chose was the " Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell ", a subject straight from my mind That night my pen moved sluggishly; yet rest seemed to bring inspiration In four days, working early and late, with nothing but bread and water to urge me along, I completed my story On the fifth day I took it round to the bookseller, who, after a little bargaining, paid me twenty pounds for my work I left the Big City and started to walk to the south-west

A coach carried me as far as ——, where I shouldered my bundle and stick and walked down a road in the dark It was late in the night, or towards dawn, I scarcely knew which, but I came at length to some mighty pillars of stone, which I knew were no less than Stonehenge There I cast myself down on the ground to rest, but rose with the day and, after some talk with a shepherd, went on my way, travelling many long miles afoot and meeting with more than one strange character upon my way or in taverns At length I came to a cottage with a notice outside it, " Good Beer " I entered and sat in its kitchen and called for a great jug of ale Four other persons sat there, a tinker, his wife and their children, who all looked so draggled and miserable that I offered them a drink from the three pints I bought for five pennies. I told them that I was a blacksmith. This

Tinker Well, I shouldn't have thought you had been a blacksmith by your hands Where did you serve first?

Myself In Ireland What's the matter with you, what are you all crying about?

Tinker I can't bear to think of it The life of Eden it is, the tinker's life, and now I'm to give it all up How hard to be frightened to death, to be driven off the roads!

Myself Who has driven you off the roads?

Tinker Who! the Flaming Tinman, the biggest rogue in England and the cruellest, or he wouldn't have served me as he has done For six or seven years we were the happiest people breathing up and down on our beat, pitching our tent by the hedges, when along comes this Black Jack, this flaming tinman, driven as they say out of Yorkshire Now, no beat will support two tinkers, though mine was a good one Presently he finds me out and offers to fight me for it, knocks me down, threatens to cut my throat, and goes his way Well, I was woundily frightened, and for several months I contrived to keep out of his company But yesterday after dinner I sat down to mend three kettles when up comes this king of the tinkers, with Grey Moll, his wife at his side, springs from his cart and comes at me, knocking me here and there, like an elephant fighting a fly My wife tries to help, but Grey Moll sets upon her and was like to kill the poor soul I can't bear that so I shouts out, 'Hold!' promising and swearing to leave the road and my beat to them

Myself I'm half inclined to buy your cart and pony, and your beat too

And, to be short, despite the poor tinker's warnings that my head would soon be knocked off by the Flaming Tinman I paid him five pounds and ten shillings, took over his horse, cart and gear and set off away on my own

Down green lanes I made my way, through thickets of sweet briar and hazel, till I came to a great ash tree, under which I camped, and here I spent two or three days, trying my hand at my new trade of mending kettles One morning a visitor came to see me, a girl of about thirteen with a little dog She was of the Rommany people, as I knew by the song which she sang She begged me to give her a kekaubi or kettle, but when she learned that I spoke Rommany too, she stared at me with a curious expression of fear, intermingled with hate

At her second visit she brought me two cakes baked for

me, she said, by her grandbebee in return for the kettle. I had no sooner eaten one than I felt ghastly ill. I lay in my tent, groaning, vomiting, writhing, unable to get to my feet, when the girl appeared with her grandbebee, who was no less a person than my old acquaintance, Mrs Herne of the Hairy Ones

"Ha, ha! bebee, here he lies, poisoned like a hog," exulted the girl, and she sang the gypsy poison song.

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal,
Shal jaw tasaulor
To drab the bawlor,
And dook the gry
Of the farming rye"

"Do you hear that, sir?" said Mrs Herne, "you were always fond of what was Roman Shall I tell your fortune, sir, your dukkerin? God bless you, pretty gentleman, much trouble will you have to suffer, and much water to cross, but never mind, pretty gentleman, you shall be fortunate at the end, and those who hate shall take off their hats to you"

"Hey, bebee!" cried the girl, "what is this? what do you mean? You have blessed the gorgio!"

"Blessed him! no, sure what did I say? Oh, I remember, I'm mad well, I can't help it, I said what the dukkerin dook told me, woe's me, he'll get up yet"

She and her granddaughter did their best to prevent such a recovery, striking at my unguarded head with staves, and even setting the juggal or dog at my face, while I lay there helpless But, fortunately for me, they were interrupted by the arrival of some good people, some itinerant Welsh preachers, who antidoted the poison with oil and cared for me, taking me with them as far as the borders of Wales, until I got well

Jasper Petulengro met with me soon after I left them, and, hearing me say that I wished above all for solitude, showed me a hidden dingle where I might find calm and peace I settled there, happy enough, but had not been there many days before my quiet was disturbed I heard a boisterous shout, voices and cartwheels moving, as into my dingle came three carts and horses, with three strange figures in charge One was a tall, strapping girl, one a raddled, coarse-looking woman, but the third was a man whom, by the poor tin! This

description, I knew must surely be the redoubtable Flaming Tinman himself He did not waste many words Though I said, with truth, I was feeble still from my illness, and had no wish or spirit to fight he came flying at me with fury He was about six feet high, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair for his age could not be much under fifty On his black head was a kind of red nightcap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief

To a flush hit in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done, in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, planted his knee on my breast, and seized my throat with two huge horny hands I gave myself up for dead, but the tall girl caught hold of the handkerchief round his neck and wrenched him from off me

Do you call that fair play?" said she, as he sprang up and aimed a blow at her ' I ll be the boy s second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down'

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself

"Why don t you use Long Melford?" asked the girl Belle, as I sat on her knee spitting out blood "It s no use flipping at him with your left hand

I don t know what you mean by Long Melford, said I

Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle feeling my right arm—' if you do, I shouldn t wonder if you yet stand a chance"

I rose from my second s knee as well as my weakness would let me On he came, striking left and right, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip cut in two At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree Before the tinman could recover himself I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, a right handed blow, and then fell to the ground exhausted

Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim ' there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over

It was some time before we revived him Then he and the ly woman got ready to go

"It was all due to you, you limmer," she told the tall girl, "had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy"

"I'm for fair play and Long Melford," said the other, "no foul work for me Now let us all shake hands, let bygones be bygones, and camp here with the young man."

But they paid no attention to her, but left her with me down there in the dingle, flogging their horses and cursing

"They were bad people," she said, looking after them, tears in her eyes, "and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world"

I learned that her name was Isopel Berners, that she was the daughter of a small milliner and a sea-officer, who was killed on the very day before he was about to return to marry her mother She had been born in the workhouse and brought up there, her mother having soon died, till at fourteen she was put to work on a farm The farmer's wife treated her badly, so Isopel knocked her down, and did the same to her next employer, another farmer, who sought to seduce her Then she took up with the travelling life, with a woman who sold silks and linen When she died Isopel inherited her stock-in-trade and her cart, since when she had gone up and down the country, and for the last few months had kept with Grey Moll and the Flaming Tinman, finding even their company better than none

So there we lived in the dingle in our separate tents, Isopel Berners and I Few visitors we had, though there was one, a black Jesuit priest, who came often to talk and drink of the Hollands gin which I gave him One night a terrible storm broke upon us, and while it was raging a coach floundered close to our dingle and we gave the postilion shelter When we had warmed him with fire and with liquor he sat in our tent and conversed, and the manner of his conversation was this—

"I'll be bound," said he, "you two come from Gretna Green; young man has run from his college, and the young gentlewoman from boarding-school I should like nothing better than to have the driving of you when you go home to your governors There will be a grand meeting between the two families, who, after a few reproaches, will give you their blessing They won't give you much for the first year, five hundred at the most, to show they are not altogether [illegible]sfied with you, but the second, if you don't get a co[illegible]

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The lunatic sprang and grappled his throat vigorously —A scene from Jane Eyre



Heathcliffe attacks Cathy —A scene from "Wuthering Heights"

may I catch cold, especially should young madam here present a son and heir for the old people to fondle

Really, said I, ' you are getting on swimmingly

And what do you say to all this? I demanded of Belle but before she could answer, the postilion finished his speech

' Wait a moment, he said, I have yet one more word to say When you are surrounded by comforts, keeping your nice little barouche and pair, your coachman and livery, and visited by all the carriage people in the neighbourhood I shouldn t wonder if now and then you look back with longing and regret to the days when you lived in the damp dripping dingle had no better equipage than a pony or donkey cart, and saw no better company than a tramper or Gypsy except once, when a poor postilion was glad to seat himself at your charcoal fire Now young gentleman I will take a spell on your blanket—young lady, good night

JANE EYRE

By CHARLOTTE BRONTE

Charlotte (1816–1855), the eldest of the three Brontë sisters, produced only three novels, of which "Jane Eyre", the first (published 1847), is her most popular work. Here is a book whose characterization is so detailed, whose passion so burning that any digest can give only a faint echo of the force and tumult of the original

My childhood at Gateshead Hall was worse than miserable it was pitiless My aunt, Mrs Reed, was a woman strict and efficient in the management of her estate. She had promised her husband on his deathbed to look after me, his dead brother's child, as she would her own child She resented her promise and never let me forget my obligations to her as an orphan Her spoilt children, the headstrong Eliza, the insolent, pretty Georgiana, and the vicious, bullying John, conforming to their mother's wishes, were content to exclude me from the privileges intended for happy children I was regarded as a pariah, made a perpetual scapegoat and butt for spite When I was ten years old, locked up in a gloomy room alone, as a punishment for some "misdeed", my little mind collapsed under the strain, and I suffered some kind of fit

Three months later, during which time I had been confined to the nursery, I was called into the awful region of the breakfast-room, and there, as a little girl whom it was necessary to cure of deceit and keep humble, introduced by Mrs Reed to a stony stranger, a Mr Brocklehurst

"Humility is a Christian grace," said Mr Brocklehurst, "and one peculiarly appropriate to the pupils of Lowood school, where the fare is plain, the attire simple and the girls are taught virtues equally unsophisticated"

Mrs Reed wholeheartedly approved of a frugal discipline for me, and at once decided that I should be placed as a pupil in that nursery of chosen plants, Lowood Institute, a charity school for orphans The interview closed and Mrs Reed and I were left alone I felt I could submit no longer to cant and unfairness Speak I must my soul cried out for retaliation.

"I am not deceitful!" I cried. Shaking from head to foot with excitement and experiencing a strange, exulting sense of liberation, I continued: "I am *glad* you are no relation of mine. It is *you* who are deceitful!"

Mrs Reed looked frightened.

'Deceit is *not* my fault!' I cried fiercely.

'Now, Jane, return to the nursery and lie down: there's a dear.'

I am not your dear. I cannot lie down. I hate to live here: send me to school soon.'

I will indeed, murmured Mrs Reed, and left me in the room victor of the hardest fight I had fought.

At Lowood Institute, together with the rest of the eighty pupils, I endured an insufficiency of human comforts proportionate to a surfeit of spiritual rigour. For the bad food, the inadequate clothes, and the intense cold in winter, I found compensation in the companionship and moral instruction of my friend, Helen Burns. But under nourishment and an unhealthy locality beckoned Death to Lowood. Typhus decimated the ranks of the children, and beloved, long suffering Helen, stricken by consumption, was also carried to the last haven. Eight years I remained within the grim walls of the Institute, the last two in the capacity of teacher. But the resignation and marriage of the superintendent, the kind Miss Temple, abstracted for me everything memorable from the place, and, eager for liberty, I advertised for a governess's post.

In September, when I arrived at Thornfield Hall, situated in the environs of Millcote, my reception was warm and homely, not at all what I expected as due to a governess. The housekeeper, Mrs Fairfax, a neat, quiet, elderly lady, explained my duties to me. I was to give tuition to Miss Adele Varens, the eight year old ward of the absentee owner, Mr Rochester, to whom Mrs Fairfax was distantly related.

Everything about Thornfield was stately: the long gallery, the large hall, the imposing dining room, the great oak clock. A gentleman's manor house of three storeys, its battlements were set picturesquely over a meadow peopled with mighty old thorn trees against the background of an ancient rookery. I felt it rather a misfortune that I, with my pale, irregular features and over thin figure, was not more in accord with my surroundings, though my Quaker style of dress was not without dignity or merit.

"Is Mr Rochester a fastidious sort of man?" I asked Mrs Fairfax as she showed me over the house.

"Not particularly so, but his tastes are gentlemanly All the land in the neighbourhood has been owned by the Rochesters for generations"

"But is he liked for himself?"

"*I* like him, and he is judged a liberal landlord by his tenants though he is very rarely at home for more than a fortnight at a time"

"But what is his character?"

"Unimpeachable, I suppose Rather peculiar. he has travelled a great deal Sometimes he is a little disconcerting You cannot always be sure whether he is in jest or in earnest"

The third storey of Thornfield Hall, to which all the antique furniture had been relegated, possessed the strangest atmosphere—like a shrine of memory, the haunt of a ghost Even as I passed through the corridor, I heard a weird, mirthless laugh echoing in the air. To my startled query Mrs Fairfax replied "One of the servants very likely Grace Poole, I expect" And to dispel my perturbation Grace Poole appeared in the door no one more solid than this square-made woman could be imagined

One afternoon in the following January I went walking in a lane noted for its wild summer roses and autumn blackberries Though ice was on the road I was warm in my mantle and muff, and sat down on a stile, delighting in the hushed life of the evening The clatter of a horse's hooves broke the stillness A large dog came bounding ahead of a tall steed and rider, who passed by me Suddenly with a sliding and what sounded like curses man and horse were down, having slipped on the ice I went to the help of the traveller

"Can I do anything?" I asked

"You must just stand on one side," he answered as he rose "I have no bones broken—only a sprain"

In the lingering twilight I could trace his stern features and heavy brow Of middle height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, he seemed past youth; perhaps he might be thirty-five

"I cannot think of leaving you, sir, till I see you fit to mount your horse for home"

"I should think you ought to be home yourself Where do you come from?"

"From just below."

"Do you mean from that house with the battlements?" He pointed to Thornfield Hall.

"Yes, sir."

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Rochester's."

"You are not a servant at the Hall, of course. You are——" He seemed puzzled.

"I am the governess."

"Ah, the governess! Deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! Excuse me," he continued, "necessity compels me to make use of you." He laid his heavy hand on my shoulder and with my support limped to his horse and mounted. With a touch of the spur, the horse, the dog and rider vanished into the darkness.

The act pleased me, as it lifted me out of the passivity of my existence. When I reached Thornfield I found the same dog seated by the fire and learnt from Mrs. Fairfax that the master, Mr. Rochester, had returned.

The next evening I was introduced to him. Grim of mien, more characterful than handsome, he catechized me in his commanding manner about my life at Lowood, and after complimenting me on some sketches I had done, he abruptly dismissed Adele, Mrs. Fairfax and myself out of the room. On other evenings Mr. Rochester, in his blunt somewhat arrogant fashion, was pleased to converse with me about his own past life. I was as direct with him as was proper to my position. To his sudden query whether I considered him handsome, I replied, "No, sir." Further, I suggested that perhaps he was no philanthropist. For, indeed, his abrupt style of intercourse showed few signs of benevolence.

"I have a conscience," he asserted. "I once had a kind of rude tenderness of heart. But Fortune has kneaded me with her knuckles, and now I flatter myself I am tough as an India-rubber ball, pervious, though, through a chink or two still. Does that leave hope for me?"

Adele's dancing appearance in a satin dress elicited the comment from him: "I have been green, and my departed Spring has left that floweret on my hands. I keep it and rear it to expiate my numerous sins." I thought he had had decidedly too much wine.

During the next weeks his manner towards me became more uniform. His fits of chilly hauteur were less frequent. When he met me unexpectedly the encounter seemed welcome to

him The evening conferences with which he honoured me seemed to be as much for his benefit as mine. The tribute to my discretion was very acceptable to me He seemed more a relation than a master I grew to like him, but none the less did not dismiss his faults of imperious severity and scowling moodiness I was dozing and musing thus after lying down one night in bed, when I was chilled with fear at hearing what seemed the groping of fingers on the panelling of my door. I had scarcely relapsed into slumber, when a freezing demoniac laugh sounded outside my chamber I heard steps retreating to the third storey staircase "Was that Grace Poole? Is she possessed with the Devil?" I asked myself I opened my door to go to Mrs Fairfax Outside the air was dim with blue smoke rushing in clouds from Mr Rochester's room In an instant I was inside Flames licked the curtains round the bed in which Mr Rochester lay stupefied by the smoke I deluged the burning hangings with water from the basin and ewer, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire The liberal splashing roused Mr Rochester at last, and he fulminated strangely at finding himself drenched

"Have you plotted to drown me, Jane Eyre, you witch?" he demanded

I informed him of the circumstances He ordered me to remain where I was while he investigated After a short while he returned pale and gloomy

"It is just as I thought," said he "Grace Poole She laughs in that way She is an eccentric person" He requested me to keep the incident to myself As I was about to go, he took my hands in his and thanked me for saving his life "People talk of natural sympathies," he concluded in a speech oddly hesitant for him, "there are grains of truth in the wildest fable My cherished preserver, goodnight!" Strange energy was in his voice, strange fire in his eye

Mr Rochester, nevertheless, took no steps to give Mrs Poole into custody, nor even dismiss the dangerous miscreant The day after the incident the master went away, and nothing was heard of him for a fortnight, during which time my imagination strayed so far from the fold of common-sense that a plain rebuke had to be administered to it I pronounced judgment that a greater fool than Jane Eyre never existed nor surfeited herself on sweet lies To think of herself a favourite of Mr Rochester!

The master sent notice that he would return with a number

of guests The whole establishment of Thornfield was refurbished such polishing, scrubbing, dusting, scouring, of pots and pans, carpets and mirrors, bedrooms and hearths as I never beheld The gorgeous company of haughty ladies arrived, among them Miss Blanche Ingram, who Mrs Fairfax told me, was the object of Mr Rochester s interest If Mr Rochester had a taste for the majestic, she was the very type of majesty Her undoubted beauty carried with it an equally unmistakable pride She was sufficiently condescending to take notice of me and remark in my hearing that she had nothing but contempt for governesses I waited after dinner while Mr Rochester finished a song in his fine bass voice to an accompaniment played by Miss Blanche, and then slipped away But while tying up my sandal outside in the hall Mr Rochester came upon me He looked at me for a minute

"You look depressed, he said ' Tell me what about ' He noticed I was near tears ' If I were not in mortal dread of some prating servant passing I would know what this means Good night, my " he bit his lip and abruptly left me

The days passed for the guests at Thornfield Hall in a merry round of entertainment, songs and charades, all of which seemed designed to throw Mr Rochester and Miss Ingram more closely together The day when Mr Rochester was called away on business was marked by the arrival of two visitors The first was a tall stranger from Jamaica, a Mr Mason who claimed acquaintance with Mr Rochester and desired permission to wait till his return The second was a fortune teller from a gypsy encampment, who insisted on telling the fortunes of all the ladies present, including myself She told Miss Ingram something which mightily displeased her and to me she put strange questions and told things she must have learnt from sources other than my palm But the *dénouement* took me by surprise The gypsy was my master in masquerade He begged my forgiveness for his trick but I withheld it till I had thought things over Then I remembered the stranger Mr Rochester was severely shaken by the name—Mason

My little friend, said he, I wish I were in a quiet island with only you, and trouble, and danger and hideous recollections removed from me

But later he was cheerful enough showing the new visitor to a guest chamber

That night was moon lit and crystal clear when I awoke Its solemn midnight silence was rent by a shrill savage sound

Good God! What a cry! My pulse stopped beating The sound came from overhead, from the third storey. It was accompanied by the noise of a struggle A muffled voice cried for help. Shaking with terror, I dressed hurriedly and ran out into the passage Mr. Rochester was there, calming the whole household A servant had had a nightmare, he explained But to me he came later and bade me get up and follow him He led me to Grace Poole's room, where on the bed the stranger, Mason, was lying white as ashes, the linen round one arm soaked in blood Mr Rochester bade me fetch salts and a sponge, and stay with the victim while he went for a surgeon. The surgeon noted wounds made not by a knife but by teeth By dawn the wounded man was dressed and, under Mr Rochester's direction, circumspectly removed from the house in a coach The sun was rising when Mr. Rochester called "Jane" and took me into the orchard down a walk edged with stocks and sweet-williams He gathered a rose and offered it to me We spoke about Grace Poole and Mr Mason, from whom, he said, he was in no fear of danger, but who might through carelessness deprive him of happiness for ever

A dream of an infant had troubled me on the night of the cry, and it recurred the night before Mrs Reed's coachman came to visit me He told me that his mistress was likely to die of a stroke at hearing of the suicide of her profligate son John She had been murmuring my name and asking for me Mr Rochester gave me permission to visit her, but our parting seemed a little too cool for his liking

I returned to that hostile roof at Gateshead with a surer trust in myself and in my powers, forgiving past wrongs and purified of resentment But Mrs Reed could not so easily eradicate her natural antipathy to me She confessed she had done me two vengeful wrongs in not bringing me up as her child according to her vow, and in keeping a note to herself that she had received three years previously from my uncle in Madeira, who wanted to adopt his niece She relieved her conscience by this confession, but carried her hatred of me to the grave

I overstayed my week's leave of absence at Gateshead by three weeks It was a fair and soft summer's evening when I walked through the fields of Millcote that were being raked by the haymakers The sky, with its cloud-strata high and thin, promised well for the future When I saw Mr Rochester

sitting on the stone steps of the Hall reading it was only with difficulty I regained the mastery over myself

' Truant, truant! he cried "Absent from me a whole month, and forgetting me quite, I'll be sworn'

M ' took me to see the new

Bu surprised there were no c h was only twenty miles off Resolutely as I tried to set my face against the future and its warning of separation and grief, at the times when I was called into Mr Rochester's presence—and they were more frequent than ever before—my spirits were dejected Yet never had he been kinder to me, and never alas! had I loved him so well

The summer shone splendidly over England On mid summer's eve I wandered into the garden With the scents of jasmine, southernwood and rose mingled the aroma of Mr Rochester's cigar Mr Rochester was examining a great moth that had attached itself to a plant at his foot I tried to avoid him, but he called quietly 'Jane, come and look at this fellow" As always at a crisis, I was tongue tied and obeyed

'Jane he said after a while, 'you must have become attached to Thornfield

'Indeed I have, sir,

'You would be sorry to depart?'

'Yes '

Pity!' he said and sighed

Must I leave? I asked

'I am sorry, Jane but I believe you must

' Then you *are* going to be married, sir?

'Precisely! And remember, when Rumour first intimated that I was to enter into the holy estate of matrimony with Miss Ingram, it was you yourself who suggested that you and Adele should forthwith trot I have already found you a position as governess to the five daughters of Mrs O Gall of Bitternutte Lodge in Ireland

It is a long way off sir

From what Jane?

From England and from Thornfield, and

Well? '

From you sir

The tears flowed from my eyes involuntarily, but I avoided sobbing We came to the giant chestnut tree in the orchard

"Come, let us sit here in peace to-night and talk over the voyage"

But my heart was too full to risk answering his questions The nightingale was singing in the wood My whole body quivered with acute distress But at last I gained control of myself, and spoke of my grief at leaving the place where I had experienced expansion in communion with so vigorous and original a mind, but that it must be so, if necessity—in the form of his bride—commanded it

"My bride! I have no bride!"

"But you will have"

"Yes, I will!—I will!" He set his teeth "But you must, you can, stay I swear it"

"Ah! I tell you I must go!" I retorted, roused to something like passion "Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton? Do you think that because I am poor and plain, I have no soul, no feelings? If God had gifted me with wealth and beauty, I would have made it as hard for you to have left me It is my spirit that speaks to you now, as though equal at God's foot with yours"

"As we are!" repeated Mr Rochester, and he took me in his arms, held me to his breast and pressed his lips to mine "so, Jane!"

"Yet not so," I rejoined, "for you are as good as a married man"

"Jane, be still, don't struggle so. I summon you as my wife it is you only I intend to marry"

I was incredulous till he proved his intentions by his earnestness And sitting by him, his cheek laid on mine, the paradise of union taking the place of a nightmare of parting, I could not see the fierce quality of his exultation Happiness entirely took hold of me "It will atone," he murmured "Have I not found her friendless, comfortless? It will expiate at God's tribunal For man's opinion—I defy it" As he was speaking, a livid spark of lightning was followed by the rushing rain of a storm Back in the hall, he kissed me goodnight Next morning little Adele ran to tell me that the great chestnut-tree at the bottom of the orchard had been struck by lightning

Two nights before my marriage, my sleep was disturbed by dreams Again the foreboding dream of a child took hold of me And in my second dream I saw Thornfield Hall empty as a broken shell, a ruin haunted by owls and bats I woke to find someone in my room holding a candle and surveying my

wedding dress and veil It was not the maid, nor Mrs Fairfax, nor even Grace Poole, but a large woman with thick, dark hair, dressed in white I saw her savage face reflected in the mirror, ghastly, red and rolling of eye, swollen and purplish in feature The creature put my veil on its gaunt head, then, removing it, tore it furiously in pieces and stamped on it When the horror turned and stooped over me in bed I lost consciousness I related the whole story to Mr Rochester 'Thank God!' he said 'only the veil was harmed It must have been Grace Poole He promised to tell me after we had been married a year and a day, why he kept such a woman in the house

No bridegroom ever looked so grimly resolute I am sure nor was ever so impatient of delay as Mr Rochester on his wedding day The ceremony was to take place in the church just beyond the gates of Thornfield, and none was to be present but Mr Rochester and I, Mr Wood the clergyman, and his clerk The service had proceeded to the point where the clergy man was saying 'If either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, when one of two strangers who had entered the church stepped for ward, and in a distinct voice alleged that an insuperable impediment to the marriage existed

When pressed to explain he continued steadily "Mr Rochester has a wife now living

Mr Rochester s face was colourless rock his eye spark and flint with a strong grip he rivetted me to his side

"Gentlemen, said Mr Rochester, reckless in discovery, 'my plan is broken up Wood, close your book and take off your surplice There will be no wedding to day What this lawyer and his client say is true Wood I daresay you have heard gossip about the mysterious lunatic kept under lock and key at the Hall She is my wife, whom I married fifteen years ago—Bertha Mason by name, sister of this other personage here, who was severely attacked by her three months ago Bertha Mason is mad, and she came of a mad family I invite you all up to the house to visit Mrs Poole's patient *my wife*!

There, in Grace Poole s room, the creature who had trampled on my veil prowled as savage and as vicious as a wild beast At Mr Rochester s entrance, she sprang at him grappled his throat viciously and bared her teeth at his flesh Mr Rochester mastered her and bound her with rope to a chair He turned to the spectators and said desolately 'That is my wife

In the ebb of the afternoon I sat wrestling with the coils of

my predicament My mind told me . "Leave Thornfield at once," but my heart fought against so cruel a decision Mr. Rochester came to me with such remorse in his eye, and with a story offering so many justifications for his conduct, that I willingly forgave him all He exerted all his strength and determination to break down that barrier in my character and conscience which made me reject, though after the most agonising ordeal, his so persuasive claim on my fidelity and love But my intolerable duty beckoned clearly in the one word—"Depart!"

Next morning I escaped from the house before the servants stirred My last shilling I gave to a coachman to convey me far from the scene of my agony. For days I wandered on the moors where I was set down, hunger reducing me to beggary, fatigue and desolation to a total prostration of hope At last Providence directed me across the marshes to a house where I was granted refuge

I emerged from a period of fever to find my saviours, the Misses Diana and Mary Rivers and Mr St John Rivers, kindly, generous and sensitive to my desire to be uncommunicative about my recent tribulation I told them my name was Jane Elliot The more I knew of the handsome, vigorous Diana and of the docile, intelligent Mary, whom I taught to draw and paint, the more I liked them But their brother, Mr St John, of the Athenian features and hard, eager expression, was less open to intimacy than his two sisters Yet as minister he secured for me the humble post of schoolmistress to the cottagers' children in his parish at £30 a year

I had the opportunity of watching St John's resolute and icy Christianity shaken, but not broken, by the dazzling assault of beautiful Rosamund Oliver, the daughter of a wealthy proprietor Yet St John began to evince a curious interest in me and my family connections Having by chance come across the vital link in a chain of evidence, he one day announced to me that it was I who was the missing heiress of a fortune of £20,000 left by his uncle, and which he and his sisters had expected to inherit

As the time approached for St John to take up his missionary work in the East, his interest in me developed with a cold, controlling persistence He asked me to marry him "God intended you for a missionary's wife," he asserted "Jane, you are diligent, constant, docile, very gentle and very heroic Your assistance to me will be invaluable" His persuasion

contracted round me like an iron shroud ' I will accompany you as your cousin, I agreed, but not as your wife But he would not consent to any other basis of co operation than his own The night before he left home, with a gentleness well nigh irresistible he once more urged me to accompany him More excited by his renewed offer than I ever had been I entreated of Heaven " Show me, show me the path! My heart beat fast Suddenly it stood still I heard a voice somewhere cry

Jane! Jane! Jane!'

' O God! What is it?' I gasped

I might have said ' Where is it? for it did not seem in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden And it was the voice of a human being a known, loved, well remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester, and it spoke eerily, urgently, in pain and woe

' I am coming! I cried 'Wait for me! Oh! I will come!' I rushed to the door the passage was dark I ran to the garden it was void

I left at dawn and travelled by coach to Thornfield, feeling like a messenger pigeon flying home With what feelings I welcomed the trees I knew the woods the lanes, the clustered rookery! I came to a sudden stop in front of the great mansion Like a lover thinking to come upon his love sleeping sweetly and finding her stone dead, I looked at that stately house I saw a blackened ruin hollowed out by conflagration Horrified, I returned to the inn and asked questions of the host

Is Mr Rochester living at Thornfield Hall now?

' No ma am oh no! No one is living there The hall was burnt down last autumn just about harvest time A terrible spectacle I witnessed it myself

' Was it known how the fire originated?

" They guessed ma am There was a—a—lunatic kept in the house She was kept in very close confinement ma am And she had a woman to take care of her, by the name of Mrs Poole—an able woman in her line, but she was addicted to gin and took a drop over much occasionally When Mrs Poole was fast asleep after the gin, the mad lady would take the keys out of her pocket and roam the house On this night she set fire to the room next to her own and to the former governess s chamber

Was Mr Rochester at home when the fire broke out?

" Yes indeed he was He got the servants out of their

beds and went back to fetch his mad wife But she climbed to the battlements We saw Mr. Rochester approach her, and then, ma'am, she yelled and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement "

"Did any one else lose their life?"

"No—perhaps it would have been better if there had."

"What do you mean?"

"Poor Mr Edward!" he ejaculated

"You said he was alive?" I exclaimed

"He is stone blind," he said at last "He was crushed in the ruins as they collapsed One eye was knocked out by a falling beam, and one hand had to be amputated The other eye became inflamed, and he lost the sight of that also Now is he helpless indeed "

"Where is he? Where does he live?"

"At Ferndean, a manor house about thirty miles off quite a desolate spot "

I arrived at Ferndean, a house buried deep in a wood, just ere dark The house and its unkempt estate looked lifeless But suddenly the front door opened and a figure came into the twilight, a man stretching forth his hand to feel whether it rained. I recognized him—my master, Edward Rochester—his countenance changed, marked with the brooding of despair I saw him grope his way back into the house I followed him, and, with the housekeeper's permission, carried a tray of glasses and water into the parlour to him

"Will you have a little water, sir?" I asked

"Who is it? Who speaks?"

He groped forward I took his outstretched hand

"Her very fingers!" he cried

"And this her voice," I added

"Jane Eyre!—Jane Eyre!" was all he said

"My dear master," I said, "I am come back to you "

"My crippled strength, my seared vision," he murmured regretfully "I am no better than the old lightning-struck chestnut tree at Thornfield "

But, Reader, I married him, and Mr Rochester partially regained the sight of one eye two years after our marriage

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

By EMILY BRONTE

Though her single novel excels any of her sisters' books in raging splendour and sombre passion, Emily, the second of the Bronte sisters is ultimately renowned as a poet Perhaps it is the same poetic genius that produced such fine lyrics as 'Remembrance' and "Last Lines that shines at times through her prose with such an unearthly gleam

In the year 1801 Mr Lockwood the new tenant of Thrushcross Grange, called on his landlord, Mr Heathcliff, at the isolated farm, high up on the Yorkshire moors, known as Wuthering Heights He found a queer household Mr Heathcliff tall black browed, of gypsy like aspect, and of rude and forbidding manners, evidently resented the call, and took no pains to conceal it Within the house Mr Lockwood found an aged and disagreeable servant called Joseph who grumbled audibly at his intrusion and constantly cursed the other members of the household as heathens and idlers The housekeeper, Zillah, seemed normal enough, and was the only person to come to his assistance when he was set upon by dogs There was also a handsome but surly and boorish youth, coarse in language and manners, who did the farm work, yet was evidently not a servant

In the parlour was an exquisitely beautiful young woman, very fair dressed in black a girl to all appearances, but addressed as Mrs Heathcliff After making two unfortunate blunders, Mr Lockwood discovered that she was the widow of Mr Heathcliff s son Mr Heathcliff behaved roughly, even violently, towards her and she treated everybody with contempt and silence

A heavy snowstorm obliged Mr Lockwood to stay the night, though he was offered no hospitality Zillah the housekeeper secretly showed him to a room In it was a queer old bed in an oak chest which enclosed the window embrasure On the window sill Mr Lockwood saw the names Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Linton, Catherine Heathcliff, scratched over and over again on the paint He turned over an old

Bible with the name Catherine Earnshaw in it, and idly a few scraps of a child's diary written on the fly-leaves

He fell asleep and had a terrible dream He dreamed he was in the same chest bed by the window, with the s swirling outside. A branch of a fir tree was tapping again window-pane, and in his dream he rose, determined to sil it. But the casement would not open, so he broke the glass stretched out an arm to seize the branch, but instead fingers closed on a little, ice-cold hand He tried to draw b but the hand clung to his and a voice sobbed "Let me in, I'm Catherine Linton" Obscurely he saw a child's face peering through the glass In terror he rubbed the creature's wrist on the broken pane until the blood flowed. Still it clung to him, and Mr Lockwood screamed

The scream was real, and brought Mr Heathcliff to the door He showed the greatest surprise and anger at finding Mr. Lockwood in the room, but when he heard of the dream he became extremely agitated and rushed to the window calling in a grief-stricken voice "Cathy, come in, come in"

Mr Lockwood returned to Thrushcross Grange with a severe chill, and while he was confined to his bed his housekeeper, Nelly Dean, told him the story of the inhabitants of Wuthering Heights

The farm belonged to a very old family, the Earnshaws, and Nelly Dean's mother had been nurse to Hindley Earnshaw, and she herself was brought up with the family There was a younger Earnshaw child, Catherine One day old Mr Earnshaw brought home a black-haired, black-eyed, dirty little waif that he had picked up in the streets of Liverpool They called him Heathcliff, and he was brought up with the other children Old Mr Earnshaw took a great fancy to him, but Hindley, the son, detested and maltreated him Catherine and Heathcliff, however, became fast friends, although they often quarrelled, both having violent tempers The two were mainly looked after by Joseph, the canting old servant, and Nelly

Old Mr Earnshaw died, and Hindley became head of the house He took advantage of his position to vent his hatred of Heathcliff to the full He dismissed his tutor, degraded him to the position of a servant, and bullied him in all possible ways Heathcliff grew up with two consuming passions, love for Catherine and hatred for Hindley

Hindley married and had a son His wife died of consu

tion and Hindley, crazed with grief took to drink. Meanwhile Catherine had grown into a beautiful girl, wild and wayward and passionate. She was devoted to Heathcliff. In time a neighbour, Edgar Linton of Thrushcross Grange, fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. Very uncertainly she accepted. Edgar Linton was entirely her opposite, very fair in appearance (the Earnshaws were all dark), gentle and scholarly.

When Heathcliff heard of the engagement he suddenly disappeared. Catherine spent a whole night looking and waiting for him in the rain, and then fell terribly ill of a fever. After this illness her constitution was permanently weakened so that the violence of her passions was a constant source of danger to her health.

Three years later, Catherine married Edgar Linton and went to live at the Grange. Nelly Dean, who until then had been nurse to Hindley's little son Hareton went with her. Nothing more had been heard of Heathcliff. Contrary to Nelly's expectations, the first six months of the marriage passed in peaceful happiness. Catherine seemed to have grown gentler. But it was the lull before the storm.

Suddenly Heathcliff reappeared. He called to see Catherine a full grown handsome man with a gentlemanly bearing and amply supplied with money. No one ever knew where he had been during the intervening years, nor how he had transformed himself from a rustic savage into a man of education and substance. There was still something wild and savage, however about his handsome gypsy face.

Catherine was madly delighted to see him while Edgar was sad and angry for Heathcliff treated him with open contempt. Heathcliff called frequently, and Isabella, Edgar's eighteen year old sister fell in love with him. Catherine amused, told Heathcliff, but, genuinely concerned for the girl, gave her a true description of Heathcliff's real character violent cruel and ruthless, bent on one object in life the destruction of his enemies. Catherine loved him, not because she did not see him in his true colours, but because he was part of herself. Isabella however, did not believe her, and continued to cherish her passion.

Meanwhile Heathcliff had ensconced himself once more at Wuthering Heights. Hindley had two passions drink and gambling and Heathcliff indulged him liberally in both. Hindley was easy game, and Heathcliff had soon ruined him

Hindley mortgaged all the Earnshaw property to him to pay his gambling debts.

Next to the Earnshaws, Heathcliff hated the Lintons, who had stolen Catherine from him. The news of Isabella's infatuation showed him the way to revenge himself on Edgar. He began to pay surreptitious court to Isabella. He was caught one day by Nelly, who told Catherine. The result was a terrible scene between Catherine, Heathcliff, and Edgar. Catherine at first defended the Lintons, but when Edgar threatened Heathcliff, she turned in defence of the man she really loved. Blows were struck, Heathcliff left the house and was bid never return, and Catherine gave way to a sort of wild emotional fit. She locked herself in her room, refused food for three days, and then fell dangerously ill of a brain fever.

The same night that she fell ill, Isabella eloped with Heathcliff. To mark this first successful stage of his revenge on the Lintons, Heathcliff hanged Isabella's little dog at the park gates. Nothing was heard of the fugitives for six weeks, and then Nelly received a letter from Isabella written from Wuthering Heights. She had already, she said, been long cured of her love for Heathcliff. From the first he had treated her with the greatest brutality, making no pretence at concealing his hatred for her. She was now a prisoner at Wuthering Heights with no companions but the half-crazy, drink-sodden Hindley, who was constantly threatening to murder Heathcliff, the servant Joseph, and the child Hareton, who, under Heathcliff's influence, had degenerated into a wild little animal.

Catherine recovered at length, but her reason was impaired. Nelly meanwhile found out that during the whole of Catherine's illness Heathcliff had been lurking in the garden at night. He forced her to arrange for him to see Catherine, and one evening, while Edgar and the servants were at church, Heathcliff came into the forbidden house and spoke to Catherine. Overcome by emotion, Heathcliff took the poor, wasted invalid in his arms, and thus they were found by Edgar on his return. But Catherine was in a dead faint. That night she gave birth to a seven months' child and died.

The baby was a girl, and christened Catherine. In default of a male heir to Edgar, on his death all the Linton property would pass to Isabella and her children. Thus it would inevitably fall into the hands of Heathcliff, who already held the Earnshaw property. Grimly Heathcliff watched his schemes maturing. Catherine's death cut him off from the one

creature he loved He was crazed with grief The whole night long he spent by her grave His terrible sorrow made him the more brutal to Isabella At last she managed to escape and fled over the moors one night to the Grange Not daring to spend more than an hour at home she merely changed her drenched clothes and continued her flight Eventually she settled in the south, and some months afterwards a son was born to her Heathcliff did not molest her again
[illegible] by drink and despair,
di [illegible] came into full posses
sic [illegible] le Hareton was completely in his power He planned to degrade him as Hindley had degraded *him* He refused to have him taught even his letters, and instead encouraged him in every sort of bad behaviour Yet Hareton though he grew up ignorant and unmannerly, had a native intelligence and a good heart that nothing could corrupt

The little Cathy grew up into an exquisite girl very fair and quite unlike her mother except for her dark eyes In time Isabella died and Edgar brought her son Linton, a sickly fretful invalid of sixteen back to the Grange Scarcely had he arrived than Heathcliff sent for him to Wuthering Heights Fearing the worst from Heathcliff s cruelty Nelly Dean took him to his father Heathcliff, however although manifesting his dislike for his son in brutal terms, nevertheless had him treated with every care, thus marking the difference between *his* son and Hareton

Cathy had taken a great fancy to her cousin during the one evening Linton had spent at the Grange She was very upset when she found that he had been spirited away to Wuthering Heights and that she was not to be allowed to visit him Cathy inherited the rebellious will of her mother On her sixteenth birthday a beautiful sunny day in March, she tempted Nelly out for a walk on the moor and on the pretext of looking for grouse nests, deliberately wandered right on to Wuthering Heights land

Here they met Heathcliff and his son out walking Heathcliff whom Cathy had never seen made himself tolerably agreeable and invited them into the house Nelly did her best to prevent Cathy from acceding to the proposal, but she was overborne by Heathcliff and Cathy herself who was delighted to see Linton and who had no inkling of her uncle s malevolence

Nelly, who was now the only person in the world for whom Heathcliff felt some regard, told him outright that he was behaving very wrongly in encouraging Cathy, and that she was convinced that he was doing it from no good motive Heathcliff replied openly that he intended Linton to marry Cathy To which Nelly returned that Cathy should never approach his house again

Linton did not make himself very agreeable to his cousin He was peevish and apathetic Hareton was in the house, and Cathy discovered, much to her disgust, that this loutish, unlettered boor was also her cousin When she asked him about the inscription "Hareton Earnshaw 1500" over the door, he replied that it was some damnable writing, he could not read it Heathcliff, following out his dark designs, took care to bait Hareton on his manners, in order to render him effectively tongue-tied and unattractive To Nelly he confided his fiendish pleasure in the success of his degradation of Hareton, how he had turned this intelligent, sensitive nature into a coarse, boorish yokel "And the best of it is, that Hareton is damnably fond of me You'll confess I've out-matched Hindley there" Yet he admitted that he could have had a real regard for Hareton, whereas he utterly despised his own son

Linton, finding Cathy much kinder and more indulgent than his own family, begged her to come again, and in this he was seconded by his father Back at the Grange, however, Cathy was forbidden by Edgar to hold further communication with Wuthering Heights In order to convince her of the villainy of Heathcliff's character, in which she was not at first disposed to believe, Edgar told Cathy something of the history of Heathcliff's conduct towards Isabella and the manner in which Wuthering Heights had become his property Cathy was deeply shocked at this new view of human nature, but nevertheless nothing could damp her solicitude for Linton

Many weeks later Nelly discovered an illicit correspondence [illegible]een the two cousins They were regular love-letters, of a romantic kind Cathy's were simple and spon-[illegible] Linton's, to Nelly's eye, bore signs of strict sur-[illegible] Heathcliff, who had obviously prevented him [illegible] to his natural complaining fretfulness, and [illegible] letters for him, inspiring them with a [illegible] manliness

[illegible]umn came on Edgar's health was

visibly declining, and with it Cathy's spirits. One October afternoon she and Nelly took a walk in the Grange park. They arrived at the wall surrounding the park, and Cathy, anxious to pick some berries, climbed on to the top. Her hat fell into the road, so she scrambled down to fetch it. But once on the other side she found she could not climb back. There was a door in the wall, but it was locked. Just at this moment Heathcliff came by on his horse.

While Nelly on the park side vainly tried to force the lock of the gate, at the same time abjuring Cathy not to listen to Heathcliff, the latter was pouring a fearful tale of Linton's state of health into the ears of the frightened girl. He said that Linton was seriously ill through fretting after Cathy, and that if she did not relent and come to see him he might die through her fault. From the other side of the door Nelly shouted that it was all a lie, but Heathcliff replied that he would be away from home all the week, and that Nelly could go and see for herself.

"I swear that Linton is dying," he said, "and that grief and disappointment are hastening his death." At that point the lock at last gave way, Nelly pulled the girl in, and Heathcliff rode away.

The next day Cathy insisted on going to see her cousin. It was very wet and cold, and they found Linton alone in the parlour fretfully scolding Joseph for not bringing more coals. Joseph himself was calmly smoking by the kitchen fire and deliberately ignoring his young master. Cathy began to pet and nurse Linton, but a chance remark about their respective parents led to a violent quarrel. It was cut short by a horrible paroxysm of coughing in Linton, followed by a fit of moaning which he obviously prolonged in order to punish Cathy. Cathy, however, did not see through his tricks, and was deeply concerned. She promised she would come and see him again the next day.

When they got home, however, Nelly went to bed with a chill, and remained laid up for three weeks. Cathy divided her day between the two sick beds of her father and her nurse. But when Nelly got up again, she discovered that Cathy had been riding over to see Linton every evening. Cathy told her that there had been several scenes at Wuthering Heights, once when Hareton, who hated Linton, had pushed him out of the room, and Linton had had a sort of fit. Cathy now had no illusions about Linton's temper, but she felt that nevertheless

he really loved her and that he could not help himself, and above all that he needed her

Nelly immediately told Edgar of the visits, and he once more forbade Cathy to go to Wuthering Heights, but at the same time he wrote to Linton inviting him to come to the Grange whenever he pleased Since Linton was obviously very ill, and a most unattractive son-in-law, Heathcliff had no intention of allowing Edgar to see him He therefore made him write to Edgar explaining that Heathcliff would not permit him to visit the Grange, but saying that he was heartbroken at being cut off from Cathy, and begging to be allowed to meet her out riding under the chaperonage of Mr Linton himself (Heathcliff knew well that Edgar was too ill to go out)

Spring came on Both Edgar and Linton were fast declining Heathcliff was afraid that his son would die before Edgar, in which case he would not inherit Edgar's property He determined to hurry on the marriage Edgar himself, knowing nothing of Linton's real condition, began to consider the marriage favourably At last he consented to Cathy and Linton meeting for a ride on the moors

The meeting-place was fixed near the Grange grounds, but when Cathy and Nelly arrived, a herd-boy gave them a message that Linton was waiting at a spot much nearer Wuthering Heights They found him looking very sick and downcast and frightened He extracted a promise from Cathy that if she met Heathcliff on her way back she would tell him that Linton had been gay and cheerful, which he certainly had *not* been, and also she was to tell her own father that Linton's health was much improved They arranged to meet again the following week

It was a beautiful, hot August afternoon Cathy and Nelly found Linton on the moor at the same spot as before He seemed iller than ever, and abjectly terrified of something He behaved so strangely that Cathy threatened to go home Whereupon Linton threw himself at her feet, implored her to stay, saying he would be killed if she went away He said there was a secret, but he dared not tell her, he dreaded his father so Soon Heathcliff himself appeared and asked them to walk into the farmhouse Cathy agreed, despite Nelly's disapproval Linton could scarcely walk, and Cathy had to help him in Once inside, Heathcliff locked the door

He said they should stay to tea, adding to Nelly, indicating the two cousins " Had I been born where laws are less strict

and tastes less dainty, I should treat myself to a slow vivisection of those two as an evening's amusement.'

Cathy, her eyes flashing, stepped up to Heathcliff and demanded the key. She tried to wrench it from his hand. He seized her and gave her a shower of terrific slaps on the head. Then he made tea and went out to loose their horses. Linton, who, having played his prescribed part in luring Cathy to the house, was now no longer in mortal terror of his father, told them that Heathcliff planned to keep them prisoners overnight and to marry Cathy and himself in the morning. When Heathcliff returned, Cathy begged him to release her, promising to marry Linton if only she might go back to her father that night. Heathcliff replied that nothing could please him better than to give pain to Edgar.

The housekeeper was away, and Nelly and Cathy were locked into her room for the night. At seven the next morning Heathcliff came for Cathy; Nelly was kept a prisoner for four days longer, seeing no one but Hareton, who brought her food. When she was released she found that Cathy was married to Linton and kept a prisoner in his room. Nelly went back to the Grange to comfort the dying Edgar. Cathy eventually perusaded Linton to let her out, and ran alone through the night to her father. She arrived just in time, and Edgar died believing her to be happily married.

Thrushcross Grange and Cathy were now in Heathcliff's hands. He fetched his young daughter-in-law back to Wuthering Heights, but obliged Nelly to stay at the Grange as housekeeper. Linton did not long outlast his father-in-law, for Heathcliff now would have no doctor nor attendance for him. After his death Cathy fell ill from the strain of nursing him alone. When she came downstairs again, she was changed from a gay, warm-hearted young girl to a cold, bitter woman with nothing but unconcealed hatred for every member of Wuthering Heights.

This was the household which Mr. Lockwood had encountered. He took a sudden aversion to Thrushcross Grange, and, having recovered from his chill, returned immediately to London. The following summer he was travelling in the neighbourhood again and decided to call on Mr. Heathcliff to arrange the details of the termination of his tenancy of the Grange. On his arrival at Wuthering Heights, however, he found that all had changed. No dogs flew at him, the gate was unbarred, flowers grew in the garden and Cathy and Hareton were seated with their heads together over a book. Nelly

Dean was installed as housekeeper On his inquiring for Heathcliff, she told him the rest of the story

She had been summoned to Wuthering Heights only a fortnight after Mr Lockwood had left the Grange Heathcliff began to act more strangely than ever He became more and more solitary and could scarcely bear to speak to any mortal One evening he confided in Nelly

Ever since Catherine's death, he said, he had been trying to reach her spirit She was always almost within reach, and always she eluded him She had tormented him during life, and she tormented him still This straining of all his mental powers to find Catherine had been his real preoccupation all these years While Edgar's grave was being dug beside Catherine's, Heathcliff had gone to the churchyard at night and had unscrewed her coffin and looked once more on her face

After this he grew daily more withdrawn Meanwhile Hareton and Cathy drew together Cathy, sorry that she had teased him so shamefully, offered to teach him to read Hareton was sulky at first, but his admiration for Cathy soon overcame him, and it was not long before the cousins were thoroughly in love with each other Heathcliff saw, but seemed too wrapped up in something else to care

One April day he came into the house with a wild, abstracted look of joy on his dark face He was pale and trembling and had a strange fixed smile All that day he did not eat The next day was the same

The third day he retired into the child Catherine's room with the oak chest bed, and was heard all day muttering and groaning to himself That night was windy and wet In the morning when Nelly went in she found the casement open and Heathcliff lying on his back with his eyes wide open, drenched with rain He was dead

Cathy and Hareton were now to be married and live at the Grange, and Nelly was to go with them This was the end of Nelly's story She added that there were tales in the village that Heathcliff and Catherine were seen wandering about the moors at night Mr Lockwood took his leave, and on his way back, looked at the three graves of Catherine, Edgar and Heathcliff He watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth

DON QUIXOTE

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

This remarkable work, first published in 1605 began as a burlesque of the then fashionable romances of chivalry Soon however, the characters grew into a life outside their creator s original intentions and became the world famous persons as we know them to day Don Quixote has many times been translated into English, but the finest is that of Motteux (1712) from whose version this digest is taken

AT a certain village in La Mancha which I shall not name, there lived not long ago one of those old fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound His diet consisted more of beef than mutton, and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays he consumed three quarters of his revenue the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays and a suit of the very best homespun cloth which he bestowed on himself for working days His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle a pruning hook The master himself was nigh fifty years of age of a hale and strong complexion lean bodied, and thin faced an early riser and a lover of hunting Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular) however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixana (i e lanthorn jaws), though this concerns us but little provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight errantry, which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports and even the care of his estate, nay he grew so strangely besotted with those amusements that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that

kind, by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had

He would often dispute with the curate of the parish, a man of learning, and with Master Nicholas, barber of the same town, who was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis of Gaul?

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night, and thus, by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain, for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed *cap-à-pie* and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures, that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner Next, he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish Real He was four days considering what name to give him After many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself, and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote

And now, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart Near the place where he lived dwelt a good, comely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though it is believed

she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo and at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born

These preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world, that wanted such a deliverer So one morning before day, without acquainting anyone with his design, he armed himself *cap a pie*, grasped his lance mounted Rozinante and at the private door of his back yard sallied out

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any ad venture, which put him in a kind of despair for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigour of his arm At last, towards evening he espied an inn And, as whatever our knight errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of the romantic cast he no sooner saw the inn but he fancied it to be a castle

It happened at the very moment that a swineherd winded his horn, and Don Quixote presently imagined this was the wished for signal which some dwarf gave to notify his approach, therefore, with the greatest joy in the world he rode up to the inn When the landlord observed such a strange disguise of human shape he could hardly forbear laughing 'Sir Knight, said he, if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but a bed, as for all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your mind '

Don Quixote, observing the humility of the governor of the castle (for such the innkeeper seemed to him), Señor Cas tellano ' said he, " the least thing in the world suffices me, for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose

As soon as he had done supper, he called his host, and shut him and himself up in the stable and falling at his feet I will never rise from this place,' cried he most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind ' The innkeeper, at a loss endeavoured to make him rise but all in vain till he had promised to grant him what he asked

I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir replied Don Quixote, ' and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me is that to morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honour of knighthood upon me This night I will watch

my armour in the chapel of your castle and then in the morning you shall gratify me"

When he heard him talk after this manner, the innkeeper was fully convinced of the disorder in his guest's understanding; and, to make sport that night, resolved to humour him in his desires He told him that his castle at present had no chapel, it being pulled down in order to be new built, but he knew his arms might lawfully be watched in the courtyard of the castle; and in the morning (God willing) all the necessary ceremonies should be performed, so that he might assure himself he should be dubbed a knight. And so they disposed everything in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoined the inn. To which purpose, the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a cistern close by a well in that yard; then, bracing his target and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough with a graceful deportment In the meantime, the innkeeper and all such as were in the house went out to observe him at a distance, where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms

While he was thus employed, a carrier who lodged in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough With that, Don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cried out to him aloud, "O thou, whosoever thou art, rash knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous knight-errant that ever wore a sword, take heed, do not audaciously attempt to profane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity"

But the carrier never regarded these dreadful threats; and, laying hold on the armour by the straps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him Don Quixote no sooner saw this than, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his lady Dulcinea, "Assist me, lady," cried he, "in the first opportunity that offers itself to your faithful slave!" Repeating suchlike ejaculations, he lifted up his lance with both his hands and gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate pate with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woeful condition This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again on the horse-trough, and then walked on, backwards and forwards, with as great unconcern as he did at first

The innkeeper, who began somewhat to disrelish these mad tricks of his guest, resolved to dispatch him forthwith and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent further mischief so, coming to him, he excused himself for the insolence of that base scoundrel He said that the knight had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms, and having fetched the book in which he used to set down the carrier s ac … Quixote to kneel, … n repeat ing some] … he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword

These extraordinary ceremonies being thus hurried over in a kind of post haste Don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures

He had not gone above two miles but he discovered a company of people riding towards him, who proved to be merchants of Toledo The knight no sooner perceived them, but he imagined this to be some new adventure, and so, with a dreadful grace and assurance, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road "Hold cried he, ' let all mankind stand, nor hope to pass on farther, unless all mankind acknowledge and confess that there is not in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the Empress of La Mancha the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso '

Conjecturing the poor gentleman had lost his senses one of the company who loved raillery undertook to talk to him 'Señor cavalier ' cried he, "we do not know this worthy lady you talk of, so be pleased to let us see her before we own the truth which you would extort from us

'Had I once showed you that beauty,' replied Don Quixote, 'what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? The importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, confirm it swear it, and maintain it without seeing her '

' Sir knight replied the merchant, I beseech your worship will vouchsafe to let us see some portraiture of that lady and I verily believe that though her picture should represent her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone at the other yet, to oblige you, we should be ready to say in her favour whatever your worship desires

'Distil ye infamous scoundrels! replied Don Quixote

"Distil, say you? Know that nothing distils from her but amber and civet. You shall all severely pay for your horrid blasphemy."

Saying this, with his lance couched, he ran so furiously at the merchant who had provoked him that, had not good fortune so ordered it that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, the audacious trifler had paid dear for his raillery.

One of the grooms, coming up to Don Quixote as he lay wallowing, snatched his lance, and, having broke it to pieces, he so belaboured the knight's sides with one of them that, in spite of his arms, he thrashed him like a wheat-sheaf.

At last the mule-driver was tired, and the merchants pursued their journey.

At length, kind fortune so ordered it that a ploughman happened to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The good man took off the battered adventurer's armour as well as he could and endeavoured to set him upon his legs; at last, with a great deal of trouble, he heaved him upon his own ass, and with a bundle of the poor knight's arms tied to the back of Rozinante, he led them all towards the village.

The curate and the barber, together with Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, whom they happened at the time to be visiting, all ran out of doors, and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her master, and the rest their friend, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don Quixote, "Forbear," said he, "for I am sorely hurt, by reason that my horse failed me; carry me to bed, and if it be possible, let the enchantress Urganda be sent for to cure my wounds."

Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least sign of his desire to renew his rambling; during which time there passed a great deal of pleasant discourse between him and his two friends, while he maintained there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was resolved to revive the order.

In the meantime Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country labourer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would

present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place Allured with these large promises Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour s squire

They stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody

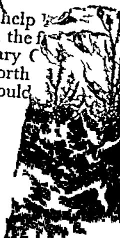
As they jogged on 'I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant,' quoth Sancho to his master, 'be sure you do not forget what you promised me about the island, for, I dare say, I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big

'You must know, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that it has been the constant practice of knights errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms which they conquered Now, I am not only resolved to keep that laudable custom, but even to improve it Now, if thou and I do live it may happen that I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown then would I presently crown thee king of one of them '

Why should this come to pass quoth Sancho Pança, and I be made a king by some such miracle as your worship says, then happy be lucky, my Mary Gutierrez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes

'Who doubts of that?' cried Don Quixote

I doubt it,' replied Sancho for I cannot help that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the f earth, not one of them would fit well upon Mary C head for I must needs tell you, she is not worth Jacks to be made a queen of no, Countess would for her, if it please you '



As they were thus discoursing, they forty windmills and, as soon as the Fortune cried he, 'directs our af selves could have wished look yonde are at least thirty outrageous giants, counter, and, having deprived them enrich ourselves with their spoils for and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be service to heaven '

What giants?' quoth Sancho Pança seest yonder, answered Don Quixote "with extended arms some of that detested race hav

immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length"

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho Pança, "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go"

"It is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou are but little acquainted with adventures I tell thee, they are giants; and, therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful, unequal combat against them all" This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled to him they were windmills, not giants But he was so full possessed with a strong conceit to the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them

"Stand, coward," cried he as loud as he could, "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all"

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance"

He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure, and so, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled about him with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in a field

Sancho Pança ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received "Mercy on me!" cried Sancho, "did I not give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war I am verily persuaded the cursed necromancer Freston has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honour of the victory such is his inveterate malice against me, but



Rischg tz

The sail hurled away both knight and horse along with it

A sce f m D Q i t



Robinson Crusoe reading the Bible to Friday

from Robinson Crusoe

in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword'

'Amen, say I' replied Sancho, and so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder slipped with his fall

They rode on for some time in silence when Don Quixote perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, 'The day is come, said he, turning to his squire 'the day is come, Sancho that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me, this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations

'Why then, at this rate,' quoth Sancho, there should be two armies, for yonder is as great a dust on the other side

With that Don Quixote looked and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain For his imagination was so crowded with those battles enchantments, surprising adventures amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts and could not be discerned till they were very near He was so positive they were two armies that Sancho firmly believed him at last

'Well, sir," quoth the squire what are we to do I beseech you?

'What shall we do,' replied Don Quixote 'but assist the weaker and the injured side? For know, Sancho that the army that now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana, the other that advances behind us is his enemy the king of Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm so called because he always enters into battle with his right arm bare

'Why' cried Sancho, 'you had as good tell me it snows, the devil of any knight, giant or man can I see, who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits?

'How," replied Don Quixote, 'dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat?'

'Not I,' quoth Sancho, I prick up my ears like a sow in

the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep. Oh, that I was ever born to see this day!"

But Don Quixote, still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, outroared his expostulating squire "Courage, brave knights," cried he, "march up, fall on all of you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin!" And so saying, he charged the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution, that he pierced, broke, and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood

The shepherds, seeing their sheep go to rack, called out to him, till, finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. While the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily fell upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in his body The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded, and calling to mind an earthen jar of precious balsam he carried, he clapped it to his mouth but, before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds, that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand, and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain, so that the shepherds, fearing he was killed, got the flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way

When the shepherds were safely gone, up runs Sancho "Ah, master," quoth he "This comes of not taking my counsel Did I not tell you it was a flock of sheep, and no army? May I never stir if ever I set eyes on a more dismal figure in my born days, and I cannot tell what should be the cause of it, unless your being tired after this fray, or the want of your worship's teeth, but I think you should rather be called the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance"

"All the knights of yore," cried Don Quixote, "assumed some appellation, for one was called the Knight of the Burning Sword, another of the Unicorn, a third of the Phoenix, by which by-names and distinctions they were known all over the globe Therefore, doubtless, that learned sage, my historian, has inspired thee with the thought of giving me

that additional appellation of the Knight of the Ill favoured Countenance

After they had rested awhile and Don Quixote had rinsed his bloody jaws in a brook, they mounted again and, turning to the right hand, struck into a highway, where they had not gone far before they discovered a horseman, who wore upon his head something that glittered like gold The knight had no sooner spied him but turning to his squire Sancho,' cried he in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino s helmet '

' I do not know, says Sancho, " but I am sure, were I suffered to speak my mind mayhap I would give you such main reasons that yourself should see you are wide of the matter

' How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever? ' cried Don Quixote Dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?

" I see what I see," replied Sancho, ' and the devil of any thing I can spy but a fellow upon such another grey ass as mine is, with something that glistens on top of his head

Now, the truth of the story was this There were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was so little that it had not so much as a shop in it, nor any barber, so that the barber of the greater village served also the smaller And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shaved, the barber was going thither with his brass basin, which he had clapped upon his head to keep his hat from being spoiled by the rain

When Don Quixote saw the imaginary knight draw near, he fixed his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley, flew at his adversary as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, crying out in the midst of his career Caitiff! wretch! defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due! '

The barber, who as he peaceably went along saw that terrible apparition come thundering upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground, and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, leaving his ass and his basin behind him

Don Quixote ordered Sancho to take up the helmet

On my word, quoth Sancho, ' it is a special basin, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter

With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapped it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor and at last, seeing it had none. "Doubtless," said he, "the Pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made had a head of prodigious size; but the worst is that there is at least one half of it wanting."

Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber's basin a helmet.

Proceeding on their quest of adventures, Don Quixote and his simple squire met a noble duke and his duchesss who were hawking in a forest glade. When they discovered who the strange figure was who approached them with such grave courtesy, the duke and duchess remembered to have heard tales of the rare exploits of the errant knight and his squire. They therefore invited Don Quixote to sojourn with them in their castle, intending to have much rare sport with the knight's strange fantasies and the simplicity of his squire.

Don Quixote having solemnly accepted the invitation, and the company having returned to the castle, the duke and his duchess lost no time in starting the frolic.

After dinner in the castle gardens there entered suddenly a herald of prodigious size, with a white beard stretching to his waist. He asked audience for his mistress, the Disconsolate Matron, Trifaldi. When this was granted, twelve elderly waiting-women entered the garden, all clad in mourning habits, over which they had veils of white calico. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin.

Then, in a voice rather hoarse and rough than clear and delicate, "Most invincible knight," said she, addressing Don Quixote, "I prostrate myself at these feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry errant, the supporters of my drooping spirits, whose indefatigable steps alone can hasten my relief."

The Disconsolate Matron then proceeded to tell her story. She had come far over the seas from Candaya, where she had once been duenna to the queen dowager's daughter, Antonomasia. Unfortunately, she had been the occasion of the queen's death, from mere anger and shame when it was brought to light that her daughter had secretly married an upstart courtier, introduced into her chamber by the Countess Trifaldi herself. At news of the queen's death, her brother, a most prodigious fiend and enchanter, the notorious Malambruno, had changed the young husband and wife into a hideous crocodile and a brazen she-monkey of unknown metal. By the same malign

fluence the duenna and all her maids in waiting had felt the pores of their faces to open and all about them perceived an itching pain, like the pricking of pins and needles Clapping their hands to their faces, they had found them all rough with bristly beards

'Thus,' ended the countess, after she and her attendants had thrown back their veils and exposed the most horrible thick beards 'hath that murthering and bloody minded Malambruno served us and planted these rough and horrid bristles on our faces, otherwise most delicately smooth

The duke and duchess marvelled at the unnatural sight, and

d "You must know then

Candaya by computation,

igues You are likewise to understand that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight who is to dissolve our enchantment—and that knight he held to be none other than the world famous Don Quixote himself—he would send him a famous steed It is managed by a wooden peg in its forehead instead of a bridle and flies as swiftly through the air as if all the devils in hell were switching him

Nay, quoth Sancho, "as for an easy pacer, commend me to my Dapple Indeed, he is none of

gallop in the air but on the king's

with the best ambler that ever went o

At that moment, unexpectedly, who should enter the garden but four savages covered with green ivy bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set upon his legs before the company, and then one of them cried out, 'Now let him that has the courage, mount this engine

"I am not he quoth Sancho, 'for I have no courage, nor am I a knight

Madam cried Don Quixote, 'I will do it with all my heart, nor will I so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs but mount instantly

'That is more than I should do,' quoth Sancho I am not in such a plaguey haste not I and if the quickset hedges on their snouts cannot be lopped off without my riding on that hard crupper let these gentlewomen get some other barber

Thereupon the duke reassured Sancho and promised him that if he should now make this flight upon the wooden horse behind his valorous master, he should upon his return find himself the governor of a fair great island

"Good, your worship, say no more," cried Sancho; "I am but a poor squire. But bring baseness, mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody; wish me a good voyage and pray for me. To horse, to horse: the tears of these poor bearded gentlewomen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the bristles sticking in it."

Now, both being hoodwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving everything ready for their setting out, began to turn the pin; and no sooner had he set his hand to it, but the waiting women and all the company set up their throats, crying out, "Now, now, you fly aloft. See how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow! Now they mount, and tower, and soar, while the gazing world wonders at their course!" "Sir," said Sancho, girding his hands about his master's waist, "why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices?" "Never mind that," answered Don Quixote; "for in these extraordinary kind of flights we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. Come then, take courage; we make swinging way, and have a fair, merry gale." "I think so, too," quoth Sancho, "for I feel the wind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I do not know how many pairs of bellows were blowing wind in my tail."

Sancho was not altogether in the wrong; for two of three pairs of bellows were indeed levelled at him then, which gave air very plentifully.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, "Sure," said he, "we must be risen to the middle region of the air, where the winds, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and other meteors are produced; so that if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently, and, what is worst, I do not know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorched and roasted alive."

At the same time some flax, with other combustible matter, which had been got ready, was clapped at the end of a long stick, and set on fire at a small distance from their noses, and the heat and smoke affecting the knight and his squire, "May I be hanged," quoth Sancho, "if we be not come to this fireplace you talk of, or very near it; for the half of my beard is singed already. I have a huge mind to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."

Now at last, resolving to put an end to this extraordinary adventure, which had so long entertained them successfully, the duke and duchess ordered one of their servants to give

fire to the steed's tail, and the horse, being stuffed full of squibs, crackers, and other fireworks, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise throwing the knight one way, and the squire another, both sufficiently singed. The Disconsolate Matron and the bearded regiment had disappeared from the garden, and the rest, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. When Don Quixote and Sancho got up their wonder at being surrounded only, as they thought, by corpses, was diverted by the appearance of a large stake stuck in the ground with a scroll of parchment tied to it, bearing the message:

> The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha achieved the venture of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Matron, and her companions in distress, by barely attempting it. Malambruno is fully satisfied. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have resumed their pristine shapes.

So ended the high adventure of the wooden horse. And now Sancho claimed his reward, the promised island. It happened that the duke, though he had indeed no island to bestow, was at that very time looking for a new governor for one of the townships of his domains. To this position, after he had made suitable arrangements for the sport, he now appointed the delighted Sancho.

Sancho, with a large equipage, set forth on Dapple, leaving his master behind at the castle. No sooner had he arrived in the town, which, they gave him to understand, was the island of Barataria, than he was taken to the courts of justice there to prove his fitness for the high position of governor by adjudicating in several vexed disputes between his subjects.

Sancho's native shrewdness overcame each knotty case that was brought before him. One old townsman, plaintiff, wrangling about ten crowns borrowed from another, who affirmed he had not repaid it, declared he would be satisfied if his pretending creditor swore upon the rod of justice the account had not been settled. Handing him his staff for the plaintiff to hold, the other knelt down and performed the oath. Then the defendant took his staff again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was leaving the court.

Which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had [illegible] a while with his head leaning on his stomach, and his [illegible] r on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man

with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it." Sancho took the cane, and giving it to the other, "Now go your ways," said he, "for you are paid." Then, seeing the old man's bewilderment, he ordered the staff to be broken open in court, which was no sooner done but out dropped the ten disputed crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon.

Yet, alas, Sancho soon found that the governorship of an island was fraught with inconveniences he could ill bear. They led him into the governor's palace, where a magnificent collation was prepared for him. Beside his chair stood the governor's physician. Half a hundred richly-prepared meat dishes and all kinds of delicious fruits were brought to the governor's elbow by the liveried servitors. But every time Sancho tried to help himself, with a wave of his wand the physician caused the dish to be taken away uneaten, saying it was as much as his position was worth to allow any food that might have an injurious effect to enter the precious governmental stomach.

"If it be so," said Sancho, "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat my belly full of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. As I live, I am ready to die with hunger; not to allow me to eat any victuals is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it." "Very true, my Lord," replied the physician; "however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry sort of food; nor would I have you taste of that veal: indeed, if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said, but as it is, it must not be."

And so, by order of the duke, were such pranks played upon the new governor. At last, when he had been in his "island" a week, governing with the canny wisdom of the simple country soul, a mock attack upon the island was staged, in which poor Sancho received such a battering and bruising, that after it was all over he rose silently from his bed, where they had laid him unconscious, and creeping along softly (for he was too much bruised to go along very fast), he got to the stable, followed by all the company, and coming to Dapple, he embraced the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and [illegible] tears in his eyes, "Come hither," said he, "my [illegible]

[illegible]ervants to give

faithful companion, and fellow sharer in my travels and miseries when thee and I consorted together and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture, and feed thy little carcase, then happy were my days my months, and years But since I forsook thee and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, and four thousand tribulations have haunted and worried my soul I was not born to be a governor nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them I have neither won nor lost, which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government and without a penny I leave it quite contrary to what governors of islands use to do when they leave them

And with that taking no more for his journey than half a loaf of bread and half a cheese, he went back to serve his crackpate master the Knight of the Ill favoured Countenance

Leaving the Duke s Court after several day s riding, they approached the great Sierra Morena (or black) mountains, and as they wandered farther into the rocky paths Don Quixote was transported with joy to find himself where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventures to signalize his valour, for this vastness made him call to mind the wonderful exploits that other knights errant performed in such solitudes Filled with those airy notions he thought on nothing else but Sancho was for more substantial food, and sitting sidelong, as women do upon his beast, he slily took out from the provision panier he had filched from the barber s ass, now one piece of meat then another and kept his grinders going faster than his feet

Thus occupied, they came to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself as if it had been hewn out and divided from the rest by the skirt of it glided a purling stream that softly took its winding course through an adjacent meadow The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants and flowers that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the Knight of the Ill favoured Countenance to make choice of it to perform an amorous penance

When he had told Sancho his intention 'I design, he added, " that thou shalt set forward about three days hence In the meanwhile thou shalt be a witness of what I will do for my sake, that thou mayest give her an account of it where at the deliverest her a letter I shall write' ' to set cre..' As for the three days you would have me loiter ... home ut forthwi ... set ab.. Sancho, you had by which, hind y Therewith they

make account they are already over, for I hold them for done, unsight, unseen, and will tell wonders to my Lady wherefore write you your letter, and send me away with all haste"

"Well, be it so," answered the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance "But since we have no paper, I must be obliged to write on the leaves or bark of trees, as they did in ancient times, and thou shalt get the letter fairly transcribed at the first village where thou can'st meet with a schoolmaster It is no matter as to the hand in which the letter is written; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my letters, nay, not so much as any of my writing in her life for my love and hers have always been purely Platonic, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modest look, and that, too, very seldom, so strictly Lorenzo Corchuelo, her father, and Aldonza Nagales, her mother, have kept and educated her"

"Heigh-day!" quoth Sancho, "did you ever hear the like! and is my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, at last, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that is otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"

"The same," answered Don Quixote, "and it is she that merits to be the sovereign mistress of the universe"

"Udsdaggers," quoth Sancho, "I know her full well, she is a strapping wench, in faith, pitches the bar with e'er a lusty young fellow in our parish By the mass, she is a notable, strong-built, sizable, sturdy, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her Body o' mine, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has when she sets up her throat! I saw her one day perched up on top of our steeple, to call to some ploughmen that were at work in a fallow-field and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the churchyard under her"

"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Qui
I tell thee again, that thou oughtest to bridle or
saucy, prating tongue for thou art but a dull-hea
yet now and then thy ill-mannered jests bite too sh.

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "unriddle my dull pate this
say the knights who did these penances you tell of
him um to be mad, but what reason have you to be
bruised lady ever sent you a-packing, or so much as slight
all th Why, there is the point!" cried Don Quixote
quiet ats the singular perfection of undertaking; fo
tears in ncho, for a knight-errer," said he, "my
to give

occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious, no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity There is a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! I am mad, and will be mad, until thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to my Lady Dulcinea '

'There is no need,' Don Quixote said when he had writ his letter, ' to set my name Amadis of Gaul I recollect, never signed his letters

' That s all one to me, ' quoth Sancho ' Now I intend to set forth, without seeing any of your mad tricks, and I will relate that I saw you perform so many that she can desire no more '

" Nay, said Don Quixote, ' I will have thee stay a while, Sancho, and see me stark naked, it is also absolutely necessary that thou shouldest see me practise some twenty or thirty mad gambols '

With that, slipping off his breeches and stripping himself naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then, pitching on his hands, he fetched his heels over his head twice together, and as he tumbled with his legs aloft discovered such rarities that Sancho even made haste to turn his ass s head that he might no longer see them and rode away full satisfied that he might swear his master was mad

Then, taking the direct road to Toboso the next day he arrived at an inn When he reached the door, two men happened to come out, and believing they knew him Look, master doctor," cried one to the other, ' is not that Sancho Pança, whom the housekeeper told us her master had inveigled to go along with him? The same,' answered the other Now these two happened to be Don Quixote s friends the curate and the barber

The trusty squire presently knew them and being asked about his master, ' I left him, he replied, ' frisking and doing penance in the midst of yonder mountain to his heart s content Then he gave them a full account of the business how he was then going from his master to carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo Curchuelo s daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love

The curate and the barber wondered more and more at the ... of Don Quixote s madness, and they resolved to set ... attempt to bring the poor knight back home ... y set about devising of a plan by which

playing upon the very madness of the knight, they might inveigle him to cease his penance and return to La Mancha

There happened to be staying at that inn two travellers, a young man of high birth, Don Ferdinand, and Dorothea, a young woman of as illustrious a parentage and exceeding beauty They were lovers whom various mischances had for a while parted and fate had now happily reunited at this inn To these two the barber and the curate did now tell the strange case Don Quixote was in, and after some talk conceived a design that was very well to their liking

When they had done, they called Sancho to saddle his ass, for he must now accompany the barber and a noble damsel back to the Black Mountain All this time Sancho had been sitting with the landlord, cramming his guts with his favourite dish of cow's heels, when he came in to the others and beheld the beautiful Dorothea, " Who is that fine lady? " he asked

" She is," answered the curate, " the only heiress in a direct line to the vast kingdom of Micomicon moved by the fame of your master's great exploits, that spreads itself over all Guinea, she comes to seek him out, and beg a boon of him, that is, to redress a wrong which a wicked giant has done her "

" Why, that is well," quoth Sancho, " a happy seeking and a happy finding Now, if my master be but so lucky as to right that wrong by killing that son of a whore of a giant you tell me of, I am a made man "

After the curate had once more given Dorothea her cue, she and the barber, disguised in a false beard, set off with Sancho

Thus they went on until they reached the Black Mountain and then, among the rocks, they spied Don Quixote, who had by this time put on his clothes, though not his armour Immediately, Dorothea, understanding he was the person, alighted and advanced towards the knight, and, falling on her knees before him, in spite of his endeavours to hinder her " Thrice valorous and invincible knight," said she, " never will I rise from this place till your generosity has granted me a boon, which shall redound to your honour and the relief of the most disconsolate and most injured damsel that the sun ever saw. Sir, the boon I have to beg of your magnanimous valour is, that you will be pleased to go with me instantly whither I shall conduct you, and promise me not to engage in any other adventure till you have revenged me on a traitor wh[illegible] my kingdom, contrary to all laws, both h[illegible]rtaking, [illegible]y;

" I grant you all this, lady," quoth he, " my [illegible] to give

therefore from this moment shake off all desponding thoughts and study to revive your drooping hopes, for, by the assistance of Heaven and my strenuous arm, you shall see yourself restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancestors

Having gently raised her up he embraced her with an awful grace and civility, and then called to Sancho for his arms

And now the champion being completely accoutred "Come on," said he "let us go and vindicate the rights of this dispossessed princess"

The barber was all this while upon his knees and had enough to do to keep himself from laughing, and his beard from falling, which, if it had dropped off would have betrayed his face and the whole plot at once Sancho, for his part, seeing his master in so fair a way of being next door to an emperor, many times congratulated himself on the speedy realization of his dreams, for he did not question that his master would marry that princess, and so be at least, King of Micromicon

While they rode back to the inn, Don Quixote entertained them with a long discourse extolling the profession of chivalry above that of letters, bringing his oration to a close with an eloquent plaint about the cowardly modes of warfare in modern times "Blessed were those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I am satisfied, is now in Hell, receiving the reward of his cursed invention, which is the cause that very often a cowardly, base hand takes away the life of the bravest gentleman This considered, I could almost say I am sorry at my heart for having taken upon me this profession of a knight errant in so detestable an age"

As they rode thus discoursing, they espied about a dozen men sitting on the green grass in the middle of a meadow Near them they saw several spread sheets that seemed to cover something Don Quixote rode up to the people and civilly asked them what they had got under that linen "Sir," replied one of them "they are some carved images that are to be set up at an altar we are erecting in our town" "If you please" said Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them" So one of the men uncovered a figure that happened to be St George

"This," said Don Quixote "was one of the best knights errant the divine warfare or Church Militant ever had his name was Don St George, and he was an extraordinary protector of damsels

After some other images of the Church Militant's knights had been uncovered and admired by Don Quixote, they showed a piece that represented St Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually expressed in the story of his conversion "This," said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy the Church Militant had once, and proved afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have"

Then Don Quixote, perceiving there were no other images, desired the men to cover those he had seen "And now, my good friends," said he to them, "I cannot but esteem the sight I have had of those images as a happy omen, for these saints and knights were of the same profession I follow, which is that of arms the difference only lies in this point, that they were saints and fought according to the rules of holy discipline, and I am a sinner, and fight after the manner of men They conquered Heaven by force, for Heaven is taken by violence but I, alas, cannot yet tell what I gain by the force of my labours! Yet by a happy change in my fortune, and an improvement in my understanding, I might perhaps take a better course than I do"

"Heaven grant it," quoth Sancho

Shortly afterwards they returned to the inn, and the whole company having spent two days there, the curate and the barber thought out some device to carry home Don Quixote, without putting Don Ferdinand and Dorothea to the trouble of humouring his impertinence any longer They first agreed with a wagoner that went by with his team of oxen to carry him home then had a kind of wooden cage made, so large that the knight might conveniently sit, or lie, in it Presently after, all the company of the inn disguised themselves, some with masques, others by disfiguring their faces, and the rest by change of apparel, so that Don Quixote should not take them to be the same persons This done, they all silently entered his cham where he was sleeping very soundly they immediately la hold on him so forcibly, and held his arms and legs so hard, that he was not able to stir, or do anything but stare on those odd figures which stood round him He instantly imagined himself to be enchanted and those frightful figures to be spirits and demons

They lifted him out of his bed, and placing him in the cage, shut him in and nailed the bars of it fast

In six days' time they reached the knight's village It was about noon when they entered the town, and as it happened to

thon a Sunday, all the people were assembled in the market place, through the middle of which Don Quixote must of necessity pass Everybody was curious to know what was in the cage and the people were strangely surprised when they saw and knew their townsman While they were gaping and wondering a little boy ran to the knight s house and gave intelligence to the housekeeper and niece that their master and uncle was returned stretched out at length on a bundle of hay, in a wagon, and drawn along by a team of oxen

The housekeeper and niece undressed Don Quixote and put him to bed, where he lay looking asquint but could not imagine where he was And, indeed, whether it was by reason of his exposure on the mountain or the frequent drubbings he had received Don Quixote was taken with a mortal fever

He entered into a long swoon and when he awaked, Blessed be the Almighty cried he for this great benefit he has vouchsafed to do me! Infinite are his mercies they are greater and more in number than the sins of men My judgment is returned clear and undisturbed, and that cloud of ignorance is now removed which the continual reading of those damnable books of knight errantry had cast over my understanding I find niece and thou good Sancho, that my end approaches but I would have it such that though my life has got me the character of a madman, I may deserve a better at my death

Woe s me my dear master s worship! cried Sancho all in tears, 'do not die this bout, but even take my counsel and live on many years it is the maddest trick a man can ever play in his whole life to let his breath sneak out of his body without any more ado and without so much as a rap over the pate or a kick on the guts to go out like the snuff of a farthing candle and die merely of the mulligrubs or the sullens

Soft and fair Sancho replied Don Quixote I was mad but I am now in my senses, I was once Don Quixote de La Mancha, but am now the plain Alonso Quixano and I hope the sincerity of my repentance may restore me to the same esteem you have had for me before

In short, Don Quixote s last day came and amidst the tears and lamentations of his friends he gave up the ghost Thus died that ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet his historian has not thought fit to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend for the honour of giving him birth, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer

INSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

ıs tl' ntary" novel in so far as it was th on reality Alexander Selkirk, marooned by Captain Dampier on mandez, where he remained for fo fore printed his novel, in which he had t pedestrian account of Selkirk of his nsformed it into an immediately successful t work of art

 1st of September, 1651, I went on board a ship ound for London, being then nineteen years of age and not paying any heed to the warnings of my good er, who begged me again and again not to travel abroad out to work with content near to my home in York Our family name was Kreutsnaer, for my father hailed from Bremen, but by the usual corruption of words in England we are now called Crusoe, and my name is Robinson Crusoe His warnings were not without justice, for on the voyage down from the Humber our vessel suffered shipwreck, and, though I escaped with the rest of the crew from drowning, ght have expected that after this sad adventure I ve taken my parent's advice and returned to a quiet, e

y ill fate pushed me on with an obstinacy that nothing resist, for in London I fell acquainted with a ship's aster, come very successful from Guinea and resolved to go there again He offered to carry me with him, and so I went very gladly, taking with me some toys and trifles to trade with the natives, which I bought with the help of relations Our first venture yielded much gain, and I found myself with near three hundred pounds to my credit, which made me all the more eager to travel to Guinea once more But as we sailed on our second voyage we met with a Turkish rover off Sallee, and, our ship being conquered and taken, we were brought captive into that port to be sold as slaves

After two years of captivity, during which my usage was not so terrible as I had at first apprehended, I managed to

make my escape in the following fashion My master had made it his custom to go often fishing, and for this purpose kept a well furnished boat in which he would sail with myself and two Moors to assist One day it chanced that he victualled and watered the boat for some sport with his friends, and then was unable to go yet he sent the three of us out to catch him some fish Pretending to have no success with the fishing I called on my comrades to sail farther out in the bay, which they unsuspecting, did When we were some way from the shore I seized on the Moor by surprise and tossed him clear into the sea The other Moresco, a youth I spared, bidding him swear he would help me and do as I said and so we set sail down the coast, leaving the Moor to swim as he could to land

That shore is a desolate one and filled with wild beasts At night when we cast our anchor we heard their cries and howlings besides which I greatly feared the Moors we had left and the savages who were known to dwell in those parts Yet sometimes we had to land to obtain fresh water, and while doing so once we met with a lion, which we killed and another time with a friendly negro tribe, who supplied us with corn and sweet water Of these negro people the women went as stark naked as the men Leaving my friendly negroes we made forward for about eleven days, the sea being very calm Yet a great point stood out before us, which we must round, and this I concluded, to be somewhere about the Cape de Verd Islands While I sat at the helm debating whether to take the risk to go thither, Xury, the boy, came running to me and cried out, Master, a sail!

This was a Portuguese ship bound for the Brazils the captain of which took us up and received me very kindly and would not take anything of me, though I offered him my boat and everything in it out of gratitude for my deliverance No no Senhor Ingles (Mr Englishman) says he, I will carry you thither in charity, and these things will help to buy your subsistence there, and your passage home again

And so it fell out, for when we had come to the Brazils I found I had about two hundred and twenty pieces of eight of all my cargo, and with this stock I went on shore There I very soon became a planter of crops, which first of all went to feed me, and afterwards of tobacco, by which I made a fair profit, so that I thought to make ready a large plot of ground for the planting of sugar canes So four years passed

in which time I had contracted a friendship among my fellow-planters, to whom, in many discourses, I gave account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea and of the manner of trading there for gold dust, Guinea grains, elephants' teeth, and Negroes From this it came about that I, together with certain merchants, decided to fit our own ship and sail over to Guinea, there to buy slaves, which were hard otherwise to obtain. This was a fair enough proposition, it must be confessed, for any one that had not a settlement and plantation of his own to look after, but I, that was born to be my own destroyer, could no more resist the offer, than I could restrain my first rambling designs, when my father's good counsel was lost upon me In a word I obeyed the dictates of my fancy, rather than my reason, and, accordingly, the ship, being fitted out, and the cargo finished, I went on board in an evil hour again, the first of September, 1659

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons' burden, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself, well stocked with such toys as were fit for our trade, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like In about twelve days we had crossed the Line, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado took us quite out of our knowledge, which blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us whithersoever fate and the fury of the winds directed

On the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master found that he was got upon the coast of Guiana, beyond the river Amazon, toward that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River He was for turning back to Brazil, the ship leaking and much disabled, but I was against this and counselled him to make for Barbadoes in the circle of the Carribee islands, and this we did, steering N W by W, the wind still blowing very hard, when early one morning one of our men cried, Land! At the same time almost our ship struck on a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her so that we all were driven into our cabins

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful

condition indeed, and had nothing to do, but to think of saving our lives as well as we could We had a boat on board (the other, towed at our stern, had been staved) but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing At last we flung her over the side and all got in committing ourselves to God s mercy for the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore As to making sail we had none so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts like men going to execution, for we all knew that the boat would shortly be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea on shore And so it came to pass, for presently a raging wave mountain like, came rolling astern of us taking us with such fury it overset the boat at once separating us as well from the boat as from each other, so that all were swallowed up in a moment

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water, for though I swam very well, yet the waves would not let me draw breath, till that great wave laid me high on the land, almost dry but half dead with the water I took in I had presence of mind to get on my feet and endeavour to make towards the mainland as fast as I could, but the sea came after me, high as a great hill and furious as an enemy I tried to hold my breath raising myself on the water my greatest concern being that the wave might not draw me back into the sea

It buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, sweeping me with mighty force towards the shore till I was ready to burst with holding my breath when of a sudden I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water, and finding the wave had spent itself and was about to return I struck forward and felt ground beneath my feet As I took to my heels the sea came pouring after me again and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward and finally dashed down upon a rock, which was like to have ended my troubles, for it left me senseless and helpless Yet I recovered a little before the water s return and laid hold on a piece of rock, and so held till the wave abated, then fetched another run, and so got at last to the mainland, where to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs and sat upon the grass free from danger, and quite out of reach of the water

I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are, when it is so saved,

as I may say, out of the grave I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance, reflecting upon my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself For, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows Yet soon I found my comforts abate, for I was wet, had nothing to eat or drink, or any prospect but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box, so that all the remedy that offered to my thoughts was to get up into a thick bushy tree, there to spend the night But first I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy, and so, cutting a short club for my defence, I mounted into my tree and quickly fell fast asleep

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off from the sand and driven up almost as far as that rock against which I had been dashed and to my grief I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had all been saved This forced tears to my eyes, yet I resolved, if possible, now to get to the ship, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use So I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took to the water; and, coming to the ship, after some search found a small rope by the fore-chains, with which I managed to raise myself into the forecastle You may be sure my first work was to search for what was left unspoiled, and, first, I found all the ship's provisions dry, from which I helped myself to biscuit and a dram of rum, and afterwards sought means to carry my many necessities to the shore

The boats had gone, yet with some spare yards, topmasts, and large spars of wood, I formed a raft, on which I placed three seamen's chests, well stuffed with bread, rice, cheeses, some pieces of dried goat's flesh and a little corn, which, with some cases of cordials and rack, the carpenter's chest, and some firearms and powder, I paddled safely to shore My next work was to view the country, where I was I knew not, whether on the continent or an island, whether inhabited or not inhabited Therefore I took a pistol and a horn of powder, and travelled up to the top of a nearby hill, wherefrom I

saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz, that I was on an island, environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen So I came back to my raft, and brought my cargo to land, with which I barricaded myself for the night against wild beasts, though, as I afterwards found, there was no need for these fears

On the next day I went again to the ship, and brought back all the men s clothes I could find, together with many other things, which I thought might be useful to me and so went again and again, bringing everything back that I could, among which were some thirty six pounds in money, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver On the thirteenth day since I had come ashore, in the evening it blew very hard and all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen[1] I was a little surprised, but very satisfied that I had lost no time to get every thing out of her and henceforth wholly employed myself about securing myself against savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts if any were in the island

In search for a proper place for my dwelling I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill with a hollow place worn a little way into the rock Here I resolved to pitch my tent, and drove two rows of strong stakes in a half circle between which I laid lengths of ship s cable one above the other until I had formed a stout wall For entrance to this place I made no door, but a ladder over the top, which ladder I lifted over after me, so was I completely fenced in and fortified against the world, with all my goods safe within While this was doing I went out at least once every day with my gun, and presently discovered there were goats upon the island, yet shy and very swift of foot however, soon by subtlety I learned how best to come on them and shoot them unawares

After I had been in my new habitation about twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should very soon lose my reckoning of time, and even forget the sabbath days from the working days but, to prevent this I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross I set it upon the shore, viz, ' I came on shore here on the 30th of September 1659 Upon the sides of this post I cut every day a notch with my knife and thus I kept my calendar

When I found I was pretty safe as to the beasts of prey, I worked sideways into the rock behind my pale, which was

of a loose, sandy kind, and made me a door to come out on the outside, and now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as a chair and a table, which I did with much labour (for I had never before handled a tool in my life) from pieces of board from the ship; and shelves, too, along one side of my cave, on which I bestowed my possessions in order And now it was that I began to keep a journal of every day's employment, my mind being more composed; for at first I would often climb to the hilltop to gaze out to sea, and thinking I saw a sail, weep like a child when I found that my fancy erred, increasing thus my misery by my folly But, having gotten over these things in some measure, and my household in some way settled, I began my journal, and kept it as long as I could, till I had no more ink

One day, going down to the seaside, I found a large tortoise, or turtle, which I killed and cooked, and found in her three-score eggs and her flesh was to me the most savoury and pleasant that I had ever tasted About this time it came on to rain, very chilly, which gave me an ague, so that for five or six days I lay sick in my den, scarce able to move and troubled with horrible dreams Yet after the rain a wondrous thing came to pass, for I found that some corn I had brought and spilled on the ground had started to sprout and grew well, and this I saved, resolving to plant a small field I had been in this unhappy island above ten months, when I began to take a more particular survey, and followed a brook which led me through many pleasant savannahs and woods, where I discovered much wild tobacco, aloes, sugar-cane, limes, lemons, and the most excellent ripe, rich grapes These grapes I hung up in the trees to cure in the sun to be raisins

In this season, I was much surprised with the increase of my family, for the cats I had brought from the ship now had kittens, fathered by wild ones, and so in the end I became so pestered with cats that I was forced to kill them like vermin or drive them away I had also a dog, and to these creatures that had come with me I added several others, viz, a parrot which became tame and dwelt in a cage I had made, and kids which my dog helped me catch, which I kept to give butter and milk, and flesh when my powder was spent It was now that I began sensibly to feel how much more happy the life I now led was, with all its miserable circumstances, than the wicked, cursed, abominable life I led all the past part of my days. I began to exercise myself with new thoughts,

I daily read the word of God and applied all the comforts of it to my present state One morning, being very sad, I opened the Bible upon these words, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee' and from this moment I began to conclude that it was possible for me to be more happy in this forsaken, solitary condition, than it was probable I should ever have been in any other particular state of the world

Yet aware of the dangers of my condition and that I might fall into the hands of savages, I began to attempt to make for myself a canoe or periagua of the trunk of a great tree Much trouble I had, felling a cedar tree and working upon it without fire but with hammer and chisel Many a weary stroke it cost, you may be sure, and when it was done and nothing remained but to get it into the water I could not budge it an inch! So there it stayed, where I had made it and I saw, too late, the folly of beginning to work before we count the cost but afterwards, nevertheless, I made myself a smaller canoe in which I could sail round my island though not any farther afield because of the dangerous currents and winds

Four years had passed since I came to the island before this mad task was completed, and now I came to look on the world as a thing remote, as a place I had lived in, but was come out of it and well might I say, as Father Abraham to Dives Between me and thee is a great gulf fixed And so I lived on there nourishing myself on my crops, which throve very well, and on flesh of goats turtles and sea fowl For clothing my own being rotten, I furnished myself with a waistcoat and breeches of goatskin, with a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside, to shoot off the rain, and to keep off the burning sun I made an umbrella of goatskin Thus I lived mighty comfortably, my mind being entirely composed by resigning to the will of God It would have made a stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner, how like a king I dined too all alone, attended by my servants Poll, as if he had been my favourite was the only person permitted to talk to me My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, and had found no species to multiply his kind upon, sat always at my right hand and two cats, one on either side of the table, expecting now and then a bit from my hand

As for my appearance, the colour of my complexion was really not so mulatto like as one might expect from a man

not at all careful of it My beard I had cut pretty short, except my mustachios, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, of which I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful

It happened one day, when I had been many years on the island, that going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, very plain in the sand I stood like one thunderstruck, I listened, I looked round me; I went up the shore and down the shore, yet saw no other impression but that one How it came thither, I knew not, but, after innumerable fluttering thoughts, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. After a sleepless night I began searching the island, having closely secured my flock out of any danger, and, wandering more to its west point than ever yet I had been, I looked out to sea and thought I saw a boat at a very great distance When I was come to the shore I was perfectly confounded and amazed, nor is it possible for me to express the horror I felt, at seeing the sands spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies, and, particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made in a round hole, where I supposed the savage wretches of cannibals, come from the mainland, had cooked and eaten their prisoners taken in war

It would take up a larger volume to set down all the contrivances I hatched for the destroying these creatures, or at least frightening them from coming hither any more, but at last I decided to place myself in ambush, with three guns all double-loaded, and, in the middle of their bloody ceremony, let fly at them all With this purpose therefore I fixed on a hollow tree, wherein I might lie concealed close by their feasting place, and every day made my tour to the top of the hill, to watch for their vessels, yet nearly three years went by and I never saw them again

It was in the twenty-sixth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitude that I was surprised, one morning early, with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side From the top of my house I observed, with the aid of my perspective glass, that the cannibals numbered no less

than thirty, that they had a fire kindled and meat ready dressed While they danced round it with many barbarous gestures I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats for the slaughter One they knocked down with a club, promptly cutting him open but the other broke from their hands and ran with incredible swiftness directly towards me, with two of his captors behind him I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, and hastened towards them, putting myself by a short cut between the pursued and pursuers hallooing to him who fled and beckoning him with my hand In the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed, then rushed at once on the foremost and knocked him down with my gunstock The other would have shot me with his bow and arrow, had I not aimed with my firelock and killed him

The poor savage who fled had stopped, so frightened with the noise and fire of my piece that he stood stock still I hallooed and beckoned to him again, and so at last he came nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, kissing the ground, and, finally, taking me by the foot, set my foot on his head

He was a comely, handsome fellow, about twenty six years of age, with a very good countenance not a fierce and surly aspect His skin was a bright dun olive colour his nose small, not flat like the Negroes In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me, and, first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life I likewise taught him to say Master and then let him know that was to be my name I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone and pulling out my glass I saw their canoes had gone and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search

When we went down to the place where their cruel feast had been, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with their blood and great pieces of flesh left here and there, half eaten mangled, and scorched I caused Friday to gather up all the bones, flesh and whatever else remained, to burn them, and when he had done this, we came back to our castle So it was that at last I had a companion to comfort my loneliness, and there on my island I lived with my good savage Friday and I think that this was the pleasantest time of the life I had in this place

Having taught him English so well that he could answer me almost any question, I discovered that this our island was situated in the gulf of the Oroonoko river, not far from the great island of Trinidad, and that his people were Caribs. In my turn I told my man Friday of England and Europe, of our fashion of living, how we worshipped God, and how I had come to be shipwrecked He said that, not long since, seventeen white men had been shipwrecked and were dwelling now with his tribe I made no doubt these were Spaniards or Portuguese, and mightily wished I could meet them And with this in my mind we set to fashion a boat, a great canoe which could easily hold twenty people, and filled it with stores and were almost ready to sail, when Friday came running to me and cries, O master! O sorrow! O bad! What's the matter, Friday? says I O yonder, there, says he, one, two three, canoe, one, two three! So I took my perspective glass and saw that three canoes had been beached, with one and twenty savages and three prisoners among them; and one of these prisoners I saw to be a European

Then Friday and I armed ourselves well and made our approach to the cannibals, and when we were close let fly, knocking down ten at one time with our swanshot and small pistol-bullets Only three made their escape, and the rest were all slain, and when I was able I cut the flags which bound their white prisoner, and found him to be a Spaniard, and one of those very Spaniards of which my man Friday had told me But a greater marvel yet waited, for the other prisoner of the three, of whom two only still lived, we discovered to be Friday's father; for he and the Spaniard had been taken captive in battle It would have moved any one into tears to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed, hallooed, danced and sung

I found these two additions to my small society to be men of good will and sincerity, and, having talked with them, we decided at last that those two should go in my boat, and bring back the other Spaniards from the mainland, where, they told me, these white men suffered much hardship But before any came, said I, they must swear to obey me utterly and stand by me firmly in all things, and this oath, I said, must be written and signed And so they set sail, with provision of raisins and bread for their journey

But it was no less than eight days I had waited for them when a strange and unforeseen accident intervened I was

fast asleep in my hutch, one morning when my man Friday came running into me, calling Master, Master, a ship! I jumped up and, regardless of danger, went unarmed and saw a ship lying at an anchor, not a league and a half from the shore

I cannot express the confusion I was in, though the joy of seeing a ship was such that I cannot describe, yet I did not move from my place as yet, for I knew not if those who were in it were men of good heart It was well that I acted thus for presently I saw a boat come ashore, which had eleven men in it, and three of them prisoners whom the others served very badly

When their captors had mounted inland I stole up close to these prisoners and asked who they were They said they were Englishmen the commander, the mate, and the passenger off the ship, whose crew had mutinied and had come to maroon them here

Look you, sir, said I to the captain, if I venture upon your deliverance, are you willing to make two conditions, that if I put arms in your hands you will do no prejudice to me or mine, and if the ship is recovered you will carry me and my man to England passage free?

He gave me all the assurance that the invention or faith of man could devise, whereupon I set him and his two comrades free and gave them some arms leading them to where their enemies waited, on whom we fired such a volley that those who were spared quickly surrendered to us

So at last nothing stood in my way to prevent my returning to England and Friday and I went very gladly on board, taking with us, for reliques, my great goatskin cap, my umbrella, and one of my parrots, not forgetting my money as well The mutinous rebel captain we hanged at the yard arm, and left three more of the worst to stay on the island, and after that we set sail, and came without trouble to England, after I had been thirty five years away, the 11th of June in the year 1687 There I found myself to be master of above five thousand pounds stirling (mostly produced from my estate in Brazil) together with an assured income of a thousand pounds a year from my plantation In a word I was in a condition which I scarce knew how to understand, or how to compose myself for the enjoyment of it, thereafter living most happily with Friday my man for my servant

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

By FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

"The Brothers Karamazov" is not only one of the greatest novels ever written It is also an attempt to survey the entire life of civilized man in relation to his main problems—religion, love, money, the future of society, etc, etc Obviously themes so vast cannot be dealt with in a brief summary Readers are strongly recommended to peruse the book itself in order to form a true estimate of the amazing range and grandeur of Dostoevsky's genius What is given below outlines the enthralling story of crime and passion which is the foreground, as it were, to the author's magnificent tableau of all humanity groping towards the light

"IVAN, my dear boy, if only you'll go to Tchermashnya and sell that property for me, I'll give you the sweetest little wench in all Russia She's running around barefoot, it's true, but she's a beauty Don't despise these girls from the slums, they're pearls of joy he! he! he!" tittered Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov, his beady old eyes shining with delight as he poured out with unsteady hand another glass of brandy

Ivan glanced at his father with ill-concealed disgust "Why can't you go to Tchermashnya yourself?" he demanded

"Because there's a very urgent matter here that requires—he! he!—my *personal* attention"

Ivan exchanged a significant look with his younger brother, Alyosha, who that evening had obtained special leave from the monastery in order to visit his father

An observer would have failed to notice any sign of the relationship linking this strangely assorted trio—unless it were the air of freedom, almost of wildness, in their demeanour, which, according to local gossip, was said to mark all the Karamazovs Old Fyodor Karamazov was a wealthy landowner, whose long devotion to avarice, drink and sensuality revealed itself in piercing little eyes, bloated and empurpled cheeks, and full, slobbering lips Ivan, who at twenty-four had already made his mark as a brilliant journalist, had the sharp, cold face, cynical manner and polished bearing of a man

of the world Alyosha, four years younger than his brother, was preparing to become a monk, though any hint of asceticism or pride suggested by his cassock was belied at once by his fresh ruddy cheeks, merry eyes and expression of simple good nature

Alyosha and Ivan knew only too well why Fyodor Pavlovitch refused to go to Tchermashnya They also knew that the very urgent matter which kept him at home would almost certainly involve their father and their elder brother, Mitya in a conflict that might end in death

Mitya Karamazov had been a lieutenant in the army until his dissolute life forced him to resign his commission He had saved a general from disgrace, and out of gratitude this general s daughter, Katerina Ivanovna, become engaged to Mitya

But the eldest Karamazov inherited in full measure the fever in the blood of his father Mitya insulted Katerina abominably He spent on carousals with prostitutes half the sum of three thousand roubles she asked him to send to her sister in Moscow At last he abandoned her completely and became madly infatuated with the lovely Grushenka the former mistress of a Polish officer

Then suddenly old Fyodor Karamazov himself had fallen a prey to the insidious charms of Grushenka Perhaps the knowledge that she was already his son s beloved fanned the flame of his desire, but in any case he burned with unashamed torment to possess her He had told Gruskenka that if she would come to him for just one single night he would reward her with three thousand roubles waiting for her in an envelope under his pillow Mitya raging with jealousy was watching his father s house night and day

I never thought a woman ugly in my life, said old Karamazov, between hiccoughs ' You can t understand that, eh my boys my little sucking pigs You ve milk in your veins not blood Even *vieilles filles* can show you a trick or two that ll entrance you Listen, I used to have some queer fun with your poor deceased mother I d crawl on my hands and knees and kiss her feet until she began to laugh a tinkling little delicious laugh you never heard anything like it, and a few minutes later it would have grown into hysteria and she d be screaming as if she were in the throes of joy I always had to take her to the monastery after one of those do s before I could bring her to her senses The blessed Fathers prayed her back to reason Religious wasn t the word for it with your poor

mother, when the feasts of Our Lady were on, she wouldn't even let me into her bedroom. I'll knock the bloody mysticism out of her, thinks I one night. 'Here,' says I, 'you see your Holy Image? You believe it's miraculous? Then watch me spit on it, and you'll see nothing'll happen to me.' Good Lord, I thought for a moment she would kill me. But she only jumped up, wrung her hands, then suddenly hid her face in them, began trembling all over and fell on the floor ... all in a heap, writhing and ... Alyosha, Alyosha, what on earth's the matter?"

The old man sprang to his feet in alarm. Alyosha had jumped up from his seat exactly as his mother was said to have done, wrung his hands, hid his face in them, and fallen back in his chair, shaking all over in a paroxysm of violent, silent weeping.

"Ivan! Ivan! Water quickly!" cried old Karamazov. "It's like her, the spit and image of what she used to be in her religious fits, his mother. Spurt some water on him from your mouth, that's what I used to do with her. He's upset about his mother," he muttered.

"She was my mother, too, I believe," said Ivan icily. Points of fire glimmered in his dark, indolent eyes. The old man shrank back from him so hurriedly that he knocked over his chair.

"Your mother?" he mumbled uncertainly. "Was she? ... Why, damn it, of course she was. Excuse me, why, I was almost thinking Ivan ... he! he! he!" A drunken, half-senseless grin screwed up his lips.

At that moment a fearful clamour arose in the hall, there were loud shouts, the door of the dining-room was flung open, and a man burst into the room. He was about twenty-eight years old, of powerful build, but with pale, sunken cheeks. His thick black hair fell in disorder over his flushed forehead, and his large dark eyes shone with a gleam of madness as they met the terrified eyes of Fyodor Pavlovitch.

"He'll kill me! He'll kill me!" screamed the old man, flinging his arms around Ivan's neck. "Don't let Mitya get at me!"

Mitya rushed forward into the room. "She's here!" he yelled. "I saw her turn towards the house just now, but I couldn't catch her. Where is she? Where is she?"

He ran to the double door that led to the inner apartments. They were locked. Mitya seized a chair and smashed them open, then vanished into the corridor.

'Ivan! Alyosha!" quavered old Karamazov "She's here! Grushenka's here! Mitya saw her go into the house himself He smacked his lips noisily and lurched towards the double doors

'Come back you old lecher!' Ivan shouted "He'll tear you to pieces You've seen for yourself she hasn't come

Mitya suddenly reappeared in the dining room He had found the other entrance locked and also all the windows of the other rooms, so that Grushenka could neither have come in anywhere nor gone out

'Hold him! shrieked old Karamazov 'He's stolen the money from under my pillow' And, tearing himself from Ivan's grasp, he rushed up to Mitya Mitya flung him with a crash to the floor, turned round, and heeled him savagely in the face Ivan and Alyosha leapt upon him and strove to drag him away from their inert and moaning father

'You've killed him' cried Ivan

Mitya freed himself with an effort, and stared wildly at his brothers 'No such luck! he gasped 'But I'll be back before long to finish the job' He glanced at Alyosha with imploring eyes 'Alyosha, you're the only one I can believe Was she here just now, or not?

"I swear she's not been here, and no one expected her, said Alyosha

Without a word, Mitya turned and ran from the room, dashing aside two servants who had tried to hold him when he entered the house Old Grigory the butler, pressed a blood stained handkerchief to his head as he came forward to his master He was followed by a thin and pimply youth named Smerdyakov, who acted as Fyodor Karamazov's valet and cook

Ivan and Grigory lifted their father to his feet and seated him in an armchair His face streamed with blood They bathed and dressed the wound removed his clothes, and put him to bed Suddenly the old man opened his eyes "She's here! She *must* be here! he wheezed A hideous leer of ecstasy twitched his features Then he lost consciousness again

Ivan turned to Alyosha "If I hadn't pulled Mitya away he'd have done for him, he said

God forbid! cried Alyosha, shuddering

'Why should He forbid? said Ivan with a smile 'It would only have been a case of one reptile devouring another

When Alyosha had done all he could to ensure his father was

comfortable, he left the house to return to the monastery Ivan departed much later. Just as he was going out of the gate, he was stopped by Smerdyakov.

"Well?" snapped Ivan He had always detested this sly and weedy youth, though everyone else pitied him, for he was a prey to epileptic seizures Old Karamazov was very fond of him, perhaps because he had wonderful skill as a cook, perhaps because there was some truth in the popular rumour, impossible to prove or disprove, that Smerdyakov was his natural son

"I'm in an awful plight, Mr Ivan," muttered Smerdyakov. "Your brother, Mr Mitya, and your esteemed father are both, saving your presence, quite crazy. Not a night passes but what the old man is roaming the house and worrying me every minute with 'Has she come? Why hasn't she come?' And on the other side it's no better As soon as it's dark, your brother comes up to me and hisses, 'Keep a sharp look-out, your dirty little soup-maker If you miss her, or don't let me know the moment she arrives, I'll crush you like a fly.' Both of them are getting angrier and angrier Sometimes I think I'll die of sheer fright You see, whether Grushenka comes or not, Mr Mitya is sure to murder the old man at the first opportunity, so that he can steal the money from his bedroom Mr Mitya hasn't a rouble left of his own, and he needs the three thousand to carry off Grushenka to some distant part of the country"

"What do you expect me to do about it?" rasped Ivan

"Go to Tchermashnya to-morrow as your father wishes. Alyosha will be at the monastery The old man wants you both out of the way when Grushenka comes."

"And I suppose you and Grigory will be more than a match for my rather impulsive brother?"

"No Old Grigory would sleep through the Last Trump As for myself, I shall have a bad attack of epilepsy to-morrow night that will last until dawn"

"How do you know that?"

"I can always tell when a fit's coming on"

"H'm In that case it's certainly my duty to remain here and protect my father, instead of going to Tchermashnya"

"I beg you to reflect more carefully upon the position, Mr. Ivan Your father has confided to me his intention to marry Grushenka in the near future If he does so, his sons will, of course, be disinherited But in the unfortunate event of his



C t y Reu on F lm

Mitya Karamazov —An illustration to The Brothers Karamazov



Barkis and Sam Pegotty —A scene from " David Copperfield "

death before marriage, there would be forty thousand roubles for each of you

Ivan s face hardened ' You ve got everything weighed up, haven t you?' he said slowly

" Then you will go to Tchermashnya, Mr Ivan?

" I ll think it over you little rat, ' snarled Ivan, as he strode away into the darkness

Next morning Ivan set out for Tchermashnya

* * * * *

Grushenka lived with her maid, Fenya, in a small wooden lodge near the cathedral square An hour after dusk had fallen on the following evening Fenya was sewing in the kitchen when Mitya threw open the door, dashed into every room in the lodge in turn, then came back to Fenya and cried, ' Where is she? '

Then, without giving the terror stricken girl a moment to reply he fell at her feet, sobbing ' Fenya, for Christ s sake, tell me, where is she

" I don t know, Mitya Fyodorovitch, I don t know You may kill me but I can t tell you '

' You re lying ' shouted Mitya ' Your guilty fear tells me where she is On the table stood a mortar with a small brass pestle Mitya snatched up the pestle and rushed into the street

He crossed a square ran down a long avenue, over a little bridge, and along a deserted lane, until he came to the high fence that surrounded his father s garden He made a desperate leap, managed to grasp the top of the fence and swung himself aloft

' Yes the old man s bedroom is lighted up She s there all right ' he muttered to himself Without a sound, he lowered himself to the lawn, and crept slowly forward over the soft grass, listening to every tiptoed step he made It took him five minutes to reach the lighted window He tapped on it gently then slipped into the shadow of a high elderberry bush

The window opened with a jerk and revealed old Fyodor standing there brightly illumined by the slanting rays of a lamp inside the room He was wearing a new striped silk dressing gown open at the neck to show a clean dandified shirt of fine linen with gold studs

The old man thrust his head forward and began gazing in all directions " Grushenka, is it you? Is it you? he

cooed in a trembling half-whisper "Where are you, my dove? I've a little present for you"

"He means the three thousand roubles in the envelope," thought Mitya, and the vision of what he could do with the money ran like fire through his brain

"But where are you?" whispered the old man hoarsely, leaning forward and almost climbing out of the window in his eagerness

He was within arm's reach of Mitya His father's low, receding forehead, hooked nose, slobbering lips, double chins and pendent Adam's apple were emphasized revoltingly by the light from the lamp A surge of loathing whelmed Mitya's heart He drew the pestle from his pocket

A red mist swam before his eyes For the next few minutes he knew no more until he was gasping and stumbling his way across the lawn He reached the fence, sprang up, and had dragged himself nearly over it when he felt someone clutch his leg and heard the agonized, choking voice of old Grigory

"Murderer!"

Mitya's arm flashed down like lightning The old servant fell with a moan Mitya stared at him for a moment, then dropped down beside him Mitya suddenly realized he was holding a brass pestle in his hand, he looked at it in surprise, then flung it away from him

He knelt down beside Grigory The old servant's head was spattered with blood Mitya pulled out his handkerchief and tried to staunch the flow The handkerchief was soaked instantly "I've killed him!" thought Mitya in a spasm of terror He rushed to the fence, vaulted over, and sprinted madly down the lane and into the town There was now only one glint of purpose in his soul—to see Grushenka once more before eternal chaos closed over him

* * * * *

Fenya was sitting with her grandmother in the kitchen when Mitya ran in and seized her by the throat

"Speak now or die!" he roared "Where is she?"

Both women squealed Fenya shrank back into her chair and her eyes bulged as Mitya's fingers closed inexorably round her throat "Aie! I'll tell you!" she gasped "Aie! you're choking me, Mitya darling She's gone to Mokroe, to her officer"

"What officer?" snarled Mitya

"Why, the Polish gentleman, the one that threw her over five years ago Your friends Kalganov and Maximov are with her They're all meeting at Trifon Borissovitch's place Aie, Mitya, you look so wild, you're not going to murder her, darling?

But Mitya was already outside the street and dashing across the square to Plotnikov's great store "Get me horses and a cart at once,' he yelled to the astonished proprietor And I want plenty of champagne—three dozen bottles I'm going to Mokroe—there's twenty roubles for the driver if he can get there before midnight!" He pulled a sheaf of notes from his pocket The proprietor noticed that some of them were stained with blood

* * * * *

"Aie!" shrieked Grushenka, as Mitya entered the blue room of Trifon Borissovitch's hotel at Mokroe She was a tall, blonde girl of twenty two, with that soft fullness of beauty that blooms so early in Russian women and dies so young Her face was peculiarly white and had faint pink tinges in the cheeks

She was seated on a low chair Facing her on a long sofa were Kalganov, a fair haired and handsome student, Maximov, a middle aged landowner, who had recently lost his fortune, and a sturdy little man who looked very annoyed as Mitya came in This was the Polish officer, Musyalovitch, for whom Grushenka had yearned so pitifully during the past five years His companion, a huge dark man called Vrublevsky, was standing behind Grushenka's chair and leaning over her

'Gentlemen, began Mitya in a loud voice but stammering at every word, "I beg of you to let me remain here with you till morning I'm—I'm a fellow traveller to eternity! I—there's nothing the matter,' he added, turning to Grushenka, who had shrunk back in her chair

Sir, this is a private party There are other rooms,' said the stout little Pole, removing the pipe from his mouth

Mitya turned and addressed the two Poles Gentlemen, forgive my intrusion, he pleaded 'I wanted to spend a last night with my adored my queen Forgive me, gentlemen he cried wildly 'I flew here and vowed Come, let's all be friends I've brought floods of champagne Look, the servants are bringing it in now Let's drink to Poland!

Trifon Borissovitch the innkeeper, followed by waiters, brought in Mitya's bottles and began pouring out champagne

for the party They clinked their glasses and drank to Poland

"Open more bottles!" shouted Mitya "And now we'll drink to Russia Let us be brothers!"

The tall dark Pole raised his glass "To Russia," he said ironically, "as she was before 1772"

Mitya flushed "You've insulted my country," he cried.

"Silence! I won't have any quarrelling, do you hear?" said Grushenka imperiously She stamped her foot

"Gentlemen, forgive me," muttered Mitya "It was all my fault I'm sorry Ah, you've a pack of cards Come on, who'll take the bank?"

An hour later, Mitya had lost two hundred roubles to the Poles Kalganov stretched out his hand and swept the cards from the table "I won't let you go on playing, Mitya," he shouted drunkenly "You've lost more than enough already"

"Why, damn you——" began Mitya

Grushenka put her hand on his arm "He's right," she said with a curious note in her voice "Don't play any more"

A sudden inspiration came to Mitya as he saw the look in Grushenka's eyes He rose to his feet and tapped Musyalovitch on the shoulder "Come into the next room, my dear sir," he said, "I've something to say to you Bring your bodyguard, too," he added, with a glance at the big dark Pole

He led the Poles into a room on the right "Listen, my good sir," he said in a low, tense voice to Musyalovitch "Take three thousand roubles from me and go to the devil I'll get your coats, they'll harness the horses immediately, and you can clear off without anyone being the wiser"

The two Poles strode back into the other room

"Grushenka," said Musyalovitch haughtily, "I have received a mortal insult I came here to forgive the past——"

"*You!*" cried Grushenka, leaping from her seat. "*You* came here to forgive *me*!"

"Yes. I've always been soft-hearted But I was astounded when you allowed your lover to join our party And that isn't all He has just offered me three thousand roubles to leave at once I spat in his face!"

"What? He offered you money for me?" cried Grushenka hysterically "Is it true, Mitya? How dare you? Am I for sale? Of course he refused it?"

"He took it! He took it!" yelled Mitya, "only he wanted

the whole three thousand at once, and I could only give him five hundred down!

Grushenka sank down on her chair ' I see it all now,' she said in a toneless voice ' He heard I had money, and so he came here to *forgive* me and graciously offer me his hand in marriage

"Grushenka," thundered the red faced little Pole, 'I intended to forget the past and make you my wife But now I find you a different woman—perverse, yes and shameless!"

"Oh, go back where you came from, said Grushenka dully "I ve been a fool, a fool, to have tormented myself for five years over a creature like you You re so old and fat you might be your own father Where on earth did you get that wig from? My God, and I used to adore you! I ve been crying my eyes out for five years And all the time it was Mitya I loved but I was so stupid I never realized it until now Yes, he is the only man in the world for me Forgive me, Mitya I have tortured you beyond endurance But now I throw myself at your feet I will devote the rest of my life to you I shall love you for ever We are going to be so happy, *happy*!'

There was a sharp knocking at the door Kalganov rose to his feet and opened it A tall, stout man in the uniform of a police captain walked into the middle of the room

Mitya Fyodorovitch Karamazov ' he said sternly, "I arrest you for the murder of your father"

* * * * *

He is innocent," said Alyosha

'What proof have you? ' asked Ivan

"He told me so himself," answered Alyosha, who had just returned from a visit to Mitya in prison, and I believe him Ivan, when they arrested him he did not even know our father had been murdered He thought they must have mistaken Grigory for father He was terribly worried about Grigory until they told him the wound was not serious and he would recover

How is Smerdyakov?

"Very ill indeed The fit went on until dawn and left him completely exhausted Then the awful news——

'I ll go along and see him, interrupted Ivan

"He s at Maria Kondratyevna s house There was no one left to look after him at father s said Alyosha

The two brothers arranged to meet the following day

Ivan set off for Smerdyakov's apartment in the home of Maria Kondratyevna

Smerdyakov was lying on an old sofa in his dressing-gown He looked wan as a spectre His eyes were deep-sunken and had blue pouches under them

" I am sorry to find you so ill," began Ivan.

Smerdyakov gazed at him in surprise " You don't look at all well yourself," he murmured " You've gone paler—and your hands are trembling Why are you so uneasy, Mr Ivan? Is it because the trial begins to-morrow? Go home, go to bed and sleep in peace There's nothing to be afraid of"

"I don't understand you," said Ivan, astounded " Why should I be afraid?"

" I won't say anything about you," Smerdyakov whispered. " There are no proofs at all . . I say, how your hands are quivering! Go home and sleep and don't be afraid Nothing will happen to you "

Ivan sprang to his feet and seized him by the shoulders " Tell me everything, you cur, tell me everything!"

Smerdyakov riveted his eyes on Ivan with insane hatred " Well, it was you who murdered him, wasn't it?" he hissed

Ivan sank back on his chair with a mirthless laugh " You mean because I went away to Tchermashnya and left the old man without a defender?"

Smerdyakov's eyes opened wide " What's the use of keeping up this farce with each other?" he muttered " Are you trying to throw it all on me, and to my face at that! *You* are the real murderer I was only your instrument, your faithful servant, and it was following your words I did it"

Ivan's blood turned cold " You . did . . what?"

" Why, bashed his head in, of course Look!" Smerdyakov fumbled inside his dressing-gown, pulled out a bundle of notes and flung them on the table Ivan saw there were three packets, each containing ten hundred-rouble notes.

" How did you do it?" asked Ivan mechanically His face had gone white as a sheet

" At eight o'clock last night I fell down the cellar steps in a fit—a sham one, naturally Grigory carried me to my bed, which, as you know, is separated from his own by a partition I dozed a bit and awoke to hear the master shouting, ' Mitya's been He's run away! He's killed Grigory!' I dressed and ran out into the garden I found Grigory lying senseless near the fence ' Now's my chance to finish off old Karama-

zov' I thought 'Mitya's done one job, everyone'll think the other's his as well

"I hurried back to the master's room He was standing by the open window 'Grushenka's here,' I whispered You should have seen his face He looked as if he would fall over himself with excitement 'Where, where?' he gabbled 'Why, in that bush, I said she's laughing at you, can't you see her?' He leaned right out of the window I picked up the iron paper weight from his table—you know the one it weighs three pounds—and crashed it down into his skull He didn't even cry out I hit him twice more to make sure Then I had a good look at myself Not a spot of blood on me anywhere I wiped the paper weight and hid it where no one'll ever find it don't you worry Then I grabbed the money Mitya would never have found it I was the only one besides the old man who knew the envelope was hidden behind an old ikon in the corner I ripped open the envelope took out the notes, and threw the torn envelope down on the floor——"

'Stop!' cried Ivan 'Why did you throw down the envelope?

Smerdyakov grinned "To put the detectives off my trail, of course Everyone was aware I knew all about the envelope, that I myself had put the notes inside and sealed and addressed it for the lazy old scoundrel to 'My darling Grushenka The detectives would reason that if I had stolen the envelope I would have put it straight into my pocket without opening it, because I knew what was inside it But Mitya only knew about the envelope by hearsay, he'd never seen it and if he took it he'd be sure to tear it open at once to make sure the money was inside and afterwards throw the envelope down without having time to think how it would become evidence against him'

Ivan jumped up and paced restlessly up and down the room for several minutes Then he stopped and looked at Smerdyakov as if he could kill him

Listen, you fiend, he said "I'm taking these notes straight to the police and I'm going to tell them everything

Smerdyakov yawned "Save yourself the trouble he said 'No one knew the numbers of the notes, they might belong to anybody—yourself for instance As for the story I've told you, there isn't the least shred of evidence to confirm it'

"What did you do after you left my father's room?" demanded Ivan, his eyes gleaming

"I undressed and went back to bed Grigory found me there when he staggered in from the garden"

"Ah, I've got you now," cried Ivan triumphantly "Grigory must have seen you were shamming No one on earth can imitate an epileptic fit for so long as that"

"True," admitted Smerdyakov. "But when I got back into bed, a real attack came on It must have been because of all the excitement, I suppose"

Veins stood out on Ivan's forehead For some moments he struggled vainly to speak Then he yelled at Smerdyakov, "You haven't won yet! I'll bring the police here and by Christ we'll gouge and batter the truth out of you somehow!"

Smerdyakov laughed thinly. "I shouldn't do that if I were you It would be quite useless—and so unpleasant—for both of us I'm sure you don't want Katerina Ivanovna to know the true reason why you went to Tchermashnya. Oh yes, I know you love her You've been to see her every day since Mitya abandoned her Well, now, I'll tell you something to cheer you She loves you too She told me so when she called to see me this morning So go home, dear Mr Ivan, and enjoy a nice deep sleep Happy dreams!"

A tornado of conflicting emotions racked Ivan as he left Smerdyakov's flat and made his way through the streets Katerina loved him Mitya was innocent . . but he deserved to die all the same, the worthless scoundrel. Nevertheless it was his duty to save his brother, even at the cost of his own life Ivan paused irresolutely outside the police-station At last he shrugged his shoulders, and set off for his lodging.

He strode up and down his room for hours in a dementia of indecision Suddenly there was a rap at the door He opened it Alyosha stood outside

"Are you alone?" he asked

Ivan stared at the pure and ingenuous face of his younger brother as if he had never seen it before in his life Suddenly he burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

"No, the devil is with me!" he cried

Alyosha gazed at him compassionately "You're ill, Ivan," he said "I must look after you You're quite feverish I've brought you some grave news Smerdyakov has just hanged himself"

The court was packed to overflowing long before the judges made their appearance Visitors had come from many distant towns including Moscow and Petersburg There were many fine ladies among them, Mitya's reputation as a conqueror of female hearts had spread far and wide Gradually the confused murmur of voices subsided, and when the trial began there was a hush in which one could have heard a pin drop

Ippolit Kirillovitch, the thick set, aggressive prosecuting counsel, built up a damning chain of evidence Mitya's hatred of his father, his assault upon him the day before the crime his dire need of funds to carry off Grushenka, his presence in the garden at the time of the murder, Grigory's testimony, the bloodstained pestle the torn envelope—all these and many other circumstances told heavily against the accused One factor alone puzzled the counsel for the prosecution Mitya, when arrested, had only a few hundred roubles on him Even allowing for his extravagance at Mokroe he should have had at least two thousand

"What did you do with the remainder?" demanded Ippolit Kirillovitch "Did you hide it somewhere in Trifon Borissovitch's inn?

I tell you for the hundredth time I never took the money," answered Mitya stiffly He wore a brand new frock coat, immaculate black kid gloves and exquisite linen, and even in this gravest crisis of his life seemed aware of the effect his fine appearance was creating among the women in the court 'I had fifteen hundred roubles when I set out for Mokroe—all I had left from the three thousand Katerina Ivanovna entrusted to me' He lowered his eyes as if ashamed

Where did you keep the money?"

In a little cloth bag which hung from a cord round my neck

'What did you do with the bag?

' I threw it away in the market place at Mokroe

Ippolit Kirillovitch glanced round at the court with an ill suppressed grin of triumph and resumed his seat The counsel for the defence Fetyukovitch rose to his feet He was a tall, spare man, with a thin, clean shaven face and an air of tireless suavity

A whisper ran round the court They say he's diabolically clever Then a woman's voice murmured Yes, but he hasn't a chance of destroying such a case as Ippolit Kirillovitch's"

Fetyukovitch recalled each of the witnesses in turn and questioned them closely At first the court failed to perceive the drift of his interrogations After a time, however, it was realized that Fetyukovitch's subtle analysis was establishing the argument that, while the chain of evidence against Mitya was indeed formidable, not a single link in it would bear separate examination He completely destroyed the testimonies of several witnesses, unmasked Trifon Borissovitch as a lying rascal, and made Grigory a laughing-stock through his self-contradictions and stupidity Finally, he created a sensation by unexpectedly calling Alyosha to the stand

It was the prosecutor, of course, who examined him first

"Do you believe your brother killed your father?" asked Ippolit Kirillovitch

"On the contrary, I *know* he is absolutely innocent," said Alyosha loudly and clearly "It was not he who committed the murder"

A buzz of excitement ran through the court Everyone loved and respected Alyosha Everyone knew he would never tell a lie in any circumstances

The prosecutor flushed with rage. "Why are you so completely persuaded of your brother's innocence?" he rasped

"I know he would not lie to me I saw from his face he wasn't lying"

"Only from his face? Is that all the proof you have?" asked the prosecutor, with a sneer

"I need no other proof"

The prosecutor snorted and sat down From any other witness the declaration of Mitya's innocence would have been worthless But Kirillovitch knew only too well that Alyosha's calm words had produced a tremendous impression upon the jury

Fetyukovitch had another blow waiting for the prosecutor He rose to question Alyosha about the bag round Mitya's neck containing Katerina Ivanovna's money

"I never saw the bag," said Alyosha "But the day before Mitya went to Mokroe, I remember he struck himself on the breast, over and over again, and said 'I have here all the means I need' At first I thought he was striking himself over the heart, then I realized that the place was much too high—just below the neck, in fact It might well have been the little bag he was indicating"

"Exactly," cried Mitya from his seat. "That's right, Alyosha. It was the little bag I struck with my fist."

Though this evidence too would have appeared ludicrous from any other witness, Alyosha's surmise was obviously accepted by the court. A stir of whispering arose. "He'll be acquitted, after all," said someone quite audibly.

* * * * *

Ivan was called to the stand. He was deathly pale. Once he closed his eyes, swayed a little, and might have fallen had he not grasped the rail in time.

The prosecutor rose to question him. But before he could utter a word Ivan pulled from his inside pocket a roll of notes and flung them on the table on which lay the "material evidence" of the torn envelope, the bloodstained pestle, etc.

"They belong in that envelope," he shouted. "I got them from Smerdyakov, from the murderer, yesterday. . . . I was with him just before he hanged himself. It was he, not my brother, killed my father. He murdered him and I incited him to do it. Unfortunately, there's no record of the numbers on those notes. They might have belonged to anyone. Funny, isn't it? Oh, damnably, hellishly funny!" He burst into hoarse and uncontrollable laughter.

"Are you in your right mind?" broke involuntarily from the President of the Court.

"I should think I am in my right mind . . . in the same nasty mind as all of you . . . as all these . . . hideous faces." He turned and faced the body of the court. "My father has been murdered and you pretend to be horrified," he snarled. "Liars! If there hadn't been a murder, you'd have gone home in a huff. It's a cheap thrill you're all after. *Panem et circenses*. Have you any water? Give me a drink, for Christ's sake!" He clutched at his head.

Alyosha sprang to his feet and cried, "He is ill. Don't believe him. He has brain fever." A dark haired woman, with a lovely, impassioned face, rose from her seat, and, rigid with horror, gazed fixedly at Ivan. She was Katerina Ivanovna.

"Don't disturb yourselves. I am not mad. I am only a murderer," Ivan began again. "You can't expect eloquence from a murderer."

The prosecutor approached the President in obvious dismay. The two other judges communicated in hurried whispers. The President leaned forward.

"Witness, your words are incomprehensible. Calm your

self if you can and tell your story. How can you confirm what you have said?"

"That's just it. I haven't an atom of proof. That viper Smerdyakov won't send you proofs from the other world . . . in another envelope! I've no witnesses, either . . . except one, perhaps." He smiled thoughtfully.

"Produce your witness?"

"He has a tail, your excellency, and that would be highly irregular. The devil doesn't exist—in law." Ivan began to whisper, as if confiding a precious secret. "He's here somewhere, your excellency, perhaps under that table with the so very material evidence. I told him I wouldn't hold my tongue, so he's come along with me to deny all I say. Oh, how stupid is all this foolery. I'm your man, not Mitya. I didn't come here for nothing. Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you seize me? Why is everyone so infernally stupid?"

The court usher grasped Ivan by the arm. Ivan turned, stared into his face, then took him by the shoulders and hurled him violently to the floor. An instant later Ivan was surrounded by police, who carried him, kicking and screaming, outside the hall.

The whole court was on its feet, people were shouting and waving, and it was several minutes before order could be restored. The President began to address the court. Suddenly his words were interrupted by a piercing cry from Katerina Ivanovna. She was overcome by an attack of hysteria. She sobbed and shrieked, pleaded with the ushers not to remove her, and at last managed to shout to the President:

"There is more evidence I must give at once . . . at once. Here is a document, a letter . . . take it, read it quickly. I received it the day before the murder. It's a letter from that monster . . . that man there . . ." she screamed, pointing at Mitya. "It was he who killed his father. But the other one is ill, he is ill, he is delirious," she cried over and over again.

The letter was read aloud—

FATAL KATYA,

To-morrow I will get the money and repay your three thousand, then farewell! If I can't borrow it, I give you my word of honour I shall go to my father and break his skull and take the money from under his pillow—if only Ivan has gone. If I have to go to Siberia for it, I'll give you back your three

thousand Katya pray to God that someone will give me the money Then I shall not be steeped in blood

MITYA

As the clerk finished reading the letter, Grushenka rushed forward to the dock before anyone could prevent her Her face was stained with tears her heavy ash blonde hair tumbled in disorder over her shoulders

'Mitya' she wailed like a stricken creature 'That serpent has destroyed you Ushers seized her and dragged her away She fought like a wild cat to get back to Mitya Mitya uttered a cry and struggled to get to her He was overpowered

The evidence had been heard, the jury filed out for discussion, and there was little doubt now in the court as to the verdict An hour later, a bell rang and the jury came back to their seats

The President, speaking in a deathlike stillness, asked, "Did the prisoner commit the murder?

The foreman of the jury answered in a clear, ringing tone, "Yes, guilty!

Mitya stood up and cried in a heart rending voice, "I swear by God and the dreadful Day of Judgment I am not guilty of my father's blood! Katya, I forgive you! Brothers, friends, have pity on the other woman!'

DAVID COPPERFIELD

By CHARLES DICKENS

This, the best-known and, by its author, best-liked novel, appeared originally in 1849–1850 *It contains a great deal of autobiographical material, but all of it has been subtly transmuted into the basic framework of fiction*

On the day that I was born my eccentric Aunt Betsy suddenly arrived and asked my widowed mother what was to be the name of the girl?

"I don't know that it will be a girl," said my mother.

"I have a presentiment that it must be a girl Don't contradict I intend to be her friend and godmother, and you'll call her Betsy Trotwood Copperfield There must be no trifling with her affections, poor dear"

But when, later, the doctor announced that I was a boy, my aunt said never a word She took her bonnet by the strings, aimed a blow at the doctor's head, put it on bent, and, vanishing like a discontented fairy, never returned

Looking back I can remember, standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, my mother and Peggotty, my nurse My mother was pretty, loving, but weak My nurse was fond of me, sometimes she would throw her arms wide, take my curly head within them and give it a good squeeze But she was so plump that such a little exertion might cause the buttons to fly off the back of her dress

One day Peggotty and I answered the bell of the garden-gate, and there was my mother, looking very pretty, and with her a gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers, who had walked home with us from church last Sunday Jealous that his hand should touch my mother's, I refused to offer him my right hand So I gave him the left hand, which he shook and went away At this minute I can see him turn round in the garden and give us a last look with his ill-omened black eyes

Mr Murdstone came again, and I liked him no better than at the first meeting One day he took me for a ride, and I heard a friend of his refer to my mother as "the pretty little widow".

'Take care, if you please,' said Mr Murdstone "Somebody s sharp

Soon after this I was sent for a holiday to Peggotty s home at Yarmouth, a black superannuated boat from which an iron funnel smoked cosily, if it had been Aladdin's palace I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it When I returned I felt something was wrong, because my mother was not at the gate to meet me

Master David, ' said Peggotty, in a breathless sort of way, ' you have got a pa

I trembled and turned white and said, I don't want to see him ' I knew even then that Mr Murdstone could mould my mother s pliant nature into any form he chose As soon as I could I crept upstairs and wept

Mr Murdstone soon introduced his sister into the house, and the two began to exercise over me the rigid firmness they said I needed My mother was too weak to prevent them Shall I ever forget their dismal lessons and gloomy theology which made all children out to be a swarm of little vipers?

The presence of the Murdstones during my studies prevented me from learning, and so I was warned that I must be flogged Mr Murdstone caught my head in a vice and caned me heavily, and in the same instant I bit his hand right through It sets my teeth on edge to think of it

In revenge he beat me as though he would have beaten me to death leaving me presently fevered and hot and torn and sore and raging in my puny way I was kept prisoner for some days and not allowed to see my mother, and then packed off to Salem School, Blackheath, where I was ordered to pin to my back and wear continuously a placard which read " Take care of him He bites

What I suffered from that placard nobody can imagine I always fancied somebody was reading it I positively began to have a dread of myself as of a wild boy that did bite The greater part of the boys could not resist pretending that I was a dog, and patting and smoothing me lest I should bite, and saying Lie down sir, and calling me Towzer But on the whole it was much better than I anticipated

Of the boys who became my friends, one was Traddles, who wore a tight sky blue suit that made his arms and legs look like German sausages, and was always being caned, the other was Steerforth, a person of condescending power, noble bearing and high spirits

"You haven't a sister?" asked Steerforth of me.

"No," I answered

"Pity," said he. "If you had, I think she would have been a pretty timid little bright-eyed sort of girl. I should have liked to know her"

The headmaster was Mr Creakle, a man with a little nose, a large chin and a fiery face He tugged my ear and announced that he was a Tartar. But there was one advantage in Mr Creakle's severity. He found my placard in his way when he came up or down behind the form on which I sat, and wanted to take a cut at me in passing For this reason the card was soon taken off, and I saw it no more

During my second term at this school of terror I was informed that my mother had died. I went home and did not return

* * *

As my home was so unhappy, I spent my holidays with Peggotty's people in the old boat at Yarmouth, the inhabitants of which comprised my nurse's brother, Mr Peggotty, his nephew Ham, Mrs Gummidge, a lorn lone woman, and Little Em'ly, a distant relative whose father, said Mr Peggotty, had been "drownded"

Of course I was in love with Little Em'ly I am sure my fancy raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child which made a very angel of her Little Em'ly was spoiled by all, and by no one more than by Mr Peggotty himself, whom she could have coaxed into anything by laying her cheek against his rough whisker

When I told this family about my school experiences and developed my favourite theme of praise for the generous protection I had received from the noble Steerforth, I saw Little Em'ly's face, bent forward over the table, listening with the deepest attention, her breath held, her blue eyes sparkling like jewels and the colour mantling in her cheeks

Em'ly was confused by our observing her, and hung down her head, her face all covered with blushes Gazing up presently through her curls and seeing that we were all looking at her still, she ran away, and kept away until it was nearly bedtime

* * * * *

The carrier who brought me to Yarmouth was a silent, close-fisted man named Barkis who, however, managed to convey a message through me to my nurse Peggotty. It was

to the effect that Barkis was willin', which news Peggotty received with blushing surprise Yet she encouraged his strange and mostly silent wooing, and presently she became Mrs Barkis The bride assured me that there would always be a welcome and a bed for me whenever I visited her house

I am glad to think there were two such guileless hearts at Peggotty's wedding as little Em'ly's and mine Ah, how I loved Em'ly! What happiness if we too were married and were going away to live anywhere among the trees and the fields children ever rambling hand in hand through sunshine!

Instead I was sent by my black whiskered step father to work in his wine merchant's warehouse in London Though I had been educated as a son of a gentleman, my work was to wash empty bottles and to paste labels, or fit corks, to full ones which I did with secret agony of soul Too young to undertake the sole charge of my existence, I would buy stale pastry at the half price shops and so squander the money I should have saved for a good dinner Once I took my own bread under my arm into a beef shop and ordered some meat to go with it What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition coming in all alone I don't know, but I can see him staring at me and bringing up the other waiter to have a look I gave him a halfpenny for himself, and I wish he hadn't taken it

I was lodged at the house of a stoutish middle aged person named Micawber He had no more hair on his head than there is on an egg His face was extensive, his clothes shabby, but he wore an imposing shirt collar, had a confident roll in his voice and carried a jaunty sort of a stick About him was an indescribable air of the genteel

At his house in Windsor Terrace I met his wife, a thin and faded lady with a baby, one of twins, at her breast Hardly ever did I see both the babies detached from Mrs Micawber at the same time, one or the other was always taking refreshment Always in financial difficulties Mr Micawber had a blind faith that one day something would turn up But the only visitors to his house were creditors, one of whom used to edge his way in by seven o clock in the morning and awaken Mr Micawber with Come, you ain t out yet you know, and demand payment of debts

Poor Mrs Micawber! Though her husband went to a debtors prison, took himself to any part of the country in the vain hope of something turning up, though he concealed

things from her, pawned her property, "Yet," she said, "I never will desert Mr Micawber!"

I visited him in a debtors' prison, whereupon he warned me to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one, he would be miserable After which he borrowed a shilling from me, gave me a written order to Mrs Micawber for the amount, and put away his pocket-handkerchief and cheered up

* * * * *

Having watched the Micawber family depart for Plymouth, and feeling very forlorn and romantic, I made up my mind to say farewell to my unpleasant work at Murdstone's, and find my Aunt Betsy, who had so unceremoniously vanished in dudgeon on the day of my birth

After a five-day journey on foot I reached the bare, wide downs of Dover I was minus a waistcoat and jacket, which I had pawned on the way to buy food Having slept under haystacks—one night I passed outside my old school of Salem —I was not a presentable sight as I entered a shop and inquired of the man behind the counter where Miss Trotwood lived

"My mistress," said a maid who was being served. "What do you want with her?"

"To speak to her, if you please"

"To beg of her you mean," retorted the damsel

She told me I could follow her, and we came to a neat cottage with cheerful bow-windows

"This is Miss Trotwood's" With which the maid hurried into the house

With a strong consciousness of the plight of my appearance, I waited to introduce myself to my formidable aunt, who at that moment came stalking out of the house carrying a great knife

"Go away," she said, making a distant chop in the air with her knife "No boys here" She began to dig up a root

"If you please, ma'am," I began

She started and looked up

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew"

"Oh Lord!" said my aunt, and sat flat down in the garden path, staring at me until I began to cry, when she got up in a great hurry, collared me and took me into the parlour.

There she unlocked a tall press, brought out several bottles, and poured the contents of each into my mouth I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed anchovy sauce, and salad dressing

She rang the bell and told the maid to go upstairs and tell Mr Dick that she wanted to speak to him

A half witted gentleman entered and squinted at me

'Come said my aunt, I want some advice This is David Copperfield What shall I do with him?

Mr Dick looked vacantly at me and said

'I should wash him!

Janet, said my aunt, 'Mr Dick sets us all right Heat the bath!'

Janet was a pretty, blooming girl, one of a series whom my aunt had taken into her service expressly to educate her to renounce men and who had generally complied by marrying the baker My aunt was married to a ne er do well who bled her white

Mr Dick was a protege whom my aunt had saved from an asylum He was a friendly soul, he made kites and I helped him to fly them, he also spent much of his time writing a Memorial that was never finished because he could never square his own birthday with the date on which King Charles the First lost his head

My aunt wrote to Mr Murdstone and told him I was at her house, and he and his gloomy sister, riding on donkeys called to see her and me

Shall I be given up to him? I faltered

"I don t know, said my aunt We shall see

My aunt was a little more stern and imperious than usual, but I saw no other token of her preparing herself to receive the dreaded visitors She told Mr Murdstone that his late wife was an unworldly and unfortunate baby whose life was worn away in being taught to sing his notes

She was a loving baby, and through that weakness of hers you gave her the wounds of which she died You tormented this poor child so that now the sight of him brings a disagree able remembrance Ay, you needn t wince I know it s true'

As the two were departing in anger my aunt gave Miss Murdstone the warning that she must not ride her donkey over the green before the house or she would knock her bonnet off and tread on it

"Very good," said my aunt, turning from them. "That's settled We will call you Trotwood Copperfield"

Thus I began my new life in a new name with everything new about me

* * * * *

To finish my education my aunt sent me to school at Dr Strong's, Canterbury, where I was splendidly treated As there was no room there for boarders, a home was found for me at the house of Mr Wickfield, my aunt's lawyer, who was cared for by his daughter, Agnes, a happy, capable girl with whom I was soon the best of friends

Here I met Uriah Heep, a cadaverous, red-haired youth with hardly any eyebrows and no eyelashes; his red-brown eyes were so unsheltered that I wondered how he went to sleep. Uriah sat late at night improving his legal knowledge so that he might one day become a solicitor As he read, his lank forefinger followed up every line, making clammy tracks along the page like a snail

He told me that he was the 'umblest person going, that his mother was also a 'umble person, and he had a way of writhing when he wanted to express enthusiasm One day he confided to me that his rascally purpose was to make himself so indispensable to his master that he would become not only partner in the firm but the husband of the sweet Agnes, who loathed him I felt like running a red-hot poker through his false body Once, when he strove to incriminate me in a piece of rascality, I struck him a blow on his lank jaw His retaliation was to ask how I could do such a thing, to say that he had always liked me, Copperfield, and that he forgave me His eyes, as he looked at me, seemed to take every shade of colour that could make eyes ugly

"You forgive me!" I said disdainfully

"I do, and you can't help yourself," said Uriah "I will be a friend to you in spite of you"

I let him know that I should expect from him what I had always expected, the worst, and left him But he knew me better than I knew myself If he had openly exasperated me it would have been a relief and a justification, but he had put me on a slow fire, on which I lay tormented half the night.

* * * * *

My aunt sent me to town for a holiday There I saw Steerforth, who took me to his home, a genteel red-brick house in Highgate, where I met his mother and her companion,

a strange creature named Rosa Dartle Rosa had black hair, eager black eyes, a scar on her lip and she was very thin I asked Steerforth if Miss Dartle was clever, and he said that she was all edge

'What a remarkable scar that is upon her lip'

Steerforth looked uncomfortable and then admitted that he had done it, as a young boy Rosa had exasperated him and so he threw a hammer at her 'A promising young angel I must have been

Mr Peggotty s name came up and Steerforth recalled meeting that bluff fellow and his nephew Ham when they visited me at school I mentioned the very pretty niece of Mr Peggotty, Little Em'ly, and Steerforth thought it might be a good thing to run down and meet that sort of people in their boat and make one of them

'Are they really animals and clods and beings of another order?' asked Rosa Dartle

There s a pretty wide separation between them and us,' said Steerforth with indifference

Arrived in Yarmouth, I heard that Little Em ly was now articled to the dressmaking Mr Omer, her employer, told me that she had an excellent taste

'Believe me,' said he, 'she has such a pretty face of her own that half the women of this town are mad against her

Before we visited the boat I called on my old nurse, Peggotty, who welcomed me heartily and took me to her husband s sick room The old carrier received me with a slow, rheumatic smile and said that he did not regret having been willing to marry Peggotty Then he bade his wife get me a good dinner turned us out of his room, and endured unheard of agonies by crawling out of bed to produce a guinea from his hiding place, with which to pay for my entertainment Peggotty whispered to me that the carrier s illness had resulted in his becoming a little more "near than before

When Steerforth and I arrived at Peggotty s boat we heard a murmur of voices and clapping Little Em ly saw us first She was in the very act of springing from the arms of the great, bashful, lumbering, kindly Ham into those of Uncle Peggotty who was beaming with delight In a moment we were all shaking hands together

I thought I had never seen Ham the boat builder, grin to anything like the extent to which he now grinned at us, while Mr Peggotty explained how Little Em ly and he had just

become engaged I felt it affecting to see such a sturdy fellow as Ham trembling in the strength of what he felt for the pretty little creature who had won his heart But it was Steerforth who touched the prevailing chord of the moment with a skill impossible to me

Em'ly said little all the evening, but she looked and listened, and her face got animated, and she was charming Steerforth told us stories, and Little Em'ly laughed until the boat rang with her musical sounds I could not satisfy myself whether it was in her own tormenting way, or in maidenly reserve before us, that she kept quite close to the wall and away from Ham all the evening

" A most engaging little beauty ! " said Steerforth to me as we left But he added: " That's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl "

He had been so hearty with them that I felt a shock We stayed for more than a fortnight in that part of the country, but I had no idea where Steerforth spent much of his time while I was busy visiting the old scenes round my home

Once he said to me rather cryptically

" David, I wish I had had a judicious father, then I could have guided myself better ! "

There was a passionate dejection in his manner that quite amazed me He informed me that he had bought a boat to sail hereabouts and that he was going to have it re-christened

" By what name ? " I asked

" The *Little Em'ly* "

We saw Little Em'ly herself just then with Ham the boat-builder

" Upon my soul," said Steerforth, " he's a true knight He never leaves her "

Em'ly blushed as she gave her hand to Steerforth and me, and the two went on Presently there passed us—evidently following them—a young woman, haggard, flaunting, poor and dressed in black

" That is a black shadow to be following that girl," said Steerforth, standing still " What does it mean ? "

She was a woman of the town named Martha, who had once known Little Em'ly, and was seeking help, which, with the aid of Ham, Em'ly was able to give

" Oh, Ham ! " said Em'ly, " I know I am not so good a girl as I ought to be I try your love too much I know I do "

"I am happy all day long in the thoughts of you, my dear, said he

*   *   *   *   *

My aunt now had me articled to a proctor in Doctors Commons, for which privilege she paid my principal, Mr Spenlow, a thousand guineas When my aunt lost her money I made an effort to cancel the articles but Mr Spenlow said that his partner, Mr Jorkins, was a hard man who would not agree to any such proposal I approached Mr Jorkins, and found him, on the contrary, a very timid weak fellow who would have readily met my request had he not been under the thumb of his partner, Mr Spenlow

Meantime I had been taken home by my principal, and had fallen madly in love with his daughter the adorable Dora, who unhappily was in the care of the dragon of my youth, Miss Murdstone

I loved Dora to distraction She was more than human to me She was everything that everybody ever wanted I could think of nothing but the captivating, bright eyed, lovely Dora What a form she had! what a face she had! what a graceful, variable, enchanting manner! I don t remember who was present, except Dora I have not the least idea what we had for dinner besides Dora My impression is that I dined off Dora entirely and sent away half a dozen plates untouched

I never saw such curls How could I? For there never was such curls as those she shook out to hide her blushes Dora told me that Miss Murdstone was a tiresome creature a vexatious companion This she proved to be when she laid my love letters before Mr Spenlow, who ordered me to think no more of his daughter from then onwards, an order which I refused to obey

I now became secretary to my old tutor, Dr Strong, and I began to write Great was the labour, priceless the reward Dora must be won I learned shorthand and induced my friend Traddles now studying for the Bar to recite the Parliamentary debates, that I might take them down as he spoke The inconsistency and recklessness displayed by Traddles, as he obliged me, were not to be exceeded by any real politician

*   *   *   *   *

I visited Steerforth again at his home before setting out once more to see my friends at Yarmouth

"David," said he before retiring "if anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy"

In the dull dawn I looked into his room again He was now lying fast asleep The time came when I wondered that nothing troubled his repose I left him Never more, O God forgive you, Steerforth! to touch that passive hand in love and friendship

Arrived at Yarmouth, I called on my old nurse and her husband, and was told that the sick Barkis was mute and senseless—"a-going out with the tide"

"People can't die along the coast except when the tide's pretty nigh out," said Mr Peggotty

"Barkis, my dear," said his wife, introducing me

"No better woman anywhere," Barkis cried faintly He opened his eyes, and I was about to ask him if he knew me when he said with a pleasant smile.

"Barkis is willin'!"

And, it being low water, he went out with the tide

* * * * *

There was news to come of a greater loss

I was sitting with Mr Peggotty in the old boat when Ham came in

"Where's Em'ly?" said Mr Peggotty

"Mas'r Davy," said Ham, "will you come out for a minute?"

I saw that Ham was deadly pale.

"Ham! What's the matter?"

"Mas'r Davy!" Oh, for his broken heart, how dreadfully he wept!

"My love, Mas'r Davy—her that I'd have died for, and would die for now—she's *gone*!"

"*Gone!*"

"Em'ly's run away! Oh, Mas'r Davy, think *how* she's run away, when I pray God to kill her sooner than let her come to ruin and disgrace!"

Mr Peggotty thrust forward his face, and never could I forget the change that came upon it if I were to live five hundred years I remember a great wail and cry and we all standing in the room, I with a paper that Ham had given me, a blotted letter from which, in the midst of the silence of death, I read

"When you who have loved me so much better than I have ever deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this, I

shall be far away it will be never to come back unless he brings me back a lady If even you that I have wronged so much that can never forgive me could only know what I suffer

"Mas'r Davy," exclaimed Ham, in a broken voice, "it ain t no fault of yours—but his name is Steerforth, and he s a damned villain!'

Mr Peggotty uttered no cry, but he took down his coat from the corner, and Ham asked him where he was going

'Anywhere I m going to sink his boat where I would have drownded him, and I m goin to seek my niece through the world!

I happened to glance at Ham, and a frightful thought came into my mind, not that his face was angry, for it was not, there was an expression of stern determination—that if ever he encountered Steerforth he would kill him

* * * * *

I received a note from Mr Micawber, written in his characteristically lofty style that contained surprising news, at last something had turned up My old friend had been given a post as clerk to Uriah Heep The news was followed by a mysterious communication from his wife which said that her husband felt he had sold himself to the devil, with the harrowing consequence that one formerly so domesticated was becoming alienated from her On the slightest provocation, it would seem, he now expressed a wish for a separation Such was the influence upon her unfortunate husband of being in the employ of the umble Uriah

Mr Micawber came to see me and in a state of great agitation burst out with

What is the matter! What is *not* the matter! Villainy is the matter baseness is the matter deception fraud conspiracy are the matter, and the name of the whole atrocious mass is—Heep'

At his request my aunt Traddles and I called upon Heep, and Micawber made his accusations Uriah had deluded and plundered his kindly employer, the father of Agnes in every conceivable manner, forged his signature falsified the accounts, misappropriated my aunt s property and even induced his master to make over the business to him

Mr Micawber s dramatic denunciation had the beneficial result of making Heep and his mother quit Canterbury hurriedly to escape detention in Maidstone Gaol Later

Uriah became implicated in a bank robbery and was sent to prison The governor was Mr Creakle, who came to regard the 'umble Uriah as a most promising subject for his odd scheme of prison reform, which was nothing more considerate than solitary confinement

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My wedding-day came and Traddles arrived with the licence Dora had become so fond of Agnes that she even held her hand during the wedding ceremony and, as we drove away, hurried back to give Agnes her last kisses and farewells

It seemed an extraordinary thing to have the sweet Dora always at home At first I laughingly wondered why she wished me to call her " Child-Wife " Yet it was soon evident For Dora was incapable of running a home, of managing servants, of dealing with tradespeople who always robbed us She could not understand figures nor my literary work She admitted that she was " a little goose ", and told me that it was useless for me to try and make her wise And she hid her face on my shoulder in a profusion of tears and curls So I gave up the attempt to fit her for the control of my home, and never afterwards remonstrated with her for her lack of system and her untidy ways

Yet I loved my wife dearly, and I was happy, but she was incapable of sharing my whole life, and so with me there was always something wanting In time I came to know that my own heart was undisciplined when it first loved Dora Yet she was truly fond and proud of me When she heard of my growing reputation as an author she had tears of joy in her bright eyes as she said I was a dear old clever famous boy

The shadow between us deepened My pretty Dora was never very strong I had hoped that a baby-smile upon her breast might change my child-wife into a woman But it was not to be I began to carry her downstairs every morning and upstairs each evening Sometimes I felt that she was lighter in my arms, as if I was approaching some frozen region that would numb my life

Towards the end she whispered to me that it would have been better if we had loved each other only as a boy and girl, and forgotten it " I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife," she said

Through my tears I told her that she was as fit as I was to be her husband " We have been very happy, my sweet Dora "

"Is it lonely downstairs? she asked me

"Very! very!

Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

'In its old place

"Oh how my poor boy cries! Hush! hush! Now send Agnes up to me and let no one else come I want to speak to her—quite alone '

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After the death of Dora I went away from England for three years, and it was some time after my return that I sought out Agnes I clasped her in my arms

I loved Dora—fondly, Agnes, as you know——'

"Yes she cried earnestly, "I am glad to know it

"Even then my love would have been incomplete without your sympathy I had it, and it was perfected And when I lost her, Agnes, what should I have been without you still? I went away, dear Agnes, loving you I returned home, loving you

There is one thing I must say, she replied

Dearest what?

She laid her gentle hands on my shoulders and looked calmly in my face

'I have loved you all my life!" she said

And Agnes laid her head upon my breast and wept, and I wept with her, we were so happy

* * * * *

In London I met Mr Peggotty who had news Little Em'ly had written asking him to relent towards a miserable girl I asked him how Ham was keeping and he said that Ham had never been heard to complain, but the blow had cut him deep Later I saw Mr Peggotty again and he had more news Em'ly was alive and information could be found about her from Martha the girl of the town whom she had once befriended She guided us to a room in a sombre street near Golden Square where we interrupted Rosa Dartle denouncing Little Em'ly for flaunting her charms before Steerforth

Mercy on me! cried Little Em'ly I believed him, trusted him, loved him

Rosa Dartle, with a face of malignity disfigured by passion, struck at the poor girl

You love him, *you*!" she cried

She broke into a laugh "*She* love!" she derided. "That carrion"

Mr Peggotty rushed into the room.

"Uncle"

I looked in and saw him supporting Little Em'ly's insensible figure

"Mas'r Davy," he said, "I thank God my dream's come true He has guided me to my darling"

Little Em'ly had been taken away to the Continent and then deserted She had returned to London, and would now be cared for, as she had been of old, by Uncle Peggotty, though not in the old boat

I saw Ham and asked him if he had any message for her He begged me to say something which would ease her sorrowful mind and yet not let her think as he could ever marry, for it was not possible that anyone else could be to him what she had been and that his prayers were for her who had always been so dear

I pressed his manly hand and told him that I would do this as well as I could That night at Yarmouth the wind was low and had a solemn sound I thought of the blue-eyed child who had enchanted me, I thought of Steerforth, and a foolish, fearful fancy came upon me of his being near at hand, and liable to be met at any turn

Little Em'ly sent me an answer to the letter I sent to her on behalf of Ham "How can I thank you?" she wrote, "for your good and blessed kindness to me When I find what you are, and what Uncle is, I think what God must be, and can cry to Him"

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I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said that it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of the storm which blew on the night following the receipt of Em'ly's letter.

When daylight came a schooner, laden with wine, was seen wrecked close in and the lifeboat was unable to go to her. I heard that Ham was going to try to take a rope to the ship. His look out to sea—exactly the same as that on the night after Emily's flight—awoke me to the knowledge of his danger But I might as hopefully have entreated the wind

"Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time's come, 'tis come If 'tant, I'll bide it. I'm a-goin'"

He reached the wreck, but as he did so the

Consternation was in every face They drew Ham to my very feet—insensible—dead

Presently another body was brought ashore And on that part of the coast where Little Em'ly and I had looked for shells as children I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school—Steerforth whose last word to me had been, 'Think of me at my best!'

I took the news to his mother and Rosa Dartle at Highgate Rosa turned suddenly on the stricken mother and told her, "proud mother of a false son", to mourn for her nurture of him her corruption of him

"Oh Miss Dartle, shame!" said I

"I will speak, she returned Have I been silent all these years and shall I not speak now? I loved him better than you ever loved him' she cried fiercely

I mentioned his faults, and she turned on me again

'Faults! Who dares malign him? He had a soul worth millions of the friends to whom he stooped A curse upon you!" she cried in mingled rage and grief "A curse upon you Go!'

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Uncle Peggotty and Little Em ly, with Martha and the Micawbers, emigrated to Australia I advanced to fame and fortune in the world of literature Then one day Mr Peggotty called and told me how my friends had fared on the other side of the world

The news of Steerforth s end and the death of Ham in trying to save him had changed Emily much But she had come through She might have married well

But, uncle,' she had said to Mr Peggotty, 'that s gone for ever'

'Cheerful along with me, said he, "retired when others is by, fond of going any distance to tend a sick person or to do some kindness to a girl s weddin, patient, liked by young and old—that s Em ly'

'And Mr Micawber?' I asked

Mr Micawber had flourished in Australia He was now a Magistrate

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

This sparkling novel was first published in 1844 and founded, with its sequels " Twenty Years After " and " Le Vicomte de Bragelonne ", a whole school of cloak-and-dagger romance A warning to the reader might perhaps be issued about the historical accuracy of the plot. Dumas was never afraid of altering history if it failed to accord with his designs for his characters

SON of illustrious ancestors and bound for Paris to seek his fortune at the Court of Louis XIII, D'Artagnan, tall, handsome, and reckless, clattered through the town of Meung.

There was a more than outward resemblance between the high-spirited, dashing young Gascon and the legendary Don Quixote True, D'Artagnan was no freak, but his accoutrements were strange and shabby and his horse a mere caricature of orange-coloured skin draped upon the skeleton of a Béarnese pony Don Quixote took windmills for giants and sheep for armies, D'Artagnan took every smile for an insult and every look for a provocation

At an open window of an hotel was a gentleman, he made some light remark which provoked his listeners to laughter. This was enough for the fiery Gascon, none might laugh at him He sprang from his horse

For a moment he registered the face which laughed cynically into his pale, dark, hooked nose, cruel mouth D'Artagnan drew his sword

He was not, however, destined to avenge the jeering laughter The unknown man's servants set about him and he fell unconscious from loss of blood

When he recovered, he sought out the pale-faced man, but found him mounted and about to depart In spite of his wound, D'Artagnan leaped boldly forward

" Base coward ! False gentleman ! " he cried " But before a woman you will not dare to fly ! " For he had seen a fair companion in a coach, to whom the unknown spoke

" Remember," said Milady, leaning into the sunlight so

that her golden curls shone and the colour was shown in her languishing blue eyes ‘ Remember that the least delay may ruin everything ’

The unknown bowed swiftly, and the coach careered wildly off in one direction, whilst the man galloped away in the other D Artagnan leaped after the man, but collapsed after a few paces, crying out weakly, ‘ Coward ! coward ! ’ And then he added, ‘ Ah ! But *she* was fair ! ’

D Artagnan valued above all his ancient lineage But he bore a treasured possession with him in the form of a letter to M de Tréville captain of the King s Musketeers, which renowned company D Artagnan hoped to join With what horror did he learn that the unknown man had searched his clothes whilst he lay unconscious, and had stolen the letter !

Paris and the whole of France was ruled by Louis, called The Just But almost as powerful was Cardinal Richelieu who kept as great state as the King and had much control over the policies of the country M de Treville had formed for the King the bodyguard known the world over as the King s Musketeers, the Cardinal followed suit with his own Musketeers This rivalry between the King and the Cardinal was imitated by their respective followers But actually, on the Cardinal s side, this friendly competition in greatness was but a mask for his ambition to control the destinies of France

At the Hotel de Treville D Artagnan was well received, but M de Tréville explained that none but seasoned soldiers could enter the Musketeers However, satisfied of D Artagnan s bona fides in spite of the loss of the letter de Treville offered him free tuition at the Royal Academy

During his interview D Artagnan saw an encounter between their commander and three of his Musketeers which fired him still further What was his ill luck but to bang into Athos the wounded member of this trio and his hasty apology not being accepted, he was forced into a rendez vous for a duel Still pursuing the pale man from Meung whom he saw from a window, a second encounter with another of the three Musketeers resulted in an appointment for a second duel In an effort to make himself agreeable to Aramis, the third of these men, he was involved in a third duel !

Athos rose at the appointed place when D Artagnan arrived and apologized for the lateness of his seconds

“ For my part, I have no seconds,’ replied D Artagnan

"Since I arrived in Paris only yesterday, I know no one but M. de Tréville."

"Well, but then," hesitated tall, handsome Athos, "if I kill you, I shall have the appearance of a boy-slayer."

D'Artagnan flushed at this reference to his youth. "You do me the honour to draw a sword with me whilst suffering from a wound," he replied with a sweeping bow.

They talked, and so pleasant and gallant was the youth that Athos wished that it was not incumbent upon him to kill so agreeable an adversary.

When his seconds turned up, naturally they proved to be Porthos and Aramis! "And now you are all assembled," cried D'Artagnan with considerable aplomb, "permit me to offer my apologies."

At these words the faces of The Three Inseparables fell. So agreeable a youth, so gallant and tactful, so altogether of their spirit and calibre ... to apologize!

"Do not misunderstand me," went on D'Artagnan. He explained that his apology was merely in case he was dispatched before all of them could be revenged for his insults. Then, with a flourish, he drew his sword.

Hardly had the rapiers clashed than some of the Cardinal's guards appeared. The King's Musketeers caught at the forbidden duel, and by their deadly enemies!

The Three Inseparables were undecided. To submit was unthinkable, yet they were but three, and one of them wounded, against five picked swordsmen.

"But we are four," said D'Artagnan. "*En garde*, Messieurs!"

Our hero proved himself a brilliant, if unorthodox, swordsman, and dispatched the redoubtable Jussac himself. The King's men triumphed, three against five, and marched off in triumph to report the affair to M. de Tréville. D'Artagnan, as a result, was placed under M. d'Essart, brother-in-law to M. de Tréville, and was promised a place in the Musketeers at the earliest opportunity.

The Cardinal's rage knew no bounds, but he swallowed his mortification in anticipation of a far greater triumph which he planned. He believed that the Queen had shown her considerable favours, if no more, to the Duke of Buckingham, when he visited the Court as Ambassador.

By a strange coincidence, Madame Bonacieux, landlady of D'Artagnan's apartments, was involved in the Palace intrigue.

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D Artagnan the swaggering Gascon

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Courtesy National Provincial Film Distributors Ltd

Maggie Tulliver at St Ogs —A scene from "The Mill on the Floss"

The Queen had indeed had conversations alone with my lord of Buckingham and pretty Constance Bonacieux was an accomplice The Cardinal managed her arrest but before she could be tortured D Artagnan had rescued her He not only found himself in the thick of a plot in which his mysterious unknown man was involved on the opposite side but also deeply enamoured of Constance Bonacieux, in whom the amorous feeling was reciprocated

He assisted in admitting the love crazed Buckingham to the Queen in the Louvre itself

'You love me, Madame, that is enough for me, sighed the Duke for the third time

'Oh my God, my God!" cried the Queen, beautiful Anne of Austria 'I know not whether I love you or not, but what I know is that I will not be perjured nor dishonour France Depart, my Lord I implore you

'Give me, then some pledge of your indulgence, some gift that may remind me that I have not dreamed some-thing you have worn!

She returned in a moment with a rosewood casket on which was her cipher encrusted in gold Keep this in memory of me,' she murmured and allowed him to kiss her hand

It was not long before the Cardinal had news through his spies of this gift He instructed Milady, his tool in many of his nefarious plots to secure one of the diamond studs from the set which the Queen had so foolishly given away Milady was still in England Bucking'am was speeding thither with the studs, a gift of the King himself to his Queen!

Meanwhile the Cardinal allayed the King s jealousy His time would come when he had *proof*, he assured the King that Buckingham s repeated visits to France were purely political The Cardinal knew that this was the truth as far as it went, for Buckingham was intriguing with Spain and Austria to secure his Richelieu s downfall Once one of those studs were in his possession he would so disgrace Anne that Louis would finally break all alliances with Austria her country and Spain, ruled over by her brother

He managed to get the King to have the Queen s papers searched for a letter he suspected was to Buckingham It was concealed upon her, and the man at arms forced her to [illegible]ld it up What was the Cardinal s chagrin to discover [illegible] truth political, to her brother! He was forced to

placate the Queen, and suggested that the King give a grand ball in her honour

"And tell Her Majesty," said the wily Cardinal, "that you wish her to wear the diamond studs which you recently presented to her"

Imagine the Queen's dismay on hearing this order Constance undertook to recover the studs in time, and D'Artagnan offered to go to England to see the Duke

M de Tréville granted him the necessary leave of absence "And if this secret concerns the very safety of the Queen," said the older man sternly, "one man is not enough For one to arrive safely, four must set out Tell Messieurs Athos, Porthos, and Aramis that I grant them leave also" There was a note of sadness in his voice at the thought that he might lose some of his gallant men

By this time D'Artagnan had become a boon companion to Athos, Porthos, and Aramis and they were well known in Paris together as inseparable friends The four set out together If one fell, the others must drive forward, to the last man The letter *must* reach Buckingham safely, and in time for him to act

Three fell by the wayside in various encounters, and D'Artagnan set sail for England uncertain in what straits he might have abandoned his friends

Arriving in a strange country, D'Artagnan traced the Duke from his castle to Windsor, and finally saw him out hunting with the King. A few words, and the Queen's letter, explained the situation and, with a swift apology to his sovereign, the Duke and D'Artagnan galloped back to the castle Before a portrait of the Queen lay the box which contained the studs Reverently he opened the lid

"All is lost," shouted the Duke, with a terrible cry. "Two of the studs are wanting they have been stolen on the Cardinal's behalf The ribbon which held them has been cut"

His jeweller, hastily summoned, said he required eight days to copy them "Eight days!" roared the Duke "They must be in Paris in five days!"

He promised the jeweller double the price he asked if the studs could be ready, and, the jeweller agreeing to work night and day, he was locked into a secret room where none could molest him or further damage the precious jewels.

Meanwhile the Duke's couriers set out for France to

relays of horses for D Artagnan's return, and at last the ... were ready So perfectly were they matched that the jeweller himself could not tell the copies from the originals when they were mixed together

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As the Queen finished her robing trembling with fear in spite of Constance's assurances D Artagnan clattered into Paris flogging his fourth exhausted thoroughbred Through a day and a night he had ridden, leaving horses behind as they fell steaming in the stalls, all had been made easy and, with the password on his lips, he entered the Louvre

Court formalities kept the King at such a distance from the Queen that he was unable to examine her jewels until after the elaborate ballet which followed a lengthy dinner Finally he came to her side, followed closely by the Cardinal, eager for her downfall

The King held out two glittering studs on the palm of his hand 'How, Sire?' cried the Queen, feigning delight 'You are giving me two more, then?'

Together the King and the Cardinal counted the glittering diamond studs The Cardinal was the first to recover his composure 'I was desirous of presenting Her Majesty with these two studs,' he said to the dumbfounded King, 'and did not dare to offer them myself'

The Queen smiled, completely at her ease 'And I am the more grateful to your Eminence, since I suspect that these two studs alone have cost you as much as all the others cost His Majesty'

D Artagnan had received from the Queen a diamond ring, and fervently pressed a kiss upon the hand which presented it to him

His heart was heavy indeed on learning from M de Treville that none of his friends had returned to Paris, he determined to set out to seek them first thing in the morning

'Why not to night?' asked M de Treville and he confessed he had an assignation—with Constance

"Trust a mistress less than any friend," warned the older man sagely, for women were a favourite tool of the Cardinal's "You have gained a thrice dangerous enemy in Cardinal Richelieu Take the road to night and seek your friends and sell that ring' And he pointed to the diamond glittering on D Artagnan's finger

he protested that it was a gift from the Queen, de

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insisted all the more that he get rid of it, since it might be recognized Then added, seeing the young gallant's natural hesitation, "Then at least wear it turned inwards!"

D'Artagnan set out to his rendez-vous with Constance in spite of the fact that he learned that a spy of the Cardinal's had read her note appointing the meeting-place

But he waited in vain for his love, finally to learn that she had been abducted by the same pale dark stranger who seemed destined to cross his path!

M de Tréville promised to appeal to the Queen for protection for Constance Bonacieux, and D'Artagnan set out to find his friends After many adventures they all returned to Paris, within the time of their leave, to find that a campaign was to open in May and they were to be ready for war

As preparations went forward, and there was no news of her, the thought of Constance dimmed in D'Artagnan's mind Besides, he had chanced to meet Milady in circumstances which rendered her in his debt She was French, but had been married to an Englishman, brother of Lord de Winter, and was the most bewitching creature he had ever met Whilst trying to fascinate another young man, she encouraged D'Artagnan in his amorous desires, she had a shrewd suspicion that he had foiled her over the diamond studs and might find some opportunity to pay back this old score And D'Artagnan, blinded by this new love, paid her assiduous court

Kitty, Milady's maid, fell deeply in love with this handsome Musketeer of whom her mistress would have nothing, and tried to warn him of Milady's dangerous gifts and her power with the Cardinal Finally Kitty betrayed her mistress by letting D'Artagnan see some of the passionate letters Milady was writing to another man D'Artagnan planned to be revenged upon her and, through Kitty's unwilling assistance, he presented himself in her darkened bedroom under the pretence of being the young noble whom she had invited

As he left her bed in the dim, rosy dawn, she pressed upon him a rich sapphire ring What was his astonishment, on showing it to Athos, for him to proclaim that it was none other than a family heirloom D'Artagnan knew something of Athos's distinguished ancestry and of the tragedy which led him to conceal his identity, but he could get no information from him regarding Milady

Intrigued by the mystery, he wrote to Milady, in his pretended character, and told her that he was tired of her Infuriated,

she tried to persuade D Artagnan to fight a duel against her treacherous lover His reward for the youth s death should be a night with Milady!

For the second time D Artagnan saw the light of dawn break from her sumptuous couch 'I have a confession to make he said, having pleaded for her admission that she did, really truly and deeply, love him, and no other

The Comte de Wardes of Thursday night and D Artagnan of to day are the same person With a cry she sprang from the bed, and in his effort to detain her, her nightdress was torn from her shoulders

With inexpressible horror D Artagnan recognized on her beautiful shoulder the criminal's brand of a *fleur de lis*, burned by the common executioner!

He escaped from her fury and her hastily summoned servants through the faithful Kitty s room Naturally Milady would allow no one to live in possession of her shameful secret if she could help it so the swaggering soldier found himself escaping in woman s attire

Athos then admitted that Milady must be his wife who had been branded for stealing the sacred vessels from a church, as well as other crimes He had believed her dead, having seen her hanged and could not believe her still alive

"She is a fiend—a tigress! If she can rise from the dead, what can she not do to you—to both of us?" cried Athos All along D Artagnan had realized that she was as dangerous as an adder, but in the wild circles in which he moved playing with fire was not only fascinating, but also fashionable

Cardinal Richelieu commanded D Artagnan s attendance upon him it was a summons that could not be disobeyed All four of the Inseparables were fearful of the outcome but D Artagnan interviewed the notorious Cardinal and found him a gallant enemy He wished D Artagnan to take a commission in his own Musketeers for the forthcoming campaign The Cardinal persisted, for he was anxious to win D Artagnan to his side he knew every move D Artagnan had made since he came to Paris, including his journey to England When D Artagnan finally refused he warned him that after the campaign he would seek his revenge

Meanwhile the plans for the campaign were not moving to the Cardinal s liking, and he sent for Milady He had sufficient facts about the Queen and Buckingham to put him in a strong position She was to see the Duke and persuade him

England must remain neutral—otherwise the Queen would be exposed If the Duke refused, she must not hesitate, even at arranging his assassination

Milady showed herself a willing tool, even for murder. All she demanded was the Cardinal's safe conduct and the promise of a life in return for the life she would take—D'Artagnan's life! The Cardinal agreed

Athos was fortunate enough to overhear part of this conversation, and cornered Milady afterwards, alone Pale as a corpse, she cowered away, like a horrid image of terror This was her husband, whom she had considered dead all the years since her remarriage He roughly demanded the Cardinal's safe conduct and let her go a woman who had been killed once, somehow it was unthinkable he should try to kill her again

Milady set out swiftly for England, to try to see the Cardinal again would result in her exposure as a branded criminal Grinding her teeth, she vowed vengeance upon her three enemies first Constance Bonacieux, then Athos, her husband, and finally, and most horribly, upon D'Artagnan But for the moment the death of Buckingham

By now the four Inseparables were at the siege of Rochelle and D'Artagnan had been received into the Corps of Musketeers Together they adventured into a bastion under the enemy's guns and discussed their plans, afraid that anywhere else the spies of the Cardinal might overhear them

They decided that a message must be sent to England, to warn the Duke of his danger Aramis undertook, through his Court connections, to get a message to the Queen of the dangers threatening Constance Bonacieux More they could not do

Their messenger reached England before Milady, and she found herself taken before de Winter on her arrival He soon showed her that he knew of her plans upon his own life, that she might inherit his fortunes, of her designs upon Buckingham, through the Cardinal, finally of the *fleur de lis* and that, her husband still being alive, her marriage to his brother was invalid But he was not able to guard her himself in his castle, so he sent for his faithful lieutenant, John Felton

"Look at this woman," said de Winter, "she is possessed of all earthly seductions, but she is a monster She has been guilty of as many crimes as you could *read of* in a year You are my trusted friend—and you owe your life itself to me"

Grimly John nodded, he loved de Winter as a father, "Swear,

John Felton by your hopes of salvation —Felton trembled he was a religious fanatic— swear you will keep her safely for the chastisement she has merited

But fourteen days is a long time, and a woman with the skill of Milady soon began to break down John Felton s resistances by pretending to a religious devotion as deep as his own Finally she had him completely in her power

With lies and seductions she persuaded him that Buckingham was the cause of her misery and after assisting her to escape, Felton presented himself to Buckingham Lord de Winter arrived too late to prevent his love crazed friend from stabbing the Duke to death

Buckingham expired with the name of Anne on his lips and through the window John saw Milady s ship sailing for France an hour and a half before the time appointed!

The four Inseparables had learned where Constance was, in a Convent under the Queen s protection but time was drifting on, and they were unable to get leave to rescue her Milady also knew where she was, and might be returning from England at any moment At last their promised leave came through and they set out

But Milady was ahead On arrival at the Convent she asked accommodation temporarily, and soon made herself friendly, by lies and trickery, with Constance Her plans were well laid for Constance s abduction, for she was a valuable capture for the Cardinal, but D Artagnan and the Musketeers arrived at the moment she and Constance were about to leave

Milady saw their horses from the window and dashed back to Constance She emptied the contents of a ring into a glass of wine and pressed it upon Constance As the unhappy girl sank to her knees Milady stood gloating over her

'This is not the way I wished to avenge myself she hissed but we do what we can!

Constance lived only long enough to name her murderer, and expired in D Artagnan s arms At that moment there was the clatter of another arrival and Lord de Winter arrived, bent on revenging himself on Milady

Athos as her husband, claimed the right to order the methods of her death and, in a lonely house where she had taken refuge the five men, with a masked and cloaked sixth confronted her

'I defy any of you cried the terrified woman, to prove who I am that I have been branded, that I am any of the wicked things you claim

The masked figure came forward and revealed himself "No! No! It is an infernal apparition!" There was a terrible silence and she went on "The executioner from Lille!"

He then told her the charges of which *he* accused her, many of them unknown even to Athos, and then the charge which Athos preferred, finally the murder of Buckingham Each of the men, solemnly, when asked, pronounced her punishment as death

Athos faced her, and it was as though they were alone "Charlotte, your crimes have wearied men on earth and God in Heaven If you know a prayer—say it, for you are condemned and you shall die!"

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Some months later D'Artagnan at last came face to face with his unknown man He hastened to draw

"I am the Chevalier le Rochefort," said the stranger, bowing, "equerry to the Cardinal He wishes to see you"

D'Artagnan again confronted the Cardinal Richelieu was anxious to revenge Milady's death, but D'Artagnan told him of the trial and condemnation, and of the host of crimes she had committed

"You are a brave youth, and a loyal one to France," said the Cardinal He wrote a few lines and handed them to D'Artagnan, it was an officer's commission in the King's Musketeers He then made le Rochefort and D'Artagnan promise eternal friendship

D'Artagnan pressed Athos to fill in the blank name in the commission "For Athos, this is too much," was the reply. "For the Comte de la Frere, it is too little"

Porthos refused because he was to retire and marry Aramis had finally decided to enter the church, his secret longing for many years So perforce D'Artagnan accepted the commission himself

When Athos took the paper and wrote his friend's name in the vacant space, D'Artagnan broke down "I shall have no more friends," he cried, "only bitter recollections"

Athos looked upon the young, tear-stained face "You are young," he replied, "and your bitter recollections have time to change themselves into sweet remembrances"

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

By GEORGE ELIOT

Mary Ann Cross, alias George Eliot created something of a social disturbance by her ' union without legal form with George Henry Lewes from 1854 till his death in 1878 Her work, however, needs no association with so dead a scandal to be remembered It stands on its own merits as sterling fiction, revealing a profound sense of pathos and humour as well as a conviction of the purifying effect of suffering upon the human soul

WHAT I want is to give Tom a good eddication an eddication as ll be a bread to him Sitting by a bright fire in the left hand parlour of Dorlcote Mill, so spoke Mr Tulliver, master of the mill to Bessie his wife—blonde comely, and rather stupid

A school was needed where, in his father s words, Tom could learn to know figures and write like print, and learn to wrap things up in words as weren t actionable To this as to the suggestion that Tulliver should consult Mr Riley, the valuer, Mrs Tulliver assented, for, as usual she agreed with her husband—as she did even when he ended by saying, " But what I m afraid on is as Tom hasn t got the right sort o brains for a smart fellow He takes after your family The little un takes after my side

The little un was nine years old Maggie at that moment wandering by the banks of the Floss watching the ships with their cargoes of grain and coal and fir planks as they sailed by to St Ogg s Maggie s straight black hair which refused to curl, her brown skin and her wilful, determined ways were the despair of her mother Bessie would have preferred a pretty, docile child, such as her sister Deane s Lucy, to this turbulent little girl who read every book in the house and to her mother s shame and her father s secret admiration, made disconcertingly sharp remarks to various visiting uncles and aunts

The thirteen year old Tom was Maggie s brother—and hero Holidays were doubly enjoyable because then she could walk with Tom round the mill and in the river meadows

Tom, unlike his mother, was not for ever dreading that she would fall in the stream and be "drownded" Tom was sensible, Tom was brave, Tom was Tom was Tom—Tom—Tom . .

Mr Riley came He agreed to approach the Rev Mr Stelling, an Oxford man who might tutor Tom for a hundred pounds a year This decision taken, a family gathering had to be called that the news might be imparted All such gatherings expected—and were given—pies, jellies, cheese cakes, plum cakes all those delicious confections which, two days after Tom's return for the Easter holidays, Tom's mother set about making

During those two days Maggie's heart rocketed from heights of joy to depths of despair, and then back to the heights The very first evening had brought her need to confess that all Tom's rabbits had died, because she had forgotten to feed them Her hero's anger had sent her flying to the attic where she could sob unobserved Then there was the morning of the party She hadn't understood him about some jam puffs, and he had called—had called her "a greedy" For hours he had left her lonely and wretched, while he went with Bob Jakin, the bird-scarer

Oh, that misery! And then, oh, this other joy! The long morning spent with Tom, fishing with the new rod and line which he had bought her! She had early got a bite—a fine big tench her hook had brought wriggling up And oh, Tom's exclamation at the sight of it—she'd never forget that! "Oh, Maggie, you little duck! empty the basket"

Aunt Glegg and her husband were the first to arrive at the party Always the most formidable of the aunts, she had scarcely arrived when she was deploring the extravagance of Mrs Tulliver's preparations with allusions to Mr Tulliver's expensive fondness for litigation "With your husband likely to spend his fortin' i' going to law, as he 's already spent yours," she said emphatically, "a plain pudding with a spoonful o' sugar, and no spice, 'ud be far more becoming"

Aunt Glegg was followed by two more aunts, both sisters of Bessie and herself A four-wheeler brought Mrs Pullet, accompanied by her husband, the gentleman farmer Tall and good-looking, it was evident that she was a lover of dress After Aunt Pullet, Aunt Deane With her were her husband and Lucy, her young daughter, whose blonde curls showed the brown-skinned Maggie to such disadvantage Poor

Maggie! Aunt Glegg disapproved of her from top to toe. Aunt Pullet thought she had too much hair and that this accounted for her too brown skin. Even her father said that it should be cut, adding however, 'There's red wheat as well as white, and some like dark grain best.' With only this to comfort her, Maggie had to obey her mother's command: 'Go and get your hair brushed—do for shame!'

Tom followed his sister upstairs. He came down alone, smiling. They were half way through the meal before Maggie, unable to stay longer away from the apricot pudding and the cowslip wine, made her second appearance.

Mrs Tulliver gave a scream. Uncle Glegg exclaimed, 'Heydey! what little gell's this? Why, I don't know her. Is it some little gell you've picked up in the road, Kezia?'

'Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself,' said Mr Tulliver. 'Did you ever know such a little hussy?'

When disapproving remark was added to disapproving remark, Maggie, unable to bear it longer, flung herself into her father's arms, sobbing loudly and yet hating her sobs.

'Never mind,' he comforted her, 'you was in the right to cut it off if it plagued you; father'ull take your part.'

With the children sent off to the summer house Mr Tulliver told their elders of his intention to send Tom to Mr Stelling. One after the other the relations doubted whether this was wise. Aunt Glegg grew shrewish as she made shrill references to the loan she had granted her brother in law. Mr Tulliver's anger simmered, started to boil over, boiled over and ended by exploding in words that drove Aunt Glegg from the house.

'My family's as good as yours and better, for it hasn't got a damned ill tempered woman in it.'

Next morning Mr Tulliver, pressed for money as usual, rode over to his sister, wife of struggling Farmer Moss, telling the couple that he must call in his loan of three hundred pounds. Riding home again he reflected that if he were hard on his own sister, so later Tom might be hard on the little un. He returned to the Moss's farm, comforting his anxious sister with the words: 'Don't you fret—I'll make a shift without the money.'

It was a kind act. Yet it put him into a tight corner, for even if Aunt Glegg did not call in the money he was resolved to repay her. She did not call it in. Influenced by her sister Pullet's pleadings Aunt Glegg decided to set an example, and not to behave ill because folks behaved ill to her.

Things went badly with Maggie on the day following the party Tom was out of temper with her all day It was this that, during their afternoon visit to Aunt Pullet at Garum Firs, drove Maggie to disgrace herself—and her mother—by pushing Lucy into the pond When the carriage was called to take the children home, Maggie was missing Mrs Tulliver's old fear returned "Drownded—she's got drownded"

Maggie had, in fact, run away to the gipsies She would educate them and be their queen it was an old idea of hers. Returning home late that night, her father was astonished to meet a Romany on a donkey, who was bringing back the wearied and frightened little girl to the mill

His wife's account of her visit to Garum Firs angered Mr Tulliver Sister Pullet to speak for him indeed! Within a fortnight he had borrowed the five hundred pounds on bond from a client of Lawyer Wakem, that he might repay Aunt Glegg

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Tom's first half at Mr Stelling's was neither happy nor easy Not only had he to learn Latin, but an entirely new pronunciation of English Proud as he was, he was often near to tears as he thought of the mill and Yap and Maggie When Maggie came to stay with him for a fortnight during that half, misery became joy He even accepted his sister's longing to learn from Mr Stelling That was like Maggie!

The Christmas holidays came At home Tom felt that something was slightly wrong It was not the meals they were as splendid as ever Yet his father was angry, always shouting about his wrongs

Mr Tulliver was about to go to law again He intended to stop this man Pivart's irrigation scheme higher up the Floss If he could, that was But Wakem was behind Pivart, and the miller was convinced that all his wrongs could be traced to Wakem

During Tom's second half Wakem's son, Philip, a clever and sensitive boy, made even more sensitive by his deformed back, came to join Tom at Mr Stelling's It was not until Maggie's second visit to the tutor's that the two boys became sympathetic Maggie felt greatly drawn to Philip, and was especially kind and loving to him, while Tom's former antagonism to his companion was temporarily lessened An accident helped this Tom cut his foot with the sword he had borrowed from the drill sergeant in order to impress and

frighten Maggie With Tom in bed, Maggie grew still more close to Philip Before she left with all the ardour of her nature, she promised to kiss him whenever they should meet

More than two years went by, Tom's last half at Mr Stelling's was nearing its end A day came when as he was thinking pleasantly of what he would do when he had left school he was summoned to the study where his sister was waiting for him Maggie herself had been hurriedly brought home from her finishing school because of her father's illness Her news was dramatically grave Their father had lost his lawsuit with Mr Pivart, he had fallen off his horse

Maggie was white and trembling as she whispered, He seems to have lost his senses Then, bursting forth she cried 'Oh, Tom! he will lose the mill and the land and everything He will have nothing left

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When Tom and Maggie reached home they found a coarse, common, dingy man sitting in their father's chair smoking a pipe of strong tobacco He had a jug and glass beside him The truth came to Tom in an instant The bailiff! To be sold up was part of the disgrace and misery of failing His father had failed

The children went in search of their mother They found her in the storeroom, with all her precious best things and her linen spread around her The poor woman was crying and fingering her treasures They're all to be sold And my silver teapot too I bought wi my own money

'Don't fret, Mother, Tom said tenderly I'll get a situation of some sort

Next day Mr Tulliver still lay insensible in his darkened room With the exception of Mr Deane, away on business the aunts and uncles had arrived The mortified Tom and Maggie heard them tell their mother what a disgrace to the family this selling up was, how they had always known that she would come to want how but for them, she would now have to go to the workhouse As usual only Mr Glegg was kind "What's done can't be undone' he said 'We shall make a shift among us to buy what's sufficient, though, as Mrs G says, they must be plain and useful things'

Tom waited till they had all their say Then quietly and respectfully he said in a shaking voice 'Aunt Glegg if you think it's a disgrace to the family to be sold up wouldn't it

be better to prevent it altogether? And if you and my Aunt Pullet think of leaving any money to me and Maggie, wouldn't it be better to give it now, and pay the debt we're going to be sold up for, and save my mother from parting with her furniture?"

The company considered for a while "But it's no use to pay off this debt and save the furniture, when there's all the law debts behind," Mr Glegg said at last Trembling with indignation Maggie got to her feet.

"Why do you come, then," she shouted, "talking and interfering with us and scolding us, if you don't mean to do anything to help my poor mother? Keep away from us Tom and I don't ever want to have any of your money"

Immediately after this outburst Mrs Moss arrived She went straight up to Tom "Oh, my poor children!" she said "You've no call to think well o' me, I'm a poor aunt to you We've three hundred pounds o' my brother's money—and yet we must be sold up to pay it"

Tom turned to Mr Glegg "Uncle, I don't think it would be right for my Aunt Moss to pay the money, if it would be against my father's will He said to me some while ago that he would rather lose it than think of distressing Uncle Moss for it"

After much argument it was decided that Tom and his Uncle Glegg should look for the note for the three hundred pounds in Mr Tulliver's room While searching among the deeds, Mr. Glegg dropped the heavy lid of the safe-box The reverberating crash penetrated the sick man's coma, and for a few minutes he recovered consciousness Before relapsing into stupor, he directed that Mrs Moss should not be pressed for the money, and also that Luke his miller should be repaid the fifty pounds which he had put into the business

The family conference over, Tom visited his Uncle Dean to ask his help in finding a situation At an humiliating interview Tom was made to feel that his expensive schooling had been of very little value Eventually, his uncle did find Tom a post in his warehouse, arranging for him to have evening lessons in book-keeping Tom would have been cheerful enough but for the bitter knowledge that his father would be able to pay only twelve shillings in the pound

Meanwhile, unknown to any of her family, Mrs Tulliver had visited Lawyer Wakem, and begged him not to bid for the mill and the land at the sale She told him that Guest

and Company, Mr Deane s firm, were thinking of buying it and of keeping on her husband as manager Wakem had not previously entertained the idea of bidding for the mill But he now determined to purchase it

The day came at last when Mr Tulliver was helped down stairs by Luke It grieved him to see the familiar rooms half stripped of their belongings This was not the worst When told that Wakem had bought up everything and had offered to keep him on to work the mill, the intolerable news made him sink trembling into his chair

You may do as you like wi me, Bessie, he said to his wife I ve been the bringing of you to poverty It s no use standing up to anything now '

Even so, the miller s old spirit had not wholly left him With all of them present he bade Tom write in the family Bible that he, Mr Tulliver would stay under Wakem to make amends to his wife and because he wished to die in the place where he had been born, that he would serve the lawyer as an honest man, but that—he wished evil might befall Wakem Finally, he turned to Tom, saying ' Now read it out!

Tom obeyed

Now write—write as you ll remember what Wakem s done to your father, and you ll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes And sign your name Thomas Tulliver

Oh, no, Father dear Father! said Maggie almost choked with fear You shouldn t make Tom write that

Be quiet Maggie!' said Tom I *shall* write it

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In their changed circumstances the Tullivers household was not a happy one His business over, Mr Tulliver hurried away from market and refused all invitations from his friends He could not be reconciled to his lot his wife, bereft of most of her treasures became worn in body and mind as she wandered aimlessly and restlessly about the half furnished house, Tom was weary and abstracted during the short periods he spent at home, while Maggie felt crushed beneath the sadness of those she loved Now that adversity had come uncles and aunts paid short visits and were glad to return to their own prosperous homes

On an afternoon when Maggie was sitting sad at heart, in the garden she saw Bob Jakin coming up the path The [illegible] who had scared birds and killed rats was now a packman,

glorying in the sealskin cap and blue plush waistcoat which he wore Out of kindness and for old acquaintance' sake he had brought a parcel of books as a present for Maggie Among these was a copy of the *Imitation of Christ* in the dark times to come Thomas à Kempis was to give Maggie much comfort and support

Bob was not Maggie's only friend Philip Wakem had loved Maggie since the days at Mr Stelling's and, on his return from abroad, quickly made an opportunity of meeting her again He saw her first in the Red Deeps, where the Scotch firs stood erect and beautiful This older Maggie was beautiful also—far more beautiful than he had remembered They continued to meet—in secret because open friendship was impossible

Such was Maggie's preoccupation during the following year; Tom's was with his schemes for paying his father's debts In these Bob Jakin shared, for it was Bob who had suggested the private trading which, thanks to a loan from his uncle Glegg, had made him a hundred and fifty pounds

At the end of that twelvemonth, Philip and Maggie confessed their love for one another Their joy was short-lived; for Tom, discovering their secret, forced Maggie in his presence to take farewell of Philip

It was Tom's championship of his father that made him hurt his sister thus Three weeks later, the miller and his son were once more talking of the debts to be repaid In the tin box were one hundred and ninety-three pounds Looking mournfully at the money, Mr Tulliver said "There's more nor three hundred wanting I must trusten to you to pay 'em But you're like enough to bury me first"

"No, Father," Tom said "You will live to see the debts all paid—and with your own hand"

Tom, as his father now realized, had the money already Almost stunned with emotion, the miller began to talk of the future, the creditors' meeting that Tom had called, and then, wiping away his tears, of how he would get from under Wakem's thumb

At the creditors' meeting Mr Tulliver looked almost his old self His boy, his Tom, had found most of the money But then, he'd spent a deal on his eddication, the father proudly told his friends

Riding back alone, the miller came face to face with Wakem, with whom he at once picked a quarrel He ceased to flog

the lawyer unmercifully with his riding whip only when Maggie rushed out of the house and clung to him, shouting for help

'I feel ill—faintish,' he said "Help me in'

He was put to bed The doctor came but could do nothing He was dead before morning

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Mr Tulliver s death broke up the household Tom went to lodge with Bob Jakin, now a prosperous boat owner, down by the river Maggie secured a teacher s post although her various aunts looked upon this as ' being in service and said so, scathingly Mrs Tulliver, after the death of her sister Deane, went to Park House in St Ogg's where she acted as housekeeper for Lucy and her brother in law

After two years in the school Maggie came to Park House for a holiday She found the leisurely life with her cousin exceedingly pleasant after those long months of struggle and privation Philip Wakem was a frequent visitor at Park House, as was his friend Stephen Guest, all but engaged to Lucy

Since she was sure to meet Philip at the beginning of her stay Maggie went to Tom s lodgings, asking him to absolve her from the promise she had given

Very well Tom said coldly But if you think of Philip Wakem as a lover again, you must give me up

On her way back Maggie had comforted herself by reflecting that Tom s coldness had lessened before they parted

When at last the one time lovers stood face to face and alone, in Lucy s drawing room, their agitation was great They leaned forward, they clasped hands but they knew sadness as well as contentment

There is nothing to hinder our being friends, Philip Maggie murmured I shall go away soon—to a new situation

Is there no alternative, Maggie? Is that life away from those who love you the only one you will allow yourself? '

Yes Philip she answered looking pleadingly at him

Philip Wakem was not alone in yearning for Maggie For Stephen Guest despite his efforts to control his feelings, soon found himself deeply in love with her Maggie s own love went out in return, but loyalty both to Philip and to her cousin Lucy made her repulse him when he first declared his love This was at a ball at Park House but Stephen was not to be so easily discouraged For, although Maggie

took refuge with her Aunt Moss for a few days, Stephen followed her. In the Basset lanes he renewed his pleading. Maggie listened to him in great distress of mind. When he begged her for one kiss—the first and the last—before they parted, she gave him his desire Yet, although she loved him, although his arm was around her waist and the "Dearest" he had whispered still in her ears, she said sadly but firmly: "But, even if Lucy did not exist, I have other ties"

"You are engaged to Philip Wakem?" asked Stephen

"I consider myself engaged to him; I don't mean to marry anyone else."

Lucy, unaware of the conflicting emotions known to Philip, Stephen, and Maggie, went quietly on with her schemes for their happiness. She knew that Tom's greatest wish was to get back the mill. She thought that Philip might persuade his father to sell

In this Lucy showed her astuteness After an angry scene in which Philip confided to his father his desire to marry Maggie, the lawyer at last consented to help his son and to allow Tom to buy back the mill Another scheme of Lucy's, equally innocent, had far-reaching consequences She planned that Philip should take Maggie out for a whole morning's rowing on the river When the day arrived, Philip, sick with torturing thoughts of Stephen and Maggie, sent to his friend, asking him to take Maggie in the boat, as he was too ill to go.

"Oh, we can't," Maggie said, when Stephen had explained "Lucy did not expect She would be hurt" (Lucy had gone for a morning's shopping with her Aunt Tulliver)

But Stephen persisted "Let us go," he entreated Falteringly, Maggie allowed herself to be helped into the boat

For a long time they glided deliciously in the bright sun Suddenly Maggie cried

"Oh, we have passed Luckreth—where we were to stop!"

"Yes Let us never go home again—till no one can part us, till we are married"

They glided on Each dreaded to leave the other When a Dutch vessel came in sight, Stephen hailed her They were taken on board With Stephen sitting by her side, Maggie slept all night on the poop In the morning the young man saw that she was resolved to go back

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Her brother watched her approach, his expression was harsh

'Tom,' his sister said faintly, "I am come back to you I am come back home—for refuge—to tell you everything

'You will find no home with me, he answered with rage 'You have disgraced us all You have been base deceitful I wash my hands of you for ever '

Tom s attitude was but a foretaste of what St Ogg s had in store for her In her riverside lodgings with Bob and his wife, henceforward she had but one friend to support her This was a priest a widower who gave her a post in his house hold as governess to his children Yet even he almost a saint though he was after a while felt obliged to ask Maggie to find a post away from the town, for, as he gently explained his championship of her was a source of discord between himself and his parishioners Within the family circle sur prisingly enough, Aunt Glegg had stoutly refused to take the common view of Maggie, she had even offered her a home—if Maggie would be humble

It was at this time that Maggie received a long letter from Philip in which he said that he had never doubted her that it was he who was to blame for having urged his feelings on her

Sitting disconsolately in her room one evening Maggie was startled to see Lucy Her cousin had stolen away from her sick room for a short while The two girls clung together each comforting the other

That visit of Lucy s brought Maggie a measure of con solation Yet soon she was once more fighting the old familiar battle It was on a wild September evening of that year in which Dr Ken had asked her to leave his house that Maggie received the letter from Stephen which urged and implored her to marry him 'Write the one word 'Come he said and in two days I shall be with you '

In her loneliness and her sorrow the temptation was severe It was many hours before she was able to put it from her She fell to her knees in prayer Soon she started up feeling cold dampness about her knees Instantly she knew the significance of this The flood!

With great calm she wakened Bob and his wife, then hastily got into one of the boats, and started to row with all her strength across the fields Her one thought was to reach the mill that she might rescue Tom

For hours, as it seemed, she battled with the fierce waters, she beat her way against the turbulent wind At last she was

able to get the boat opposite the middle window Tom looked out, astonished

It was not until they were far down the stream that Tom, now wielding the oars, was able to realize how almost miraculous had been his sister's achievement in reaching him. The tears came into his eyes as he said the old childish word of endearment, "*Magsie!*"

They rowed on—it was their intention to get to Park House to give Lucy the help she might need Suddenly there was a great crash some wooden machinery had given way on one of the wharves The great drifting mass came swirling towards them From a nearby boat men shouted in horror Tom put all his strength into his rowing But the current was too strong, they could not escape

"It is coming, Maggie," he cried hoarsely He loosed the oars and clasped her to him That was at one moment At the next the boat was no longer to be seen upon the waters The huge mass went hurrying on in hideous triumph

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in that last embrace, never to be parted

Pp 213-226 missing
11/3/81

was seized with ostes, Madame Bovary was pregnant into his arms when they reached their new home This was difficulties time she had slept in a new place there had been made nights at the convent, Tostes, Vaubyessard Each of those nights had marked the beginning of a new phase in her life She did not believe the same things could happen in the same way in different places, therefore so it seemed to her, since the days behind had been bad, those ahead would be better

The change of residence brought many worries to Charles Patients were slow to arrive, and lately he had spent a good deal of money on Emma s clothes, then there had been the expense of moving But when he looked at Emma he was filled with joy and pride in the child she was to give him His gratitude and the overwhelming tenderness he felt for her put all other thoughts out of his mind At first Emma was bewildered with her condition, then this feeling changed into eagerness to know what it felt like to be a mother

She wanted a son dark and strong This male child would be the condign recompense for all the vain, ineffectual days of her past life But she bore a daughter

She chose the name Berthe, remembering that was what a young woman she had admired at the ball had been called The godfather in default of old Rouault, who couldn t make the long journey, was the town chemist, Homais, proud son of his rationalistic age and busybody of the place With this chemist there lodged a young solicitor s clerk, M Leon who was serving his articles before completing his studies for the Bar in Paris At their first meeting Emma felt she was in the presence of a congenial spirit He too, had a nostalgia for the Paris boulevards and despised the country folk and their boorish ways, he loved poetry, where his taste coincided with hers—sentimental German lyrics, and the world of his choice, like hers, was made up of actors and music, rich clothes and refinement

Life in the provincial town bored him to distraction the arrival there of that romantically beautiful woman so different from the others he knew marked a red letter day for him

He visited the Bovarys several times but when it appeared that Charles didn t particularly take to him he was at a loss how to proceed between fear of being indiscreet and a desire of a seemingly impossible intimacy with Emma

However, he had opportunities of meeting her nearly every

evening in the chemist's parlour, where Ch[illegible] window. Tom, would foregather to play dominoes, and while t[illegible] afterwards dozed off in stuffy complacence, Leon and [illegible] that Tom, talking by the fire, reading poems together out of [illegible] miracu- fashion papers, comparing notes on novels In this way a bond grew up between them, formed from the constant interchange of romances they had read M Bovary, who was not given to jealousy, was not perturbed by the ripening friendship

All at once Emma realized she had fallen in love with the young man He was beautiful, she thought, with his pale languor and large blue eyes, with the lobe of his ear showing under a romantic lock of hair. She believed her love was reciprocated, and the age-old plaint welled from her heart, " If it had only been the will of Heaven!" But then, why not? What was to prevent it?

The consciousness that she was in love brought a strange alteration in her She gave up music altogether so that she could devote herself entirely to the house, took charge of Berthe, who had been looked after by a nurse since birth, lavished every attention on her husband Outwardly, she was gentle, calm, reserved But she was consumed with rage and hatred, and all her pent-up passion of resentment was directed against Charles, Charles who seemed oblivious of her anguish If only he would have beaten her and given her a right to hate him, to revenge herself on him! Sometimes her thoughts surprised and terrified her, they were so monstrous

She turned for a refuge to the Church But the poor parish priest, overworked and harassed, had neither the time nor the perspicacity to take in the veiled hints she gave

Her virtue seemed so unassailable to Leon that he gradually gave up hope of possessing her He renounced her, and by so doing glorified her—the inaccessible Madonna After that, life became impossible for him in Yonville, and he made up his mind to leave for Paris

The departure of the lodger was a great event in the chemist's household, and gave occasion for a world of wise saws about the capital's temptations to young men As for Emma, the parting filled her with an apathetic melancholy Absence imparted to Leon an even greater attractiveness, he seemed in her memory taller, handsomer, more *distrait*, more charming then ever He was present everywhere to her, his shadow haunted the walls of her house She bitterly reproached herself for not making opportunities for him to possess her. She

was seized with a desire to follow him to Paris, throw herself into his arms, crying "It is I—I am yours! But the difficulties of the project restrained her, and the frustration made her longings greater still

The sad state of affairs at Tostes began all over again Only, now she imagined herself to be unhappier by far, for she knew certainly that her grief would have no end It seemed to her that a woman whose life was such a martyrdom was justified in some indulgence of her whims She grew extravagant, spending large sums on frocks, toilet preparations, knick knacks of all sorts She determined to learn Italian, bought a

[illegible]

matter?

Wednesday was Market Day in Yonville, and Emma liked to watch the crowd from her window Then one morning she noticed a gentleman in a green velvet coat and yellow gloves It happened that one of his servants wished to be bled and he brought him along to see Charles Emma acted as nurse and exchanged a word or two with the gentleman She found out that he was Rudolf Boulanger, squire of the neighbouring estate of Houchette

Rudolf left the doctor's house deep in thought Madame Bovary appealed to him, he found her very pretty he admired her fine teeth, her black eyes and her neat ankle and her figure was slim and graceful as a Parisienne's What a contrast to the husband! The doctor was certainly very stupid and, besides his nails were dirty and he hadn't shaved for three days at least Easy to guess she must be tired of him bored stiff Her rightful place was Paris, where she should be dancing polkas, poor little woman! She must be gaping for love, like a carp on a kitchen table does for water Three words of gallantry and she would be his, no doubt about it And what a tender, charming mistress she would make! The difficulty would be—getting rid of her

Rudolf was thirty four brutal in temperament, with a good deal of astute common sense He foresaw a number of difficulties that might embarrass intimacy with her But those eyes! they pierced his heart like a gimlet And she was pale, he adored pale women

Before Rudolf got home, his mind was made up he would possess her

Their next meeting was at the Agricultural Show And while the crowd listened to speeches from the mayor and aldermen, he led her to an empty room in the town hall from where, he told her, they could get a better view He had gauged her to a nicety, and spoke to her of his anguished soul, the prey of dreams, fantasies, desires, of the tedium of his daily round and the longing for the woman of his dreams (here he looked expressively at Madame Bovary), of the insignificance of a man-made moral code compared to the eternity of passion, the most beautiful thing on earth and the source of heroism, enthusiasm, poetry, music—in short, of everything

He was sitting at Emma's feet, on a low stool, arms clasped round his knees, face lifted towards hers, his body close She was conscious of two things tiny golden beams in his eyes radiating from black pupils, the perfume of his hair pomade—the same perfume her viscount dancing-partner at Vaubyessard had used

She felt faint, it seemed to her she saw the coach that had taken Leon from Yonville She thought she saw Leon himself, at her feet And now it was that almost-forgotten waltz air that possessed her

Yet, all through, she was conscious of that pervading perfume Rudolf's hair pomade

When his fingers found hers, she did not resist Their lips were dry with a supreme desire Their fingers intertwined naturally, forerunners of their desires

It was not until six weeks afterwards that Rudolf called again at their house. He saw Emma go pale when he came in, knew he had judged things correctly by not returning too soon. He asked Charles casually if it might not be possible that riding would improve Madame Bovary's health Charles, at his wit's end how to banish his wife's alarming symptoms, jumped at the idea

But Emma didn't want to go riding She protested vehemently Her last line of defence was that, anyhow, she couldn't go riding without a habit "You must get one made," Charles said That decided it

On their first ride together she let him take her

At home, her room became a perpetual sanctuary where she could commune with her face in the mirror She marvelled at the transfiguration in herself Never before had her eyes held those still depths, so wide, profound "I have a lover," she kept murmuring, "a lover!" She marvelled, for it was as

though a second puberty had come to her The dam had burst and love rushed forth joying She allowed herself to be carried on the flood, exulting in the freedom at last

They kept up a daily correspondence in secret, but she always found his letters too short One morning early she felt she must see Rudolf Charles had left the house before daybreak She stole out over the fields, hurrying on without one look behind She arrived all drenched with dew, and cast herself on her lover s bed

All through the winter, two or three nights a week, Rudolf came into their garden She waited in an anguish of expectation until Charles had gone to bed Their love nest was the old arbor with its rickety seat where formerly Leon had sat and adored her on summer evenings She never thought of Leon now

There were times when Rudolf thought she was growing rather too sentimental with her insistance of an exchange of miniatures and locks of hair She asked him once for a real wedding ring Still, she was lovely and he had possessed few women so ingenuous in love Love like theirs without debauchery, held the piquancy of novelty, it flattered his pride and fed his sensuality The enthusiasm with which she abandoned herself though it shocked his bourgeois good sense charmed him in his heart of hearts because he was the object of it And then, sure of being loved, his attitude gradually changed His tender words and passionate caresses were things of the past, he scarcely concealed his indifference

Emma repented She went so far as to wonder why it was she detested Charles, and if it wouldn t be better to try to love him If she couldn t do that then perhaps she could admire him for his efficiency as a doctor?

It happened that the chemist had for some time been trying to persuade Charles to experiment with a new operation on the club footed errand boy at the hotel Now, with Emma s encouragement added to the pestering of the chemist much against his will Charles decided to risk it The operation was a complete failure the poor boy s leg had to be amputated Overcome with humiliation, Emma bought him a most expensive wooden leg Ever afterwards the sound of that artificial limb creaking and clumping along the pavements made Charles turn and fly for fear of meeting his victim

Emma s disillusionment had reached its limit She flung herself with renewed ardour, fed with all her hatred and

resentment, into her adulterous liaison Now she threw all discretion to the winds, defied appearances, and often left her lover's house in broad daylight She lavished expensive presents on him, and when she could not pay for them established credit with the town's ill-famed pawnbroker, M L'Heureux Once she went so far as to intercept the settlement of one of her husband's bills

Then she had a frightful scene with Charles's mother, who had come to live with them Mme Bovary was anxious about her son's happiness, and Emma's behaviour shocked her more and more

The result was that Emma made up her mind she could not live with her husband any longer She implored Rudolf to take her away to a far country where they could live in unhampered enjoyment of their love

Rudolf had no intention of agreeing to that, but he was at a loss to give satisfactory reasons So he allowed Emma to make all the preparations, and then, on the eve of their planned departure, he sent her a carefully-couched letter in which he told her of his great renunciation in not allowing her to accompany him and embark on an adventure she must sooner or later bitterly repent

They only just managed to prevent Emma throwing herself out of a window A desperate attack of brain-fever followed, and the Last Sacrament was administered

Charles lived through a period of hell It seemed on the one hand that his beloved wife, the life of his life, was going to leave him for ever At the same time bills he had no funds to meet poured in upon him Emma's illness, the extravagant purchases she had made for Rudolf, drove him into the clutches of M L'Heureux, the usurer He had to borrow to pay his debts, and he knew he could never make the loans good

But Emma did not die Slowly, by imperceptible degrees, she recovered When she was able to go out, Charles, to distract her, took her to Rouen to hear a famous tenor In the opera house they met Leon

After completing his studies in Paris, he had accepted a clerkship in the office of a Rouen solicitor He had matured a little, for his escapades with Paris shop-girls and harmless debauches with his fellow-students had given him at least an air of outward confidence But he was still shy, really

Leon, all through, had preserved an image of Emma She had represented for him as it were a vague promise, suspended

in the future like a golden fruit depending from some exotic tree.

He easily arranged for Charles to persuade Emma to stay over in Rouen for the next day's performance. Then, waiting his opportunity, he found her alone in her hotel room and forced himself to tell her of his love, his dreams during his unhappy absence from her. 'I always suspected it,' she told him.

Leon's shyness was more dangerous for her than the bold approaches of Rudolf.

All the same, that evening she wrote him an interminable letter, saying all was over between them, and they must not for their happiness' sake meet again. But she did not know his address, and so in order to deliver her letter she had to go to the cathedral, where they had fixed a meeting place the previous day.

Leon hailed a cab. She would not get in. But when Leon told her it was done in Paris, she yielded.

And during the drive she became his mistress.

Once more, it was Charles himself who opened the way to his wife's guilty passion. By this time, M. L'Heureux had them both completely in his power. Conceiving that the best, the only, way to get his money back was to concentrate on Emma, he proposed to her that she should get a power of attorney to settle the matter in her husband's name. She had no wish to be made responsible. But then she realized that this was a legal matter and required expert advice. She told Charles she did not know whom to consult. And he, poor man, fell into the trap. Leon was the very man, he thought.

So she went to Rouen to consult Leon. She stayed there three days, their 'honeymoon.'

On her return, she seemed to be consumed with a musical fervour. The trouble was, her fingers had grown stiff through want of practice and she had forgotten the scales. Charles suggested she should take lessons in Rouen.

They rented a hotel room in Rouen and called it their 'home.' Inside, moving amongst the faded upholstery of the furniture, they really did feel at home there.

At Yonville, her domestic life returned full cycle. The Rudolf time began there again. She was charming and attentive to her husband, who thought himself the happiest of man.

Time went on, Emma felt more and more need to resort

to external aids to keep passion alive For, though she was for ever promising herself ineffable felicity at the next journey's end, she had always to confess to herself, returning in the train, that she had not felt anything out of the ordinary These disappointments seemed to engender new hopes, for she would go back to her lover on the next trip more eager and impassioned than ever She would undress brutally, tearing herself open She tiptoed, barefoot, to the door, to see if it was really shut. Then, pale and serious, without speaking a word, she would throw herself with one movement on Leon's breast, shuddering

Leon did not wish to question her, but seeing her like that, so expert in all the artifices of passion, he could only suppose she had passed through the whole gamut of love and pain That was all to the good, but what he resented was the increasing absorption of his personality by hers Hers was a constant victory, and he begrudged it It was he who was her mistress Besides this, his employer, who had found out about the liaison, warned him more than once of the dangers he was running of ruining his career for a woman

And Emma, too, was not satisfied She puzzled over the insufficiency of life, how everything she turned to for support crumbled beneath her All life's promises turned into lies Each smile hid a yawn, there was a curse gnawing at every joy, and satiety lurked unseen in every promised pleasure, love's sweetest kisses left on your lips the bitterness of yearning for unattainable delight

One night when she returned home from Rouen there was a letter waiting for her, written on grey paper, her eye picked out phrases in it, " In virtue of the seizure in execution of judgment "—" within twenty-four hours without fail "—" to pay the sum of eight thousand francs " The vastness of the amount reassured her It must be just another of M L'Heureux's tricks

But the fact was that in one way and another, running up accounts, borrowing and then renewing her loans, she had ended up by owing the usurer such a neat little sum that he needed it at once for an important investment

The truth came to her at last, and with it panic Charles would see the bailiffs seize upon his effects, dismember his house, his career would be ruined, and all because of her

She tried to melt the heart of M L'Heureux, even went on her knees to him It was no good Then she tried Leon. [illegible]

he magnitude of her debts staggered him Perhaps a thousand, he muttered but made no effort to raise even that Then she tried the solicitor in Yonville, but when he replied that he expected a repayment in kind, she ran from his office

She went to Rudolf, oblivious to the fact that she was offering herself up to a prostitution precisely similar to that which she had rejected in horror at the solicitor s house

But Rudolf could not help her either

Emma knew then there was only one way out She stole into the chemist s house and swallowed some arsenic

When he came home Charles found her writing a letter She seemed quite calm Then she lay down on the bed She slept and woke up with a bitter taste in her mouth Curiously, she studied her reactions No, she was not suffering She could hear the fire crackling, the ticking of the clock, Charles s breathing at the bedhead Only she was thirsty, so thirsty She asked for water and suddenly vomited

Softly, almost as if he were caressing her, Charles stroked her stomach She uttered a sharp cry He recoiled, terror stricken

Her face turned blue, oozed drops of sweat Her teeth began to chatter and she looked vaguely around Once or twice she smiled Then her moaning increased and suddenly she shrieked aloud

They sent for two doctors But there was nothing to be done She began to vomit blood Brown spots broke out all over her body She shrieked out in agony Her pulse slipped between the fingers like a harp string taut to breaking point

The priest came and administered the extreme unction

Soon afterwards she died

It was Charles s wish that she should be buried in her wedding dress, with white shoes and a wreath They spread her hair over her shoulders, and laid her in a triple coffin of oak mahogany and lead

Emma s death was the end for Charles too He never went out saw no one, refused to receive his patients Passers by caught glimpses of him in his garden, ragged unkempt, wild, weeping aloud as he paced his garden

One evening his daughter found him dead in the arbor, with a long strand of black hair in his hand

CRANFORD

By ELIZABETH GASKELL

This is a faded water-colour of a work, meticulously detailed, not too formal, reflecting an extinct section of a society that was, even when alive, so limited as to be a curiosity to foreigners Yet it exhales, even now, a perfume peculiarly English, and no observer of English social life can afford to neglect it

IN the first place Cranford was in the possession of the Amazons All the holders of houses above a certain rent are women If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears, he is either fairly frightened to death, or else he is accounted for by being with his Regiment or making his fortune in Drumble, the neighbouring commercial town For managing their houses, gardens, maids, for settling the affairs of the parish, the country—the world, for kindness to the poor, for real tenderness to each other if in trouble, the ladies of Cranford are quite adequate The laws of the community are strict, and are not lightly to be disregarded The rules governing etiquette, dress, and so on are solemnly explained to the visitor, and she is expected to abide by them

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolk of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet, but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic There were one or two consequences coming from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility For instance, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive in the way of eatable or drinkable at the evening entertainments Even the honourable Mrs Jamieson, the acknowledged leader of Cranford society, sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, practised this "elegant economy"

I shall never forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown and his two daughters came to live in Cranford

spoke openly about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend—but in the public street! in a loud military voice He was a half pay Captain, and had obtained a situation on a neighbouring railroad which had been vehemently petitioned against So if in addition to his masculine gender and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he spoke openly of his poverty, why, then he must be sent to Coventry

Great, then was my surprise when I paid a visit to my old friends a year later to find that not only was Captain Brown on visiting terms with all the ladies of Cranford but his opinions were quoted as authority and his aid enlisted in all domestic problems

When he first came to live in Cranford he must have been sixty He did not look his age but it was betrayed by his eldest daughter, who at forty looked older than he did She had a sickly pained careworn expression Even in her first youth I felt she had been grim and hard featured Her sister Jessie who was ten years younger, was the greatest contrast in the world Her face was round and dimpled, her wide blue eyes the trustful curves of her sweet mouth her tip tilted nose and her curls gave her face a childish look that she would never lose if she lived to be a hundred

I left Cranford not long after, and returned to my home at Drumble I then had to depend on correspondence for my Cranford news The letters I received were typical of their writers There was Miss Pole for instance, whose news was interspersed with many commissions for her crotchet requirements which I must execute at the Drumble shops There was Miss Matty, Miss Jenkyns younger sister who wrote me long rambling but eminently satisfactory letters but always ended up by putting in a P S to the effect that she had since talked things over with Deborah and had come to the conclusion that —she then recanted every opinion she had given in her letter I learned that Captain Brown had been visited by an old friend of his army days, Lord Mauleverer and all the details of his entertainment in that humble establishment down to the size of the leg of lamb they had for dinner I learned too what I had suspected all along that the peevishness and worn look of Miss Brown were caused by a painful and fatal disease

What I did not learn from my letters, but from the Captain her hands [illegible] when I next visited Cranford in the summer little [illegible]ing kindness and tenderness of the Cranford

It was one ever[illegible]wards the invalid

Captain Brown called upon us one afternoon He had suddenly become an old man He did not—he could not—talk cheerfully of his daughter's state But he talked with courageous resignation

That same afternoon after Captain Brown had called we perceived little groups in the streets listening with faces aghast to some tale or other At last Miss Jenkyns' curiosity could no longer be contained she sent Jenny out to inquire

Jenny came back with a white face of terror "Oh, Ma'am, Oh, Miss Jenkyns, Ma'am, Captain Brown is killed by them nasty cruel railroads!" And she burst into tears

Miss Jenkyns looked ill, as if she were going to faint, but her voice was firm as she said, "Matilda, bring me my bonnet I must go to those girls"

When she came back at last she told us that Miss Jessie had fainted, and that they had had some difficulty in bringing her round, but that when she had recovered, her first thought was for her sister The surgeon, Mr Hoggins, had warned Miss Jessie that her sister could not live many more days, and she was determined that she should be spared the shock of their father's death And somehow it was managed

The next morning Miss Brown died, blessing her sister's love and whispering a longing to see her father And as she breathed her last slow, awful breaths, Miss Jessie told her gently that she would indeed see her father He had gone before her to that place where the weary were at rest

After this second funeral, Miss Jenkyns insisted on taking Miss Jessie back to their own house while they discussed her future, for she had just about twenty pounds a year to live on But this story had a happy ending, for she had not long been a visitor in Miss Jenkyns' house, when a Major Gordon came to call on her He, I learned, had loved her as a girl, and had indeed asked her to marry him. But she, learning of her sister's illness, and knowing what the future must bring, had refused him He had gone away, then, but seeing an account of Captain Brown's death, had come hurrying across the Continent to her

I thought that after Deborah Jenkyns' death I should no longer pay my usual visits to Cranford But Miss Pole, with whom I usually spent a week before or after my [illegible] to the Jenkyns, wrote begging that I would come as usual [illegible] after my acceptance I had a note from Miss [illegible]rtain Capt[illegible] in rather a circuitous and humble fashion Cranford [illegible]ied

to Liverpool, and had joined the Navy He wrote from there
mother begging that she would come to see him before
[illegible] but he was too late to see the

Matty asked me to help her in the task of sorting out and destroying old letters, and we began to read through the letters that covered the history of Miss Matty's family from the courtship period of her mother and father to the time of their death So it was that I discovered for the first time that Deborah and Matilda had had a younger brother, Peter And, old letters bringing old days to her mind, Miss Matty began to tell me about him He had, of course, been the apple of his stern father's eye, and the darling of his mother's heart As a little boy, everyone, including his grandfather, Sir Peter Arley, after whom he had been named, entertained high hopes for his future He went to school at Shrewsbury, but the letters showed that there he got himself into many scrapes When Peter left Shrewsbury it was only with the reputation of being the best fellow that ever was and the king of practical jokers His father was disappointed, but set to work to remedy matters He could not afford to send the boy to a tutor, so set to work to tutor him himself At first all went well, and then—"I don't know what possessed poor Peter to do it," Miss Matty exclaimed, "but he always did love to plague Deborah" Apparently he had taken it into his head to dress himself up in Deborah's well-known clothes, he took a pillow, and dressed it in long baby-clothes, and then had gone out, and walked up and down in the garden, just where he could be seen by the people passing When the Rector came by, he found as many as twenty people peeping through the rails, looking and laughing When suddenly he realized what they were really looking at, he told them in an awful voice to stay where they were He seized hold of Peter, stripped Deborah's frock, shawl, and bonnet off him, and thrashed Peter where he stood The boy stood still and white, but when the Rector stopped to take breath, he said in a curious, hoarse voice, "Have you done enough, sir?" Then he bowed to the still-watching crowd, and walked into the house

He came to the store-room where Miss Matty and her mother were making cowslip wine "Mother," he said, "I am come to say God bless you for ever" Then he kissed her, and was gone

She never saw him again, for when they came to search for him in the house, they could not find him For a few horrible days they thought he had killed himself Miss Matty herself was ill with horror, the Rector was a broken man, and the gentle mother was just a ghost of herself But Peter had gone

to Liverpool, and had joined the Navy He wrote from there to his mother begging that she would come to see him before he sailed She went, of course, but she was too late to see the boy

The shock of the whole thing killed her, and changed the Rector completely He lived long enough to see his son once more before he too died, and left the girls alone

'And Mr Peter? I asked, as Miss Matty finished

'Oh there was some great war in India—I forget what they called it—and we have never heard of Peter since then I believe he is dead myself, and it sometimes fidgets me that we have never put on mourning for him And then again, when I sit by myself and the house is still, I think I hear his step coming up the street, and my heart begins to flutter and beat But the sound always goes past, and Peter never comes back

* * * * *

The next great piece of news that set the ladies of Cranford all agog was that the Honourable Mrs Jamieson was to be visited by her sister in law, Lady Glenmire Mrs Jamieson announced the fact herself at a tea party given by Miss Betty Barker Miss Betty Barker had once been a lady s maid who later with her sister had started an extremely refined millinery business—so refined, they would not serve tradesmen s and farmers wives and daughters She had now retired, and was trying to live down her business past—however refined! Mrs Jamieson s presence in her house, therefore, was a tremendous honour in any case

All the ladies of Cranford were agog How should they address the lady? What should they wear? What should they talk about? Then Mrs Jamieson put an end to all conjecture on these scores by stating pretty plainly that she did not wish the ladies of Cranford to call on her exalted sister in law This ill bred action put Cranford society into a ferment Miss Matty, with her deep ingrained delicacy and common sense, withdrew herself from the controversy When, a week or so later, Mrs Jamieson thought better of her snobbishness and gave a part in Lady Glenmire s honour Miss Matty would have made excuses But she was over ruled Curiosity on the party of all Cranford ladies won the day We met her ladyship at last, and a very charming unassuming gentlewoman she was too Her interest in crotchet, jam making and 'elegant economies' was as great as our own When at

length I returned to my own home, recalled by my father's sudden illness, Lady Glenmire was as much a part of Cranford society as Miss Pole herself

My father's illness and convalescence kept me pretty busy at home, and I lost touch with Cranford until the following November, when I received a very mysterious letter from Miss Matty All I could make out was that if my father was better (which she hoped he was) and would take warning and wear a greatcoat from Michaelmas to Ladyday, if turbans were in fashion Could I tell her? Such a piece of gaiety was going to happen as had not been seen or known of since Wombwells' lions came, when one of them ate a little child's arm, and she was perhaps too old to care about dress, but a new cap she must have, and, having heard that turbans were worn, and some of the county families were likely to come, she would like to look tidy, if I would bring her a cap from the milliner I employed, and, oh, dear! how careless of her to forget, that she wrote to beg that I would come to pay her a visit next Tuesday, when she hoped to have something to offer me in the way of amusement which she would not now more particularly describe, only sea-green was her favourite colour So she ended her letter, but in a P S she added she thought she might as well tell me what was the peculiar attraction to Cranford just now Signor Brunoni was going to exhibit his wonderful magic in the Cranford Assembly Rooms on Wednesday and Friday evenings in the following week

I was, of course, very glad to go But even at the risk of disappointing Miss Matty and incurring her mild displeasure, I could not bring myself to allow her to disfigure herself with a sea-green turban I accordingly brought her a very pretty and charming lavender cap

Conjuration, sleight of hand, magic, and witchcraft were now the chief topics of conversation in Cranford In my mind the visit of Signor Brunoni is connected with the panic which swept over Cranford His foreign speech, his sinister appearance, his marvellous tricks, all impressed themselves on our minds as something strange, and, I suppose, evil Anyway, all at once uncomfortable rumours got afloat in the town There had been one or two actual robberies, and men up before the magistrates, and there we were, all of us, suddenly afraid of being robbed and murdered in our beds

Miss Pole, who, as I said before, was our news-gatherer, brought back strange stories of carts that went about at night,

drawn by horses shod with felt, and led by men in dark clothes She was sure her own house was going to be robbed, because she had seen two gipsy looking men twice pass the door—and she took shelter with us for the night The stories got worse and worse Mrs Jamieson s butler saw footmarks in the flower beds underneath her windows, and her little dog Carlo was murdered because he attempted to defend the house True he was very fat and very old, but none of us would believe he had died a natural death, any more than we would believe Mr Hoggins, our surgeon, who had been reported knocked senseless and robbed on his own doorstep, when he said that the true version was that the cat had stolen a leg of mutton from the kitchen safe

Pretty soon we should none of us have dared to put our noses outside our own doors but that a new adventure of Miss Pole s put all our fears right out of our minds She and Lady Glenmire had taken a long walk, and had stopped to inquire their way at a little public house on the London Road While they were there they had talked to a little girl, who, it appeared, was the child of a couple staying there Then the woman of the house had come in, and told them that the child s father was very ill The cart in which the family had been travelling had met with an accident just outside the inn, and the man had been quite severely hurt Further questioning and an interview with the invalid's wife disclosed the astonishing fact that the man was none other than our old friend Signor Brunoni, travelling under his proper name of Mr Samuel Brown!

Once this story was known the Cranford ladies could not do enough to show their sympathy Samuel Brown was removed as gently and as quickly as possible to Cranford He was put under the charge of Mr Hoggins, who diagnosed internal injuries, but predicted a complete recovery The bill at the inn was settled, and Mrs Brown and her little girl, Phoebe, were treated with the utmost kindness

One day, while I was talking to Mrs Brown, she told me that Sam had been a soldier in India, and that she had been out there with him She had lost six children, she said, in the terrible Indian climate, but when Phoebe was born she had begged Sam to let her take the child back to England, and he had let her go She told me how she had walked hundreds of miles to the port, her child in her arms, and how at last, when she felt she could go no farther, God Himself had caused

her to wander into the camp of the Aga Jenkyns, a white man, who had helped her to the end of her journey

My attention was caught by the name at once! Was this Miss Matty's brother? I questioned Mrs. Brown further, but she could tell me no more about him, and I went away, my mind full of wild conjectures

Fortunately, no one noticed my abstraction For Cranford society was suddenly presented with a new topic of conversation Lady Glenmire was to marry Mr. Hoggins! Mr. Hoggins was an excellent surgeon, and a wealthy man, but he was not "a gentleman" His name was more than enough to damn him At the time the engagement was announced, Mrs Jamieson was at Cheltenham taking a cure Lady Glenmire was looking after her house and servants in her absence

One morning Miss Matty and I both received a letter Mine was from my father—just a man's letter It spoke of the weather and business being bad He then asked if Miss Matty still retained her shares in the Town and County Bank, because there were unpleasant rumours about its financial stability. Miss Matty at that moment broke into my thoughts by saying that her letter was from the Directors of the Town and County Bank asking her to attend a shareholders' meeting

I was very uneasy to hear this, but resolved to say nothing to alarm her, but to write to my father I should, perhaps, explain that my father had advised the Misses Jenkyns in their business affairs since their parents' death The friendship between the two families was of very long standing In fact, I am not sure there was not some relationship Be that as it may, the only time his advice had been disregarded was over this matter of the Town and County Bank It had been Deborah who had insisted on investing practically all their money in this concern, and my father had always been touchy on the subject I hoped with all my heart his forebodings were not to come true now

We spent the afternoon quietly, saying very little For I was busy maturing a plan I had had in my mind for some days After Miss Matty had gone to bed, I re-lit the candles, and sat down to compose a letter to the Aga Jenkyns It was two o'clock in the morning before I had finished

The next morning came the news, official and unofficial, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment Miss Matty was ruined

I do not think I ever remember a finer thing than the

courageous fashion in which this gentle, timid, helpless old lady faced this crisis. She immediately started the retrenchment which she knew to be necessary by going down to the kitchen to tell Martha she could no longer keep her. In the meantime I had slipped out to get the address of the Aga Jenkyns from Mrs. Brown, and to post my letter. When that was done, I hurried back to be met by a weeping, protesting Martha, who exclaimed that she would never leave her dear Miss Matty. I soothed her as well as I could, but I saw I had not convinced her.

After lunch Miss Matty and I sat down to discuss what she could possibly do to earn a living. Hers was not a very encouraging list of accomplishments from a material point of view, but when the tea was brought in, I was suddenly struck with the thought that Miss Matty could sell tea as an agent of the East India Company, which then still existed.

While I was still preoccupied with this idea, we heard a clumping noise outside and whispering noises. Then Martha burst in, dragging a great tall young man.

"Please, Ma'am, it's only Jim Hearn," she exclaimed by way of introduction. Miss Matty and I both looked at him with interest. This was the one follower Miss Matty had allowed.

"And please, Ma'am, he wants to marry me off hand. And please, Ma'am, we want to take a lodger—just one, and we'd take any house that was comfortable, and oh dear Miss Matty, if I may be so bold, would you have any objection to lodging with us?"

The shy, embarrassed young man, after a good deal of nudging and prompting from Martha, expressed his hope that Miss Matty might fall in with that plan. Miss Matty was so bewildered and so touched she could not say anything, but I was quick to see the advantage of such a plan and dismissed them, promising to think over the idea very seriously.

The next morning I received a very mysterious note from Miss Pole, asking me to go to her house at eleven o'clock. When I went as requested, I found solemnly waiting for me in the drawing-room Miss Pole herself, Mrs. Forrest, and Mrs. FitzAdam, Mr. Hoggins' sister. She was a wealthy widow, whose husband had made his money in trade, and whose position among the ladies in Cranford was, therefore, a little uncertain, but she was well liked.

The purpose of my summons was quickly made clear to me by Miss Pole.

"Miss Smith," she said, addressing me (familiarly known as Mary to all the company assembled, but this was a state occasion), "I have conversed in private—I made it my business to do so yesterday afternoon—with these ladies on the misfortune which has happened to our friend, and one and all of us have agreed that it is not only a duty, but a pleasure—a true pleasure, Mary!"—her voice was rather choked just here—"to give what we can to assist her—Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the mind of every refined female"—and here she consulted a card which she held in her hand—"we wish to contribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to And our object in requesting you to meet us this morning is that, believing you are the daughter—that your father is, in fact, her confidential adviser in all pecuniary matters, we imagined that, by consulting with him, you might devise some mode in which our contribution could be made to appear the legal due which Miss Jenkyns ought to receive from—probably your father knowing her investments can fill up the blank" Miss Pole concluded her address, and looked round for approval and agreement

I knew not what reply to make I tried to answer, but broke down utterly and had to be revived by cowslip wine When we had all recovered, it was arranged that I should put the matter to my father when he came

He arrived the next morning, and Miss Matty and I spent hours assenting to accounts and schemes and reports and documents of which neither of us understood a word. After lunch my father and I went for a walk alone, and we came back with a definite plan of action Martha and Jim were to be married immediately, and were to keep on Miss Matty's present house The sum that the Cranford ladies had subscribed was sufficient to pay the greater part of the rent Most of the furniture was to be sold, and the proceeds to go to the debts of the Town and County Bank (Salve to Miss Matty's tender conscience, but my father was most annoyed!) Finally he agreed with enthusiasm to my plan that she should sell tea When we told Miss Matty, she was patient and content with all our arrangements The tea-selling was a shock to her, not because of the loss of gentility, but because she doubted her ability to manage the arithmetic part of it, and especially to give the correct change She felt, she added plaintively,

that she would like to sell comfits to children So in the end we reconciled her to the tea by adding comfits to her stock in trade

I stayed long enough in Cranford to establish Miss Matty in her new mode of life It really did astonish me to see how well it succeeded Her simple trust kept anyone from cheating her, and the frightful change problem was invariably solved by he customer himself She did a tremendous trade in her opening weeks The whole countryside ran out of tea at that identical time, and I know for a fact that Mr Johnson himself sent many customers to Miss Matty, saying she had better and more delicate brands of tea than he stocked

So I left Cranford with a lighter heart than I had imagined possible I did not return for a year, and then I was summoned by Martha, who expected her first confinement in a week or so I found she had not dared tell Miss Matty, as she was frightened she "would not approve I decided not to tell her until I confronted her with the baby in my arms I found I was right, when Miss Matty first saw the baby, she was overcome with delight when the first awed shock was over

Martha was up again, and I had fixed a date on which I must return home, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the shop parlour with Miss Matty, we saw a gentleman walk past slowly once or twice, and then finally come in

Suddenly it flashed over me that it was the Aga himself! His face was deeply tanned, and his clothes had an unusual foreign look Any doubts were set at rest when, after giving Miss Matty a searching look he turned to me and said, Is your name Mary Smith? Yes ' said I Obviously he was at a loss to announce himself to Miss Matty, but she looking up said suddenly It is—oh, sir! Can you be Peter? And in an instant he had her in his arms

There is little more to tell I learned how Mr Peter had for long years thought himself the only survivor of his family, how my letter had reached him after much delay, and how he had immediately sold his estate, and returned home He was not rich, he said, but he had plenty enough to keep Miss Matty and himself in comfort for the rest of their days

Mr Peter became a favourite in Cranford society, and he used his influence to end the feud that existed between Mrs Jamieson and the erstwhile Lady Glenmire—now Mrs Hoggins He managed it somehow, and ever since there has been the old friendly sociability in Cranford society which I am thankful for, because of Miss Matty s love of peace and kindliness

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Four important omissions in this digest are the incidental poems "The Hermit", "Edwin and Angelina", "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog", and "When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly" These charming verses, which should be read, help to alleviate an atmosphere of misery and misfortune that very nearly becomes comic to modern eyes. Nothing is allowed to come right with the unfortunate vicar until the very end of the book In spite of this artificiality, however, Goldsmith's limpid yet polished English transforms a nearly-ridiculous parable into a masterpiece

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued singly and only talked of population I thus set an example to my parish, early marrying a good-natured, well-read, housewifely woman, rearing a family in the path of affection and duty Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds The second child, a girl, was called Olivia, and the next Sophia Following Sophia came Moses, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more My happiness in the bosom of my family was exceeded only by that of my wife, for we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old Olivia, now about eighteen, possessed a luxuriant beauty, whilst her sister Sophia was soft, modest, and alluring George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions, whilst Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home

My eldest son, just upon leaving college, became engaged to Miss Arabella Wilmot, the beautiful daughter of my old friend and neighbour, who was a dignitary of the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune I had composed a tract, in defence of my favourite monogamist principle, which in the pride of my heart I showed to Mr Wilmot, feeling assured of his approbation, but too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, being at that time actually courting a fourth wife As may be

expected, this produced an acrimonious dispute between us, which was interrupted by one of my relatives 'The merchant in town, said he, in whose hands your money was lodged has gone off to avoid a statute of bankruptcy and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families at this piece of news misfortune had us in its grip, but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure Mr Wilmot nothing loth, determined by this to break off the match With the remains of my lost fortune I purchased a small farm of twenty acres and a fortnight later removed thence some seventy miles, first despatching my eldest son to seek his fortune in London, where his address would stand him in good stead

About the beginning of autumn, on a holiday—for I kept such intervals as relaxation from labour—as we sat outside, the girls forming a small concert with voices and guitars, a stag bounded nimbly past, which by its panting seemed pressed by the hunters who also ere long passed swiftly by A young gentleman however, of genteel appearance, stopped short, and having first regarded us, gave his horse to a servant in attendance, and approached us with a superior careless air Saluting, he let us know that his name was Thornhill, owner of the estates which lay for some extent around us and nephew to that renowned, though eccentric, philanthropist, Sir William Thornhill His easy address and fine clothes found no repulse from us indeed, the whole family seemed earnest to please him At the approach of evening he took leave, requesting permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we readily agreed to

As soon as he was gone, my wife said, 'Tell me Sophy my dear, what do you think of our visitor? Don t you think he seemed to be good natured? Immensely so indeed, dear mamma, replied she 'I think he has a great deal to say upon everything and is never at a loss and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say' Yes, cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man, but for my part, I don t much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar and on the guitar he is shocking This I interpreted by contraries, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him I was not prepossessed in his favour and said so, admonishing my womenfolk against fortune hunting when I was interrupted by a servant from

the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after I was silenced, but reflected that virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel

Whilst part of the venison was being prepared for supper, who should appear but Mr Burchell, known in our neighbourhood as the "Poor Gentleman", and whose acquaintance we had made on our journey hither.

He supped, and spent the night with us, the next morning rising early to assist at saving an aftergrowth of hay At which occupation, however, I could not help noticing his assiduity in helping Sophia in her part of the task, but I had too good an opinion of her understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be uneasy about a man of broken fortune, be he but yet scarce thirty

All was bustle and preparation on the day when we entertained our young landlord, who arrived in company with two friends and his chaplain He politely ordered his servants to the next alehouse, but my wife insisted on entertaining them all, for which, by the by, our family was pinched for three weeks after The evening passed pleasantly enough, in good-humoured dispute and discussion, but as Mr Thornhill directed his looks and conversation almost entirely to Olivia, it became no longer a doubt that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor

The day following we were again visited by Mr Burchell, and although he more than repaid our hospitality with his toil and lightheartedness, I began to be displeased with the frequency of his return We were all reclining in the field round a temperate repast, when Mr Thornhill's chaplain appeared to inform us that his master had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight on the grass plot before our door From this entertainment Mr Burchell excused himself, and he had scarce taken his leave, ere Mr Thornhill arrived with a couple of under-gentlemen, and two ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town Chairs being short, he proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap, but to this proposal I strongly objected, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife My neighbour Flamborough's daughters appeared, flaunting with red top knots, and the evening passed merrily, the moon shone bright and our

music consisted of two fiddles with a pipe and tabor Some awkwardness was caused when Mr Thornhill said, "My fortune is pretty large, love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims, but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers, and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit I answered this thinly disguised base proposal with dignity and spirit but was soon sorry for my warmth when the young gentleman grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit though he disapproved my suspicions At last the two fashionable ladies, apprehensive of catching cold moved to break up the ball one expressing herself in a very coarse manner observing that by the living jingo I am all of a muck sweat Such lapse we excused with our own ignorance of high life for indeed they talked of but little else, save such as pictures Shakespeare taste and the musical glasses

We accepted neighbour Flamborough's invitation to celebrate Michaelmas Eve with his family, and Mr Burchell, who was of the party organized the games with his usual address 'Hunt the slipper was in riotous progress when, confusion on confusion who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! They had been to our house to see us and finding us from home came after us hither To every remark they made Mr Burchell, who sat with his face to the fire, cried out Fudge, an expression which displeased us all, and damped the rising spirit of the conversation It transpired that both the Peeress and her friend were needing a companion, one wishing to pay thirty pounds a year, and one twenty five guineas as salary

My wife first studying my countenance for approval then petitioned a plea on behalf of our daughters eloquently describing their accomplishments, and indeed I could not help being of the opinion that two such places would fit them exactly and the money be useful The ladies agreed to consider the proposal, and left us in a high state of conjectural excitement, for it would mean the girls going to London where my wife anticipated them meeting all sorts of acquaintances of taste eligible in the matrimonial market

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance simplicity and contentment were entirely disregarded The distinctions paid us by our betters awaked

that pride which I had but laid asleep My wife and daughters now proposed to sell our Colt, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or a double upon occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit They overbore my scruples, and a fair but little distant happening upon the following day, my son Moses departed for it, mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in

He was scarce gone when a footman arrived with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. After noon Mr Burchell arrived with various small presents, and we could not avoid communicating our happiness to him After reading the note he shook his head, observing that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection His diffidence angered my wife, who ranted at him with more abuse than wit, that I was fain to change the conversation, when Moses returned He came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box which he had strapt round his shoulders like a peddler

"I have sold him," he cried, "for three pounds five shillings and two pence" "Well done," returned his mother. "I knew you would touch them off Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two pence is no bad day's work Come, let us have it then"

"I have brought back no money," replied he "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is A gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases"

At first she seemed faint, then flew into a passion, "You have parted with the Colt," she fumed, "and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles A fig for the silver rims, I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce" "You need be under no uneasiness," I said, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence I perceive they are only copper varnished over"

It was found that our remaining horse was useless for the plough without his companion, so it was decided that as my daughters must be equipped for their journey to town, which according to Mr Thornhill was certain, I should visit the fair myself to prevent imposition, and dispose of him This was the first mercantile transaction of my life Arrived at the

fair, so many came up and crabbed the poor beast, that I became ashamed of him myself Alas, I did no better, indeed worse, than Moses I met an old and devoutly learned man, whose venerable aspect filled me with respect Even more so when in conversation it transpired he knew and admired my few writings There's no limit to the amount of flattery an author can swallow I showed him the horse and, in fine, we struck a bargain He produced, and asked me to change a thirty pound note I was unable to do so, so the old gentleman, saying he was an old friend of my neighbour Flamborough, offered me a draft upon him, payable at sight A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money The draft was signed and Mr
and my horse
each other I
Flamborough on my way home to honour the bill, to find that it was spurious and that I had been robbed by Ephraim Jenkinson, the same rascal that sold the spectacles to Moses yesterday I was greatly mortified returning home in fear and trembling, but alas! the family were no way disposed for battle The London trip was off, some malicious person had given iniquitous reports of us to the ladies who had that day set out for the town

Perplexity as to our ill wisher was still in our minds when one of our little boys brought in a letter case, found whilst he was playing on the green It was quickly known to belong to Mr Burchell, and amongst other things was a sealed note, superscribed, "the copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle"! Although I was against it at the joint instigation of the family I broke the seal, and read as follows —

LADIES

I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town whom I have some knowledge of under the character of companions As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon nor virtue contaminated I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences Take therefore the admonition of a friend and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided

Our doubts were now at an end although there was much applicable to both sides, the malicious meaning was obvious

The author appeared just as I finished reading, and I resolved to tackle him directly I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him

"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"

"And how came you," replied he, with look of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely presume to open this letter? Don't you know now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do is to swear at the next Justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at his door"

This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I could scarce govern my passion I bade him be gone, threw him his pocket-book, which he took with the utmost composure, and left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance.

After his departure the visits of Mr Thornhill became more frequent and prolonged His behaviour avowed his passion for Olivia, but he adroitly parried all my wife's wiles to bring him to declare an honourable love One there was who did, however Mr Williams, a farmer in easy circumstances, prudent and sincere, bespoke me for her hand I consulted with her, and, without forcing her preference, she agreed to marry him in four weeks' time, unless the 'Squire should declare in his turn He made no effort, however, to restrain her nuptials, until, within four days of the appointed time, as my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, little Dick came running in crying, "Oh, papa, papa, my sister Livy is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise!"

Consternation, amazement, and confusion shook us to the marrow at this piece of news Passion seized me, as I reached my pistols to go in search of her betrayer, but the admonitions of my son, and the tears of my wife restrained me The night passed in misery, and next morning I set forth to find her, armed but with my Bible and staff My suspicions fell first upon our young landlord, but making my way to his seat, I fell in with one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling Olivia in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description I could only guess to be Mr Burchell, and that they drove very fast I determined to find out for certain and continued my way

After some two hours walking, I fell in with a strolling player whose cart contained scenes and other theatrical

furniture he was proceeding to the next village in advance, the company following the next day We discoursed upon the theatre very pleasantly until such time as we reached his destination, where I resolved to spend the night In the common room of the inn we were accosted by a well dressed gentleman whom I set down for a parliament man at least He insisted the Player and I sup with him at his house, and after a short walk he ushered us into one of the most magnificent mansions I had yet seen An elegant supper was brought in two or three ladies in easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness Politics engaged our attention for some time, when suddenly a footman rapped upon the door, and the ladies cried out 'As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!' It seems that our entertainer all this time was no less than the butler, borrowing his master's shoes, nothing could exceed my dismay upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter when whom should I next see enter but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose match was broken off as before related She was delighted to see me and on hearing my name Doctor Primrose, her aunt and uncle welcomed me with cordial hospitality They prevailed upon ... stay some days, and the day following we went to see ... barn converted to a theatre We ... t in the front row, when ... rents think of my sensa ... y their own, I recognized my own so ... George acting He was about to speak when he perceived ... nd me and instead stood speechless and immovable ... not, pale and trembling desired me to conduct her ... uncle s, who when he heard our story, at once ... h and an invitation for him Mr Arnold gave ... dest reception and I received him with my usual ... t, for I could never counterfeit false resentment ... per over he told us his adventures of his misery as an unsuccessful writer in London, his acting as familiar dependant and fighting a duel on his employer's behalf, an attempt at teaching languages in Holland wandering across France as a minstrel, a visit to Spain, then walking and working his passage home, and finally his joining the troup of actors in which we saw him As he concluded his recital Mr Thornhill was announced He seemed rather taken aback at seeing my son and me, but after a short time his presence increased

the general good humour He told me that he left my family well, and was surprised I had no news of Olivia

We continued here a week, the attentions of our landlord being most marked to Miss Wilmot, who seemed to hear them rather in compliance with the will of her aunt than from real inclination Mr Thornhill's kindness reached its height when he informed me that he had procured an ensign's commission for my son, the fee of three hundred pounds he had got reduced to one hundred, and he offered to advance me this amount This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of, I readily therefore gave my bond for the money and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay The next day George departed to take up his commission, neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress—for Miss Wilmot really loved him—he was leaving behind, in any way damped his spirits I gave him all I had, my blessing

The day after I also left the good family that had been so kind to me, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more Within twenty-five miles of home I put up at an inn for the night, and whilst conversing with the landlord overheard his wife loudly upbraiding a female lodger upstairs "What, you strumpet," screamed the virago, "to come and take upon an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with! Come along..." "dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity ... abandoned creature, ... for one night, and death will ... rest!" I instantly recognized the voice of Olivia, ... to her rescue She told me that in all good faith ... married to Mr Thornhill, but that after the ceremony was performed by a Popish priest, she found it ... binding, for he had been married already six or ... by the same priest Indeed, he introduced her to two women, whom he had similarly deceived, and now ... contented prostitution He proposed the same life ... which she resisted, finally fleeing from the house when offered by him to a young baronet

It was near midnight the next night, silent and still, when I knocked with happiness upon my own door, but suddenly the house burst out in a blaze of fire, every aperture red with conflagration The family awoke at my cry, and came running out, naked, and we stood looking on helplessly With a shock I realized that my two babes were still within, and



G och

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in The Vicar of Wakefield



Courtesy P D C

Hester Prynne is led to the scaffold —A scene from "The Scarlet Lette[illegible]"

dashing into the inferno I caught them both in my arms and snatched them through the fire as far as possible, while just as I got out, the roof sank in Their mother laughed and wept by turns whilst I found that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner My goods, amongst which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters fortunes, were entirely consumed The goodness and charity of our neighbours furnished us with necessities and we moved into one of our outhouses a wretched dwelling enough, but yet home to the pious and cheerful heart

My wife received Olivia but coolly, for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men, and the poor girl seemed devoid of all spirit She told us that Mr Burchell, far from being the knave I had suspected, had done all in his power to dissuade her from her designs and been responsible by what unseen power she knew not for the rapid return to town of the two great ladies who were not great at all but women of the town in the employ of Mr Thornhill That gentleman himself called on us with the most barefaced effrontery and assurance, saying there had been nothing criminal in his conduct, and that if Olivia had sense enough a proper husband could soon be found, whilst he would be most happy to remain her lover This base proposal called forth bitter and angry reproaches from me whereat he changed his tune, threatening to call upon the bond he gave me for my son, and claim the rent due, which owing to my present misfortunes I had not

We soon found he had not threatened in vain His steward called for the rent, and not receiving it appraised my cattle, and sold them for half their value The day after, the ground heavily laden with snow two officers of justice arrived made me their prisoner and bade me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, eleven miles off I felt weak and ill with a fever from my burns, but they were adamant My family expeditiously packed our few belongings, and within an hour we set forth slowly on foot Some hours before night we reached the mean town I was allowed to sup with my family at an inn, and then attended the officers to the prison which consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated and paved with stone common to felons and debtors alike at certain hours whilst all prisoners had separate cells where they were locked for the night

As I sat in a corner apart, feeling far from cheerful, I was

joined by a fellow-prisoner, who, finding I had made no provision for a bed and that I was like then to sleep only upon the straw allowed, offered me half of his bedclothes. Touched by his generosity, I thanked him. He then began to discourse in a seemingly learned manner upon the world, but "I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning, but I think I have heard all this before. Did we not meet at Wellsbridge Fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" "Yes, sir," returned he, "I bought your horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am afraid of at the next Assizes, for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But rogue as I am, still may I be your friend, and that perhaps when you least expect it." We were interrupted by the roll call, after which I was locked in my cell. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity.

Thus several weeks passed. The execrations, lewdness, and brutality of the prisoners disgusted me, and I endeavoured to reform them by reading and exhortation; at first I met nothing but ridicule, but later earned some success. My wife and family endeavoured to persuade me to let Mr Thornhill know that I would not oppose his marriage to Miss Wilmot, but this I positively refused to do whilst I had breath in my body. Olivia's health declined; my soul was bursting from its prison to go to her assistance, when news came that she was dead! I was at length persuaded that, in the interests of my own health, as well as my family, there was now no longer any need to disapprove the marriage.

My son Moses took my letter of submission, but returned with a message that it was too late and unnecessary, that Mr Thornhill had heard of an application I had made to his uncle, and that all future applications should be addressed to his attorney. "Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me, but I shall soon be free in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. As I draw daily nearer to an abode which looks brighter as I approach, my only thoughts are for my orphans." Just as I spoke my wife appeared with looks of terror, accompanied by another woman, who informed us that as my wife and daughter

Sophia and herself were walking in the great road a little way out of the village, a post chaise and pair drove up to them and stopped Upon which a well dressed man not Mr Thornhill got out, clasped my daughter round the waist, forced her in bidding the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight before my wife and family had time to collect their wits This was a cruel blow but another sorrow followed fast upon this one s heel We were lamenting Sophie s abduction when the door of my cell flew open amidst much noise and a man entered bloody, wounded and fettered with the heaviest irons Compassion changed to horror when I recognized my son George He explained that he received a letter from my wife written in the bitterness of anger in which she described our woes, and requested him to avenge our cause Immediately he sent a challenge to Mr Thornhill, which he answered not in person, but by sending four of his domestics to seize the challenger A fight ensued in which my son desperately wounded one, but was captured by the others 'The coward continued George, is determined to put the law in execution against me, the proofs are undeniable I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute I see no hope of pardon But you have often charmed me with your lessons in fortitude, let me now, sir, find them in your example With the fall of night George was removed to a stronger cell I therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading we were disturbed by the gaoler, a kindly man who informed me, with haste and looks of pleasure that my daughter was found Moses came running in a moment after crying out that his sister Sophie was below and coming up with our old friend Mr Burchell She told us that in her struggles with her captor she succeeded in breaking the canvas of the chaise and having entreated several passing vehicles in vain for help she at last espied Mr Burchell At her cries he ran up by the side of the horses and with one blow knocked the postilion to the ground The horses stopped and the ruffian leapt out sword in hand, but Mr Burchell shivered this to pieces with his staff he then pursued the man for some distance but he was a great runner and escaped

I expressed my gratitude to her deliverer, and apologized for the way in which we had previously misjudged him He graciously accepted all I said but sternly rebuked my son George for his behaviour I hastened to explain

my wife's imprudent letter, to which he replied with great dignity

We now found to our surprise that our poor, harmless, and amusing Mr. Burchell was none other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears He then asked Sophia if she could describe the man who abducted her, so that he could advertise for him; Mr Jenkinson, who was standing by, thought he knew him by her description, and offered, by Sir William's permission, to go and fetch him with two gaolers He departed as we sat down to dinner ordered by the baronet, who first wrote a prescription to relieve my arm, which continued very painful Ere we had finished, Sir William sent for his nephew, who entered, as usual with a smile He stated his case clearly and simply "I appeared, sir," he said, "with Doctor Primrose's daughter at some places of public amusement, thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported I had debauched her I waited on him in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse As for the rest, if he has contracted debts, it is the business of my attorney and steward to proceed as they have done, and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress I defy him to contradict a single particular As for his son, I have two witnesses to prove his challenge, and one of my servants wounded dangerously I will see public justice done!"

Our attention was called off by the entrance of Jenkinson and the two gaolers, with a tall man exactly answering the description given by my daughter of the ruffian who had carried her off The moment Squire Thornhill perceiv... Jenkinson and his prisoner, he shrank back with terror... would have left, had not Jenkinson detained him. "his 'Squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two ol... ...ressed ances Jenkinson and Baxter?" This Baxter im...-prisoner, us an account of his actions, he was supposed ...resses me; so wounded by my son George, he was pa...train me Sophie, he was the procuror of ladies for Mr...hter as I pleasure—in short, a fine villain "All his guilt...ust as I plain," exclaimed Sir William, "and I find his pr...ied by cution dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and rev...ughter

Gaoler set free this young officer I ll set the affair in its proper light to the magistrate But where is the unfortunate Olivia? Let her appear to confront this wretch Ah, sir, said I, I was once indeed happy in a daughter but, '— another interruption stopped me for who should enter but Miss Arabella Wilmot who was next day to have been married to Mr Thornhill Out of the goodness of her heart she had come to see me, and was astonished to see the baronet and his nephew with us Sir William quickly enlightened her as to the character of her betrothed, she seemed like to swoon as she said, O goodness, how I have been deceived! Mr Thornhill informed me for certain that Captain Primrose was gone off to America with his new married lady My wife thereupon expatiated upon the sincerity of her son s passion for Miss Wilmot, and as she spoke he came in, cleansed and rehabilitated in his regimentals and without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress As glove fits the hand, so she flew to him, they renewed their vows of constancy, whilst my son Moses ran to fetch her father He no sooner arrived but he gave them his blessing Mr Thornhill then removed his mask, and showed himself to be a barefaced rascal he insisted that under the marriage settlement he retained Miss Wilmot s fortune, and Sir William, who had assisted the drawing up of the document had to agree Hold sir,' cried Jenkinson, 'can the Squire have this lady s fortune if he be already married to another? ' 'Undoubtedly not replied the baronet Jenkinson departed with his usual alacrity, and returned—amazement fails me—with my daughter Olivia!

There she is, cried he, 'your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room As sure as you stand there Squire this young lady is your lawful wedded wife and here is the licence by which you were married vain will remember commissioning me to secure a false priest he ran ce licence? Well, to my shame I confess it but I the postilchis \true priest and a true licence, so that I could ruffian leapt e r/and let you know I could prove it upon you, this to pieces ted money And sir continued he address distance but ought the only possible means of freeing you

I expressehe as by your submitting to the Squire s new for the w ibis you had vowed never to do whilst your He graciwa living so I prevailed upon your wife to join my son Ceit that she was dead

Happiness expanded on every face, except Mr Thornhill's, who fell on his knees before his uncle, imploring compassion Sir William was going to spurn him, but at my request, he raised him saying, "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude deserve no tenderness, a bare competence shall be supplied thee to support the wants of life, but not its follies Thy wife shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone art thou to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future" Before he could reply he dismissed him, bidding him choose one of his former domestics only to wait upon him Whilst joy was on every countenance, Sir William claimed my daughter Sophia for his own "I have for some years," said he, "sought for a woman who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man How great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty," and he caught her to his breast with ardour

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternations of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I withdrew, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning When I awoke, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to increase my joy with the news that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors This unexpected good fortune delighted me I went down to find the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them Sir William produced the marriage licences, and hoped I would not refuse my assistance in making them all happy this morning

After the double ceremony we returned to the my old neighbour Flamborough, who agreed to evidence against Jenkinson, and his daughters the coach which I had despatched for them to table, and it is impossible to describe our I can't say whether we had more wit among but I am certain we had more laughter.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

A PURE WOMAN

BY THOMAS HARDY

The tragic epic of Tess Durbeyfield is the story of a " well meaning man's misguided cruelty to the woman he believed he loved Yet it is far more than that for in the tale of adorable Tess the milkmaid, with her pure warm heart and her eager human impulses, we discern with growing horror, the bitter thread of destiny weaving—weaving and tightening as time passes until at last it closes round her young throat on the scaffold

To appreciate fully how Hardy has wrought a thing of wonder and beauty from this story of ignorance, seduction heartache and violence the book must be read in its entirety It is hoped that the following condensed account will stimulate the desire to do so

"GOOD night, Sir John said Parson Tringham, an antiquary half jocularly to ignorant beer loving Jack Durbeyfield, local haggler (carrier) in the village of Marlott, which lay remote from the world in the green fertile valley of Blackmoor And he went on to tell the bewildered Jack that he was actually the lineal descendant of the noble and ancient family of D Urbervilles, now deemed extinct and with their possessions scattered

Deeply impressed the simple countryman hastened home to stamut to his wife and large young family of this sudden elevation o fe ana Meanwhile his eldest daughter Tess, beautiful and vain will reme gazing with shy, longing eyes at handsome Angel he ran' e licens son who had paused briefly during a walking the postulr his brothers to dance with the village girls during ruffian leapt e revels on the green She wished he had danced this to pieces

distance but What good will it do us being gentlefolk,

I expresse he asked wonderingly when told the news

for the w abeyfield kindly natured but as shiftless and irre

He gracigasher husband was already eagerly planning

my son Ceit a rich lady named D Urberville out at Trantridge

You go and claim kin with her, Tess, and she'll put 'ee in the way of helping us all, and marrying a gentleman!"

So, to please her mother and in the hope that she might help to provide for the younger children, Tess went to Trantridge, where Alec D'Urberville received her and arranged for her to be engaged as poultry-maid by his blind mother "But mind, no nonsense about D'Urberville, Durbeyfield only, you know —quite another name"

"I wish for no better, sir," said Tess with dignity

Alec D'Urberville had, in truth, less claim to the ancient name than Tess herself The son of a deceased merchant who had taken the name, he was struck by her beauty and bent on seducing her From the first he tried to take liberties with her, Tess, mortified and indignant, repulsed him, hurting his vanity and increasing his ardour But she felt she could not go home and face her parents' reproaches, besides, Alec was skilfully pressing his suit by helping her family, giving her father a new cob and sending toys to her young brothers and sisters

Divided between uneasiness and a hope that she was acting for the best, Tess applied herself diligently to her work among the fowls and managed to keep Alec's advances at bay But his strategy was too much for her, when his chance came, as it did one September evening, he did not scruple to take it

Having rescued her from a slight brawl in which some local villagers had involved her as they walked back from the market town, D'Urberville took her on his horse to a remote wood While he pretended to be searching for their whereabouts, Tess, weary from a long day's work, fell asleep, a tear on her cheek And so Alec found her He knelt and bent lower, until her breath warmed his face

Darkness and silence ruled everywhere around But where was Tess's guardian angel?

Some weeks later, remorseful, disillusioned, and unhappy, Tess crept home to her parents' house It was her wish, Alec D'Urberville half contemptuously let her go At their parting "I didn't understand your meaning till it was too late," she reproached him He shrugged

"That's what every woman says You [illegible] r good[illegible] us than usual, melancholy, Tess Show your beauty to the w[illegible] fades And good-bye, my four months' cousin!"

Joan Durbeyfield's reproaches were hard to bea[illegible] Tess that she should have been more careful if she h[illegible] to get Alec to marry her

"Oh, mother!" cried Tess, agonized "I was a child when I left this house four months ago! Why didn t you tell me there was danger in men folk? Ladies read novels that tell them of these tricks, but I never learnt that way, and you did not help me!

Subdued, Joan wiped her eyes Well we must make the best of it 'Tis nater after all, and what do please God!'

Through its changing seasons the year wore on, and the following August found Tess a mother Paler than before, and with her girlish exuberance restrained, she worked in the fields binding the sheaves of wheat with dock like regularity avoiding the company of the other women

"She s fond of that there child, though she mid pretend to hate en, said one woman watching her suckle her baby which a younger sister, 'Liza Lu by name brought to the field at midday 'Twas a thousand pities it should have happened to she—but tis always the comeliest, the plain ones be safe as churches

But Tess, with her flower like mouth and large tender eyes, adored her child and wished only to keep it in life and health When she reached home one night and learned that it was seriously ill she was plunged into misery deepened by the realization that her child was not baptized Her darling about to die, and no salvation!

I must get the parson! she cried, but her father drunken and obstinate, said he would not permit any prying into his house and affairs, and locked the door

The night wore on the infant was rapidly sinking Distracted, she murmured incoherent prayers then awaking the younger children she lit candles arranged the washstand as a font and stood by it with the baby in her arm To her sister next in age she gave the Prayer Book, bidding her hold it open before her at the service of baptism, as she had seen the clerk do it in church for the parson A name suggested by a phrase in the book of Genesis came to her

"Sorrow I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost She sprinkled the water with he ...ren'

At h ...ervice the tiny voices piping Amen mother ...sponse In the blue of the morning poor Sorrow, ...gile soldier and servant, breathed his last and when the ...ildren awoke they cried bitterly, and begged Sissy to ... 'Tother pretty baby

Almost at a leap Tess thus changed from simple girl to complex woman The year wore on as, wrapped in her deepening thoughts, she worked at home, plucking fowls, cramming turkeys and geese, making clothes for her sisters and brothers, out of finery D'Urberville had given her, and she had put by with contempt Apply to him she would not

Was once lost always lost really true of chastity? she asked herself She might prove it false if she could veil bygones Surely, if she could get away she might annihilate the past

Her chance came in early May, a dairyman with whom her mother had once put her in touch wrote offering her work She accepted gladly, and set out on a thyme-scented, bird-hatching morning to journey to Talbothays, set in the valley of the Great Dairies, where the green leas were so thickly speckled with white-coated cows as to dazzle the eye

And here, among the friendly, sturdy, slow-speaking dairy-folk, she found a young man she had seen once before He wore the ordinary white pinner of a dairy-farmer when milking, but beneath it was something educated, reserved, subtle, sad, differing

He was the passing stranger, Angel Clare, who had attracted her that May day long ago, on the village green at Marlott, during the dancing

"He's learning farming under Mr Crick, but he's quite the gentleman born," explained Izz Huett, one of the milkmaids "His father is the Reverend Mr Clare at Emminster, a very earnest clergyman All his sons, except our Mr Angel Clare, he made pa'sons too"

Angel Clare had disappointed his father deeply by his refusal to take holy orders He wanted to start farming in the colonies, which struck Tess as a strange ambition for a bookish, musical, thinking young man of good education He was an intelligence to her rather than a man—at first To him, she was new experience, a visionary essence of woman He called her Artemis, Demeter, half teasingly "Call me Tess," she said, confused by her own ignorance, and hungering for his good opinion At night, in the great attic room she shared with the three other milkmaids, she heard them discussing him Angel Clare had all their hearts in his keeping—their honour too, as Tess realized from their whispered, blushing avowals. And she admired and respected him for what she considered his self-controlling sense of duty, lacking which more than one simple heart might have gone weeping on her pilgrimage

In the hot, scented summer days her passion grew and Clare s also They were thrown together at work now that milking was done in the meadows for coolness One day, moved by her sweetness and vital warmth he put his arms about her ' Forgive me, Tess dear!' he whispered ' I love you dearest, in all sincerity

Tess s excitable heart beat against his by way of reply, the sun slanted down on the blue veins of her temple on her naked arm and her neck, and her hair She was as warm as a sunned cat She looked at him as Eve at her second waking might have regarded Adam

" Will you marry me, Tessy?'

' I cannot—I love you—but I *cannot* marry you!"

He pressed her for a reason but she evaded him The struggle was fearful, but she had come to Talbothays with a made up mind Never could she agree her conscience had decided for her when her mind was unbiased and it ought not to be overruled now She almost wished that someone would tell him about her past to settle the matter But no one did No one seemed to know

Clare would not leave her alone Continually he implored her to consent to marry him He gave her a week to decide, but meanwhile he wooed her in undertones like that of the purling milk—at the cow s side, at skimmings, at butter makings at cheese makings among broody poultry, and among farrowing pigs—as no milkmaid was ever wooed before by such a man

She knew she must break down She loved him so passion ately, and he was so godlike in her eyes

She struggled to make her confession

' There is—is something very unusual about it—about me I—I was—— Her breath quickened He urged her gently Yes dearest?'

' I—I—am—not a Durbeyfield, but a D Urberville—a descendant of the family who owned that old house we passed——'

A D Urberville? Indeed? And is that all the trouble dear Tess?

' Yes she answered faintly

' Well—why should I love you less after knowing this?' he asked ' And why are you crying?

I—oh—I vowed I would die unmarried!

' Tess—you say you care for me—prove it in some way!

She clasped his neck in a distraction of tenderness, and for the first time Clare learnt what an impassioned woman's kisses were like upon the lips of one whom she loved with all heart and soul, as Tess loved him

"Do you believe now?" she asked, flushed

So she consented The "appetite for joy" which pervades all creation was not to be controlled by vague lucubrations over the social rubric

She dismissed the past—trod upon it and put it out, as one treads on a coal that is smouldering and dangerous

The wedding was arranged for New Year's Eve A week before, as they waited in an inn parlour after doing some Christmas shopping, a man stared at her—a Trantridge man He turned to his companion and made a slighting remark about her, referring to the affair with D'Urberville Angel Clare, overhearing him, struck him and was prepared to fight The man then took back his words, apologizing for having mistaken Tess for another woman

The lovers drove home "Could we put our wedding off for a little?" asked Tess in a dry, dull voice

"No, my love Calm yourself" He dismissed her suggestion with a laugh, telling her not to have fancies

That night she wrote out a full confession and slipped the letter under his door The next morning she sought his face anxiously, it was unmoved, and he kissed her as warmly as ever

The wedding day dawned And then, when it was too late to do anything, something moved her to slip into his room—to stoop to the threshold of the doorway

The letter was still there, for in her haste she had slipped it under the carpet that ran to the door

Feeling faint, she took the letter and destroyed it

The marriage service was over, she was now Mrs Angel Clare But had she any moral right to the name?

That evening, as they sat after supper by the wood fire in their lodgings, Angel said abruptly "I want to make a confession to you, Love." And Tess, who had just resolved that, come what might, *she* would tell him all, here and now, welcomed his words with gladness and relief

He then told her of an incident in London when, tossed like a cork on the waves of doubt and difficulty, he had plunged into eight-and-forty hours' dissipation with a stranger.

"Do you forgive me?" he asked at last.

She pressed his hand tightly "Now let me confess' she said and pressing her forehead against his temple, she told him without flinching about her acquaintance with Alec D Urberville

In the name of our love forgive me! she whispered with a dry mouth ' I have forgiven you for the same!

He broke into horrible laughter as unnatural and ghastly as a laugh in hell

'I cannot—stay—in this room—just now And he left her

They lived through a despairing day or two more widely apart than before they were lovers One night Clare sleep walking bore Tess across the fields to a ruined abbey and placed her in an empty stone coffin murmuring My poor Tess—my wife—dead dead!' And this was what he felt, that the pure sweet, virginal girl he had adored was no more—and there remained only another woman in her shape

He decreed that they must part and gave her a sum of money Tess, sick at heart returned to her mother only to meet fresh reproaches for her folly, as Joan saw it for having confessed her past

Clare went to visit his family, and while there made arrangements to go abroad He evaded his father s and mother s questions about his wife, and a few weeks later sailed for Brazil

Things went hardly with Tess during the next year Unable to stay with her parents she found intermittent work at dairies and farms hoping always that her husband would return or write to her to join him in Brazil, but no letter came She was not to know that Angel lay ill of fever in the clay lands near Curitiba Meeting Marian one of her companions from Tolbothay days she went with her to work at Flintcomb Ash Farm hacking swedes Tis a starve acre place said Marian But Tess set to work Patience, that blending of moral courage with physical timidity was now no longer a minor feature in Mrs Angel Clare and it sustained her

Driven to desperation by Angel s silence, she went to visit his parents one Sunday But as she approached the vicarage she overheard a slighting remark by one of Angel s brothers as to his ill considered marriage to a dairymaid ' She turned back, tears running down her face

Pausing exhausted, to rest and drink some milk which an old cottage woman offered her she learned that there was preaching going on in an adjacent barn

And as she presently passed the barn the preacher s voice

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And as she presently passed the barn, the preacher s voice

was heard " Oh foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth? " And he went on to say that once he had been the greatest of all sinners, wantonly associating with the reckless and the lewd But the day of awakening had come

Startled, Tess recognized the voice as that of Alec D'Urberville She entered the barn and gazed at the man who had been her seducer, and whom she had not seen since her departure from Trantridge His face was transfigured; sensuousness had given way to devotional passion

Alec caught sight of Tess, his lip trembled Later he overtook her on her homeward way, and told her that his conversion had been brought about by old Mr Clare

She let him know of her first great trouble—the only one that related to him D'Urberville was struck mute

Shortly afterwards he came to Tess, as she worked in the fields, with a proposal He wished to make amends for the wrong done to her would she marry him and accompany him to Africa, where he wished to work as a missionary? Tess confessed that she had married another man " He is far away. Because of you He found out——"

Alec's desire for Tess was not dead, the sight of her had revived it and he neglected his preaching to see her As time passed, his very appearance changed, the original *Weltlust* had come back and he was the jaunty, slapdash admirer again " You've knocked my faith out of me—so be willing to share my backsliding, and leave that mule you call husband for ever! "

Passionately she swung her leather glove at his mouth, drawing blood His temper rose " Remember, my lady, I was your master once! I will be your master again! "

In her wretchedness Tess wrote a pitiful letter to Angel, begging him to come to her She ended " Save me from what threatens me!—Your faithful heartbroken Tess "

By degrees her hope died Fresh troubles came—her father died—when Lady-Day came, Widow Joan and her children had to leave the cottage and go elsewhere Tess, on the evening before they all had to go, knelt in the window-bench watching the drizzling rain She reflected bitterly that her return had made matters worse, her mother might have been permitted to stay on had she, Tess, not lost her reputation

When Alec D'Urberville appeared and offered to take care of them all at Trantridge, empty since his mother's death, she refused his proposal stormily That night she addressed her

first reproach to Angel, scribbling "O why have you treated me so monstrously? I do not deserve it! You are cruel, cruel indeed! I will try to forget you T"

Meanwhile her loyal friends, Izz and Marian, were also writing to Angel Clare "Honour'd Sir" ran their appeal, "Look to your Wife if you do love her as much as she do love you For she is sore put to by an Enemy in the shape of a Friend From Two Well Wishers

It was evening at Emminster Vicarage when Angel Clare came home His parents were shocked to see him, his sunken eye pits were of morbid hue, and the light in his eyes had waned

They gave him two letters the last one, brief and heart broken, from Tess, and the poor plain missive just come from Marian and Izz Huett Reading these, and the earlier letter which had reached him in Brazil, Angel set out to seek Tess

Her mother faced him with embarrassment She isn't here I—don't know exactly where she is staying——

'Please tell me her address—in kindness to a lonely wretched man!"

In a low voice Joan said, 'She is at Sandbourne

Inquiries brought Angel to the door of a villa in the fashion able watering place He was shown into the front room Tess appeared, her beauty enhanced by her attire—a cashmere dressing gown with slippers to match

Her eyes shone unnaturally 'It is too late! she said 'I waited and waited for you—and he kept saying I was foolish—he was very kind to me and to mother and all of us—he is upstairs—I hate him now! Oh, go away—please!"

His face grew cold and shrunken, and then he found him self alone Leaving the house, he walked along he did not know whither

Later breathless and quivering, Tess overtook him I have killed him! Will you forgive me my sin now?' A pitiful white smile lit her face as she spoke

At last, tenderness was absolutely dominant in Clare

His kissed her endlessly with his white lips and said, 'I will not desert you! I will protect you, my dearest love! What ever you may have done!'

They walked on together, taking refuge at last in an empty house in the depths of the New Forest In an upper room was a great four poster bedstead with crimson damask hangings

So five days passed in absolute seclusion, with the birds of the New Forest their only company

Then, feeling it was wise to move on, they left the house "Happy house, good-bye!" said Tess "My life can only be a question of a few weeks And—I do not wish to outlive your present feeling for me. I would rather be dead and buried than feel you despise me."

"I cannot ever despise you, Tess, dearest love"

They came to a great wind-raked place, with huge stone pillars uprising "It is Stonehenge!" said Clare "The heathen temple Older than the centuries; older than the D'Urbervilles!"

She lay down on a fallen stone slab, warm and dry.

"I am so sleepy, Angel"

"I think you are lying on an altar" He knelt and put his lips on hers

As she slept, he watched her; and then, behind him, he heard the brush of feet. A man appeared—then another, and another .

She started up.

"Have they come for me, Angel?"

"Yes, dearest They have come"

"I'm—almost glad," she murmured "This happiness was —almost too much "

"I am ready," she said quietly.

* * * * *

The July sun beat down on the lovely old city of Wintoncester. It was eight o'clock Hand in hand two young people climbed the long hill that led to a building with short barred windows—a frowning building with an ugly tower To the eyes of Angel and 'Liza-Lu, the young sister of Tess, nothing was visible but this blot on the city's beauty Slighter than Tess, a spiritualized image of her, but with the same beautiful eyes, 'Liza-Lu clung to the man whose steps dragged beside hers To his care Tess, in her last days, had committed her young sister, asking him to marry, guard and teach her

Upon the cornice of the tower a tall staff was fixed Their eyes were riveted on it A few minutes after the hour had struck something moved slowly up the staff, and extended itself in the breeze It was a black flag

"Justice" was done The D'Urberville knights and dames slept on in their tombs unknowing The gazers bent in prayer, the flag waved silently When they had strength they arose, joined hands again, and went on.

THE SCARLET LETTER

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

This remarkable drama of Puritan New England in the seventeenth century is Hawthorne's finest long work and ranks among the greater examples of early American literature. It was published in 1850, and is a clear indication of its author's occupation with "the mystery of sin, the paradox of its occasionally regenerative power, and the compensation for unmerited suffering and for crime."

ONE idle and rainy day it was my fortune to make a discovery of some little interest. Poking and burrowing into the heaped up rubbish of a loft at the Custom House of Salem, New England, where I was an officer, I discovered a mysterious package, a certain affair of fine red cloth, much worn and faded.

There were traces about it of gold embroidery, which, however, was greatly frayed and defaced, so that none, or very little of the glitter was left. It had been wrought with wonderful skill of needlework. The rag of scarlet cloth—for time and wear and a sacrilegious moth had reduced it to little other than a rag—on careful examination assumed the shape of a letter—the capital letter A.

In the absorbing contemplation of the Scarlet Letter I had hitherto neglected to examine a small roll of dingy papers around which it had been twisted. These I now opened, and had the satisfaction to find a reasonably complete explanation of the whole affair.

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The founders of a new colony have invariably found it necessary to allot a small portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site for a prison. Like all that pertains to crime, the wooden jail of the first prison house in Boston seemed never to have known a youthful era, though it was only twenty years old.

Before this ugly edifice was a grass plot much overgrown with unsightly vegetation. This spot in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of inhabitants of Boston, all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron clamped oaken door.

"Good wives," said a hard-featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell you a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public good if we women had the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne Would she come off with such a sentence as the magistrates have awarded? Marry I trow not!"

The grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle emerged through the jail door now suddenly flung open He represented the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law Stretching forth the official staff, he laid his right hand on the shoulder of a young woman whom he drew forward until, on the threshold of the prison door, she repelled him by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air of her own free will

She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months, and it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her breast so that she might conceal a certain token that was fastened into her dress But wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked round at her townspeople

On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A It was so artistically done and with so much fertility and gorgeousness of fancy that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore, which was of a splendour greatly beyond the regulations of the colony

It was no great distance from the prison door to the market-place, where, at the western extremity, a sort of scaffold was erected It was an instrument of discipline, a public pillory for delinquents Hester's sentence required her to stand for a certain time upon this platform, to bear the intolerable weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes all concentrated on her bosom, to fortify herself to encounter the stabs and stings of public contumely

From the intense consciousness of being the object of severe and universal observation, Hester's attention was suddenly diverted by the recognition of a stranger in the crowd, a man small in stature, with a furrowed visage, and remarkably intelligent features His face darkened with some powerful emotion at sight of Hester, and when he saw that she appeared to recognize him he laid a finger on his lips

In response to his inquiry, a neighbour informed him that the woman on the platform was the wife of an Englishman who had sent her to the Colony two years in advance of his coming And the young wife, being left to her own misguidance '

' Aha, said the stranger with a bitter smile, his eyes on the child in Hester s arms 'I understand And who may be the father of yonder babe?

'Of a truth, friend that remaineth a riddle Madam Hester refuseth to speak Peradventure the guilty one stands looking on at this sad spectacle

' He will be known He will be known, said the stranger, and walked away

There was a murmur among the dignified and reverent occupants of the balcony and Governor Bellingham called upon ' Good Master Dimmesdale ' to exhort this unhappy woman to repentance and to confession

The young clergyman—Arthur Dimmesdale—had come from one of the great English universities, bringing all the learning of the age into this wild forest land His eloquence and religious fervour had already given the earnest of high eminence in his profession He was a person of very striking aspect, with a white, lofty, and impending brow, large brown, melancholy eyes, and a mouth which expressed nervous sensibility and a vast power of self restraint

He bent his head in silent prayer and, leaning over the balcony and looking down steadfastly into Hester s eyes urged her to speak out the name of her fellow sinner and fellow sufferer

'Never, said Hester, looking into the deep and troubled eyes of the young clergyman 'Would that I might endure his agony as well as mine

" Speak, woman, ' said another voice, " and give your child a father

I will not My child must seek a Heavenly Father, she shall never know an earthly one

Mr Dimmesdale drew back with a long respiration

Wondrous strength and genero ity of a woman s heart She will not speak!

* * * * *

After her return to her prison Hester was in so nervous a state that her jailer introduced a doctor—the stranger whom she had recognized in the crowd, and who desired to be left alone with his patient

"Hester," said he, "if sages were ever wise, I might have foreseen all this From the moment when we came down the old church steps together, a married pair, I might have beheld the bale-fire of that scarlet letter at the end of our path."

"Thou knowest," said Hester—for, depressed as she was, she could not endure this last quiet stab at the token of her shame—"thou knowest that I was frank with thee I felt no love, nor feigned any."

"True," replied he "It was my folly, old and misshapen though I was, to desire a household fire"

"I have greatly wronged thee," murmured Hester.

"We have wronged each other Between thee and me the scale hangs fairly But, Hester, the man lives who has wronged us both Who is he?"

"Ask me not Thou shalt not know"

The eyes of the wrinkled scholar glowed so intensely upon her that Hester clasped her hands over her heart, dreading lest he should discover the secret there

"Thou wilt not reveal his name? None the less he is mine"

"Thy words interpret thee as a terror," said Hester, bewildered and appalled

"One thing thou that wast my wife I would enjoin upon thee," continued the scholar "Thou hast kept the secret of thy paramour Keep likewise mine There are none in the land that know me Breathe not to any human soul that thou didst call me husband My home is where thou art—and where he is But betray me not"

Having sworn her to silence, her husband settled in Boston as a physician under the assumed name of Roger Chillingworth, resolved to revenge himself on the unknown father of Hester's child

* * * * *

When her term of imprisonment ended, Hester came out into the sunshine doomed to wear the Scarlet Letter publicly for the rest of her life She would be the general symbol at which the moralist would point, the embodiment of woman's frailty and sinful passion—the Adultress

On the outskirts of the town, by the sea, was a thatched cottage, a lonesome dwelling, where she established herself with her infant child Pearl, a place to which a mystic shadow of suspicion immediately attached itself Children crept to the gate, watching her plying her needle, and raced away

Her needlework was her material salvation The finer productions of her handiwork first advertised by the Scarlet Letter, were soon in demand for the deep ruffs and gorgeously embroidered gloves required by new dignitaries Her baby linen—for babies then wore robes of state—became the fashion

One day, when Hester was at the Governor s Hall with her needlework, Governor Bellingham had Roger Chillingworth and the Rev Mr Dimmesdale and others as guests That was the day on which the Governor suggested that the wild Pearl needed to be clad soberly, disciplined strictly, and instructed in the truths of Heaven and earth

'What canst thou do for the child in this kind ?

'I can teach my little Pearl what I have learned from this ' answered Hester, laying her finger on the red token

Woman it is thy badge of shame! replied the stern magistrate

Nevertheless,' said the mother calmly, this badge taught me—it daily teaches me—lessons whereof my child may be wiser and better '

The Governor asked an elderly clergyman to examine the child to see if she had had any Christian nurture, but Pearl, unaccustomed to the touch of familiarity of any but her mother, escaped through the open window, and stood on the upper step, looking like a wild tropical bird, of rich plumage, ready to take flight into the upper air

" This is awful! cried the Governor

Hester caught her daughter and confronted the old Puritan magistrate

' You shall not take her from me I will die first '

By a sudden impulse she turned to the young clergyman, Mr Dimmesdale

Speak thou for me cried she ' Thou wast my pastor, and knowest me better than these men

The young minister at once came forward and pleaded for Hester

" You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness, said old Roger Chillingworth the physician, smiling at him

Pearl, that wild and flighty little elf, stole softly towards the young minister and, taking his hand in both hers, laid her cheek against it—a caress so tender, and withal so unobtrusive that her surprised mother asked herself, Is that my Pearl? '

* * * * *

At this time the health of the young minister, Mr Dimmesdale

began to disturb the people of Boston, and Roger Chillingworth offered his professional skill At Chillingworth's suggestion the two lonely souls took lodgings in the same house Probing deep into the mind and heart of his patient, old Roger concluded that he had inherited a strong animal nature which needed investigation Yet no secret such as the physician expected ever stole out of the minister's consciousness

By those best acquainted with the young minister his paleness was accounted for by his piety, his fasts and vigils undertaken to keep the grossness of this earthly state from clogging and obscuring his spiritual lamp Some even declared that if he was going to die it was cause enough that the world was not worthy to be any longer trodden under his feet

Others, observing the leech-like hold that old Roger Chillingworth was acquiring over him, thought that Mr Dimmesdale, like many other personages of especial sanctity in all ages, was haunted either by Satan himself or by his emissary who had divine permission to burrow into his intimacy and plot against his soul

The veneration of his flock was torture to Mr Dimmesdale He longed to go into his pulpit and make the dramatic announcement that " I, your pastor, whom you so reverence and trust, am utterly a pollution and a lie " Often he had gone halfway by proclaiming that he was the worst of sinners, only to be regarded with still greater reverence for his humility

One night, when the town was all asleep, the minister, driven by remorse, ascended the rude platform on which Hester had been pilloried and shrieked aloud, confident that he would awake the town, who would hurry forth and realize the secret of his infamy

The town did not awaken, but a response to his voice came in a light, airy, childish laugh in which, with a thrill of the heart—he knew not whether of exquisite pain or pleasure—he recognized the tones of little Pearl, accompanied by her mother, who had been watching late at the death-bed of a friend

Here Roger Chillingworth discovered the three

" Who is that man, Hester? " gasped Dimmesdale, but she, remembering her oath, was silent

" You should study less and take a little pastime," said Chillingworth, on the way home " Or these night whimseys will grow on you "

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no longer of popular detestation, but of some regard Hatred and hostility were changing to love The blameless purity of her life during all these years in which she had been set apart to infamy was now reckoned largely in her favour She had become the self ordained sister of mercy, and the Scarlet Letter of her shame was also the badge of the sick chamber of many a sufferer

But the Scarlet Letter had not yet done its office Her talk with the minister at the scaffold had shown her that he stood on the verge of lunacy A secret enemy was continually at his side under the semblance of friend and helper She must rescue Arthur Dimmesdale from the black ruin which had overwhelmed herself

The Scarlet Letter burned on Hester's bosom as she faced her husband, old Roger Chillingworth, now a striking evidence of man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil if he will only undertake a devil's office

She besought his permission to disclose the fact that the old man was her husband, and he agreed, though pardon the man who had separated them he would not

In the forest a week later, she met Arthur Dimmesdale

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drearily, looking down upon her bosom

"Hast thou?" she asked

"None!—nothing but despair"

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester gently "You have deeply and sorely repented Should it not bring you peace?"

"No, Hester, no Of penitence there has been none else I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness and have shown myself as they will see me at the Judgment seat Happy are you, Hester, that wear the Scarlet Letter on thy bosom Mine burns in secret If I had only an enemy to whom when sickened by the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself my soul might keep itself alive

"Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him under the same roof"

"I might have known it!" murmured he "I did know it! In the natural recoil of my heart at the first sight of him O Hester Prynne! The horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it"

"Wilt thou forgive?" she repeated over and over again

"I do forgive thee, Hester," replied the minister "We are not the worst sinners in the world That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart!"

Hester told Arthur now that she did not think her husband would publish their secret "He will seek other means of satiating his dark passion for revenge"

The two former lovers sat together in the sunshine on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree and planned the future

"Let us not look back," said she. "See, with this symbol I undo it all, and make it as it had never been"

So speaking, she undid the clasp that fastened the old Scarlet Letter and threw it to a distance among the withered leaves She urged him to new hope in a new life beyond the seas

The clergyman protested that he was not strong enough to venture out into a new strange world alone, but she persuaded him, and she booked passages for three in a vessel which was about to sail from New England for Bristol Hester did not discover until too late that Roger Chillingworth had also booked a berth in the same vessel

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The thin and white-cheeked minister sat in his study preparing for his share of the public holiday of the morrow—the Election Day Sermon If it was to be his last, it must be the best he had ever done

He was surprised by the sudden entrance of Roger, who blandly offered his physician's skill to help him through the coming ordeal

Despite his obvious weakness, his sermon next day exceeded all expectations Never before had the young suffering minister transported the congregation to such heights

Though he found walking difficult, Arthur Dimmesdale afterwards joined the procession which passed from the church towards the town-hall, resolutely refusing the help of another as he tottered along To the crowd just then the earthly faintness of their minister was only another phase of his celestial strength They eulogized his discourse, but he paid no heed

Passing the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, his attention was arrested at sight of Hester and Pearl standing there, the Scarlet Letter still on the woman's breast.

The sight of them gave him a sudden resolution.

He turned suddenly towards the scaffold and stretched forth his arms

'Hester, come hither! Come, my little Pearl!'

The astounded crowd beheld their minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder and supported by her arm approach the scaffold and ascend its steps, with the little hand of the sin born child clasped in his

'People of New England,' cried the minister 'At last I stand on the spot where seven years since I should have stood, here with this woman Now at the death hour your minister stands up before you He tells you to look again at Hester's Scarlet Letter He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast

With a convulsive movement he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast For an instant the horror stricken multitude gazed on the ghastly miracle that was then revealed Then down sank their minister upon the scaffold

Old Roger Chillingworth knelt beside him

'Thou hast escaped me,' he repeated

* * * * *

Most of the spectators afterwards testified to having seen on the breast of the dying minister a Scarlet Letter—the very semblance of that worn by Hester—imprinted in the flesh

The story of the Scarlet Letter grew into a legend, and kept the scaffold awful where the poor minister had died

For some years Hester and Pearl lived in England The money which old Roger Chillingworth left when he died went to Pearl, who married happily

Then Hester Prynne returned to the cottage and resumed the symbol of her past, the Scarlet Letter And as Hester had no selfish ends people brought her all their sorrows and perplexities and besought her counsel as one who had come triumphantly through a mighty trouble

GREEN MANSIONS

By W H HUDSON

William Henry Hudson (1841–1922) *was born near Buenos Aires, and spent his early days on a ranch whence was derived his interests in Nature and in the lives of the inhabitants of South America In " Green Mansions ", his finest book, he recaptures the distinctive atmosphere of the South American Forests Rima, the wood-maiden, has been symbolized by Epstein on the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park.*

Prologue

Many strange stories have been circulated of my friend, Mr Abel, and when in the locked room of his house was found a cinerary urn, strangely ornamented and with a seven-word undecipherable motto, the curiosity of his friends was aroused

I am now able to reveal the story of his sojourn in the desert

In 1887, when I went to Georgetown, I met Mr Abel, a Venezuelan He was said to have come half across the continent, arriving penniless and in rags, speaking but little English Once a wealthy man in Caracas, he could have returned, but preferred to stay in Georgetown His real name was Abel Guevez de Argensola, but he was known simply as Mr Abel

He was excessively popular He took no part in politics, finance, or sport, but confined himself to the world of Nature and spirit We shared an intense love of poetry and spent many hours in discussion, but whenever our talk strayed to the aborigines and his knowledge of them, Mr Abel's mood changed and he became lack-lustre and impersonally factual

Our first real quarrel caused me to reproach him with secretiveness That I cut him to the quick was apparent, and I thought our friendship was ended But next day he asked me to dine, and after the meal he told me the story of his sojourn among the Indians

The Story of Mr Abel

Venezuela is a republic in which revolutions are merely the efforts of one moneyed clique to oust another I was once

unlucky enough to be on the losing side and had to escape I determined to explore the country south of the Orinoco, penetrating to the western part of Guayana

After three months travelling I reached the Meta River, and a little later fell ill at Manapuri, a desolate Indian settlement Here I stayed for six miserable months, finally getting an escort of Indians of the Maquiritari tribe, living on the Queneveta mountains From there I passed still further into the interior, and planned to reach the Negro River and so down to the Amazon and Para

My guides took me as far as the Chunapay I had no means to purchase further transport, possessing little but a cloak, revolver, cartridge box and hunting knife I had also a silver tinder box and a match box, which were to serve a purpose later

From the Chunapay Indians I learnt of gold to be obtained in Parahuari, west of the Orinoco, so I abandoned my plans and decided to go thither After much difficulty I reached the mountains, but could find no gold I arrived in despair at the last outlying village, whose chief, Runi, allowed me to sit in a hut, where I gave myself up to despair The beauty of Nature at sunset roused me, and gradually peace settled so that I desired only to remain and rest in the village

To ensure this I had to propitiate Runi, which I accomplished by the gift of my tinder box This moved him to call for *casserie*, and we both drank to excess Runi became loud in his abuse of Managa, his enemy living on the five hills of Uritay, two days journey, I assured him of my help in overcoming him, and we both collapsed, exhausted by our potations

I was now established as one of the tribe Runi s nephews, Piake and Kua ko were my companions

For occupation, I contrived a guitar, with which I amused Cla Cla, Runi s mother and official sleep talker of the tribe, who told interminable stories each night by the fire I also took up foil making and tried to teach the boys fencing

After three weeks rest I decided to walk to the top of a ridge at the western end of the village From it, I saw below me a wooded basin, running from the foot of the great mountain Ytaioa Descending to this, I found it far more beautiful than the forests I had penetrated through the green filmy roof the sun shot in spear points of light, the place was alive with birds and monkeys

On my return, I spoke of my wanderings, commenting on

the superb hunting-ground But my enthusiasm was not reciprocated, and I found the Indians regarded the forest with superstitious fear

I went again next day, and while sitting among the trees I distinguished a note that I could not identify with any bird It resembled a human voice—or an angelic one When it ceased, I waited, hoping for a renewal it came again, with a different phrase—as if a message were being constantly repeated Again I waited, but at last the setting sun compelled me to turn back But as I reached the savannah, I heard it again, apparently in farewell

The melodious sounds followed me on successive journeys, and I decided that the best way to solve the mystery was to persuade an Indian to accompany me

After much difficulty, I bribed Kua-ko with my match-box Reluctantly he came, and entered the wood after persuasion In vain I pointed out the game—he would neither shoot nor give me the blow-pipe At last he confided that if he shot at anything, the daughter of the Didi—or evil spirit—would send his dart back into his own body

I questioned him, but he grew more frightened and, suddenly springing to his feet, rushed away I followed, infected by his fears, but tripped over a creeper As I picked myself up, I heard the exquisite music again At first I refused to heed it, and the tones grew angry then I stopped, and when it seemed to call, I followed

In this way I was led to a dark glade, lured on by the sight of a half-formed, shadowy being among the trees, by the sound of suggested footsteps

In the glade was silence it preyed on me I grew afraid of lurking terrors and started to return The voice came again, imperative I waited All at once came a great noise I was panic-stricken then I realized that I was being permitted to attend a concert of howling monkeys For the first time I was able to appreciate their unequalled vocal powers

Not till I had left the forest at the conclusion of the concert was I able to see the ludicrous aspect of my extreme terror, induced by circumstances, and the remarkable anti-climax

Then, having laughed at myself, I began to think again of the strange voice and I longed to find out more of the daughter of the Didi But to ask an Indian for information is to close the door

On returning, I gave Kua-ko the match-box, to his evident

surprise and pleasure The next day I went hunting with him and practised unsuccessfully with his blow pipe However, the following day he offered to give me a lesson, and to wards the end of it assured me with much mirth that I should soon be able to hit a bird as big as a small man—or a small woman

I did not go with him again as I was anxious to get back to my wood It was a beautiful day I sat down and watched a spider chasing a shadow spot, believing it to be a fly Just as I was about to laugh at its antics, I heard laughter behind me But when I turned there was no sign of any one

On the following day I went back, determined to explore, and pushed on to the south, coming to a more open spot There, near a small shrub, lying on the moss, I saw a girl playing with a bird She was very small and delicate, and wore only a gossamer like chemise shaped dress Misty she seemed and ethereal tinted with the greenish grey light of the sun through foliage She saw me and exhibited no alarm Only, slowly she seemed to dematerialize before my eyes and to melt into the leaves

On the two succeeding days I haunted the wood—heard her voice but saw nothing I grew vexed and determined to avoid her for a time To this end I went hunting with Kua ko who again asseverated I could hit a bird as big as a small woman

I told him of my sight of the strange girl and, after a deal of talk as to my standing in the tribe, the prospect of my being offered his sister as wife, and a blow pipe, and of his own prowess and courage, he asked me to shoot the daughter of the Didi for the sake of the tribe

I was horrified, and exclaimed that for no position would I kill an innocent girl To this he protested that she was no girl, but a daughter of the Didi and until she had been killed there could be no safe hunting in the forest

Next day I decided to return On my way through the savannah I saw a coral snake I dared not leave it in my rear, and picked up a heavy stone Missing the snake, I picked up a second stone Just as I was about to launch it the girl, with a ringing cry came out of the bushes Her tone was bitter—waspish is a more correct word—and not till I had dropped the stone did her resentment fade

I endeavoured to explain that for her sake I would befriend all living things, and drew near to her during my speech Never have I seen any one so beautiful

Her skin was translucent, of an alabaster creaminess in the sunlight, with an underlying rosy glow Her eyes were of a unique and delicate grey, and her hair a cloud that was black or iridescent in sunlight and slate or even purple in shadow From her glance, it was clear that her intelligence equalled her beauty

I moved nearer and touched her I felt a sharp pang the snake, coiled at her foot, had bitten me

After the first stupefied horror, I begged her in the Indian language to find me an antidote, but she remained silent and immovable

At that moment a great thunder-storm broke Half crazed, I rushed away, but instead of going to the village, I mistakenly ran into the wood The pain in my leg warned me of my little span of life I found myself lost in the undergrowth, and wandered about for hours, coming at last to more open spaces and the top of a fifty-foot bank Aware that I must get to the bottom, I trusted myself to leap to a tree six feet below I clutched the foliage desperately—it gave beneath me, and I fell

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself in a hut, with an old man watching over me Half hidden in the corner sat a young girl, whom he presently told to find the tobacco-pouch I admitted owning He called her "Rima" and "Grandchild", and she appeared reluctant to give him my property

Presently he confided to me that this granddaughter, a child of seventeen, was the source of the Indian's fear I could not believe that she was the same person as my elusive wood-child I asked her to stand before me, and she complied willingly

She had the appearance of a caged humming-bird—all fire and colour quenched Then I questioned her as to the strange musical language she used, but her grandfather interfered, saying that it was the voice God had given her, and with that I had to be content

On the next and successive mornings old Nuflo and his dogs set off and I, enfeebled, crept out to sit under the trees In the evenings Nuflo talked of many things, but despite leading questions he would give no hint of Rima's story Only he stated that for her sake, he and his dogs were vegetarian—which I begged silent leave to doubt

When I had recovered enough to walk, Rima accompanied

me to the forest—seldom at my side but constantly returning.

Seated on an exposed root, I tried to make her talk. She said little till I asked if she remembered her mother. Then she broke silence, speaking of the Dream Mother who clasped her in her arms at night. I begged her for her friendship, pointing out her loneliness when Nuflo should die. She responded a little, then her mood changed and she led me into the heart of the forest, where she played hide and seek round a mora tree. I tried after this to wake some satisfaction in my presence, but without much success. I told her my name, and she repeated it. I called her by her own, and she responded with a touch of petulance that I did not talk her language. Gradually I persuaded her to believe that our communion of spirit bridged such an outward chasm.

After that one burst of confidence, Rima eluded me, and I determined to get the information I desired from Nuflo. One morning I stalked him when he set out on his expedition. After much labour I tracked him to a little glade, where I found him eating a large meat meal!

The old hypocrite excused himself, and by way of bribery suggested telling me Rima's history. Actually he told me only enough to annoy and mystify me, claiming that her mother had died young of a damp climate and he had thereupon brought his grandchild to the hills.

Ashamed of having shared his meal, I tried to purify myself in the woods. While meditating, I realized the truth—I loved Rima. Overjoyed I hurried back to the hut, only to be met with the cold constraint of the two previous days, which left me at a loss.

Rather piqued by this attitude, I went next day to the Indian village, which I found deserted, though my own hammock and a small store of food remained. I settled down to enjoy myself and found I was brooding on Rima and the future and the woman I had loved in Caracas.

But now I felt the desert to be my home.

From my brooding I was roused by the sudden appearance of Cla Cla carrying firewood. She thought me a spirit till I was able to convince her of my solidity, and after that we spent a pleasant evening, singing old Indian and Spanish songs.

But next day I was drawn back to the forest, though Cla Cla warned me of a storm. It broke after great darkness, and I lost my way, wandering among trees and calling Rima.

Like a good spirit, I heard her close by, and presently could see and touch her dripping form I drew her to me, but she slipped from my arms and guided me to Nuflo's hut

The storm passed in the night, and Rima was out early I followed, hoping to find her Eventually she found me and took me to the northern end of the ridge From this point she said she could see the whole world, bounded by mountains I tried to explain by using pebbles the circumference of the earth, and gradually inculcated in her an appreciation that there was more world than could be seen I confined myself to South America, and described seas and rivers, cities and mountains, as best I could with this rough-and-ready map Her interest was keen, and she was anxious to know if people in cities were like herself

I mentioned Riolama by name and showed her where it lay At once she cried out that it was the place of her birth, that Rima was a contraction of Riolama, and that she had always wanted to go there, but that Nuflo had said it lay far away Excited and angry at what she called his treachery, she ran from me to accuse him

I followed slowly Shortly before reaching the hut, I found Nuflo lying among the bushes He leapt to his feet and began upbraiding me furiously I grew angry and reminded him he was speaking to a superior He jeered and then bitterly reproached me for turning Rima against him At last he besought me to kill him and bared his breast

At this moment Rima appeared She in turn attacked Nuflo, asking him if he wished to be dragged to Riolama

He besought her to spare him the journey, but she demanded passionately to be shown the way Nuflo then threatened to commit suicide, and Rima, furious, dropped on her knees and spoke aloud to her dead mother, recounting to her spirit the treachery with which Nuflo had hidden from her the nearness of Riolama

With all simplicity and fervour, she told her mother of my coming and of her growing love for me, revealing herself as she had never done before

Then she recapitulated the happenings on Ytaoia, and ended by begging her mother to see that Nuflo, if he did take his life, was properly dealt with by the spirits

Nuflo, terribly distressed by this, implored forgiveness, which Rima granted on condition he took her to Riolama

Then we discussed the practical details of a journey that



Courtesy Universal Film C

Quasimodo climbs the Cathedral Porch—A scene from Notre Dame

Rischgitz

Drake, playing bowls, is warned of the Armada's approach—An illustration to "Westward Ho!"

must take us twenty days After one of Nuflo's rambling dissertations, I saw a chance to satisfy my curiosity, and firmly declined to accompany them unless he told me Rima's history

He refused to do this until we had actually started, and I finally agreed

That evening was singularly happy, for Rima sat with us by the fire, though in a corner so remote that she seemed as misty as when I had first seen her I knew her secret and I was content

Next morning, determined to make her express a wish for my company, I went with her into the forest, and there I got one of her rare expressions of affection, a gentle butterfly fingering of my cheeks

Before we left for Riolama, I decided to spend a few days with the Indians When I reached the village, I was accepted, but not welcomed, and next morning I found my revolver had been taken I inquired and was told that Runi had *borrowed* it for that day s hunting But it was not returned, and it soon became clear that I was virtually a prisoner

Runi at last admitted that he had lost the revolver, and Kua ko and I went to search for it thereby wasting another day After six days the position became intolerable and I determined to escape I went to bathe alone, Kua ko refusing to accompany me, and slipping out of the pool, I ran along a gully, in great bodily distress on account of the hot sun and expecting a spear in my back at any moment

I arrived to be greeted joyously Nuflo declaring that he had not expected me

I told him of the loss of my revolver, and he took it calmly, saying that so long as we were on Rima s business we should be protected

The next day we were at work early, for Nuflo was determined to bury all he possessed lest the Indians should burn the hut At the foot of the precipice down which I had fallen he had a hidden cache to which we carried everything Then, an hour after dark, we set forth, Nuflo and I carrying two sacks

The journey was not what I had hoped Rima was with me less than ever like a bird she flitted on her own way rejoining us from time to time, outspeeding us and waiting for us

We met only one set of travellers—two men and a woman—and unhappily Rima was with us at that moment They were

curious, but Nuflo was too cunning to tell the truth He was troubled, feeling that they might mention the meeting in some Parahuari village and so Runi would hear of our absence

Little by little I got the story of Rima from the old man

Some seventeen years earlier he had been a brigand in Guayana, though asserting that he had been constrained to consort with evil men After several successes, a reverse overtook them and, flying, they took refuge at Riolama in a cave One noon, on the mountain, Nuflo and the others perceived a woman of extreme beauty, with a strange white gossamer garment and hair like a dusky cloud Nuflo believed her to be an angel, but his companions, recovering from their surprise, gave chase

The woman disappeared, and their fury was such that that night Nuflo prudently left them, since they accused him of cowardice that had cost them their prey He climbed down a chasm, and at the bottom found the woman, her ankle wedged between boulders so that she could not free herself Nuflo released her and nursed her back to health, though she was always lame, and she grew to have confidence in him

When he found she was shortly to become a mother, he persuaded her to go to the village of Voa, where the priest baptized her and where Rima was born There she lived, never learning to speak Indian or Spanish, but always using the musical bird-language she taught her child When she died, Nuflo took Rima to Parahuari, since she was pining in the humid air of Voa, and there he had reared her Between Rima, with her love of Nature, and the Indians, grew a feud, and after an Indian had been accidentally shot by his comrade in her presence she was accused of throwing the dart back to its sender in full flight, and became the daughter of the Didi

It took eighteen days to reach Riolama, but at last we came to the great barren hill, and Rima was overjoyed She demanded to see the exact place where her mother had appeared, and Nuflo pointed out the cave After this had been made fit for our night's rest, I missed Rima, and found her near the summit of the hill She believed that from there she might see her mother's country, and I was obliged to disillusion her, to tell her that Nuflo knew nothing of her people Her bitterness was great, and so was my grief I could only tell her my own belief, that her mother was the last survivor of a strange people who had perished entirely

Rima listened to me and then, with a sobbing cry, dropped into my arms in a deathly swoon

Nuflo and I watched by her in the cave in anguish, but after hours the colour came back to her skin Bending down I kissed her for the first time and knew her aware of it In that moment was the perfection of our love

Shyly, then, she told me she must return alone she wished to prepare the hut for me and herself against my coming Nuflo and I should follow in a few days

A bird sang in the dawning Rima clasped me in a long embrace and slipped out of the cave

When Nuflo awoke he found me alone by the fire He was startled to hear of Rima s departure, but laughed at my fears, saying she would find her way

Two days later we ourselves started and had good weather for a fortnight Then came the rain and much hardship, and our journey lasted twenty three days

At last we came to our own wood I was too sick with excitement to hurry we trudged on but where was the hut? I could see no sign of it

Where it had stood ashes were heaped on the ground The Indians had preceded us

But where was Rima?

I went into the wood to look for her, searching our favourite haunts, calling her, gazing into the trees

Suddenly before me I saw a naked Indian blow pipe in hand—Piake I needed a bold face I greeted him and told him I had been to look for gold with an old man and was returning to the village, tired and hungry

The day after my return to the village Runi harangued me, saying I had gone away secretly perhaps to Managa

I countered his accusations by saying I had been lured to Riolama by a tale of gold and since it was false I had come back again

My speech took effect, it appeared no more was to be said, and I lived again in the village

But my mind was full of Rima Obliquely, I questioned Kua ko and from him I drew the story of how the travellers had told them of meeting an old man, a young girl, and a young man The Indians believed us to have gone for good and went to the forest to hunt

Rima had come back and had been seen by the Indians she had climbed a great tree and all men were afraid to shoot

lest their darts come back to them So every villager was fetched, and all the small trees close to the big one were cut down and piled till the pile stretched some forty yards The crevices were stuffed with dry undergrowth and then the mass was set alight

For a while the great tree resisted, but the flames seized hold of it there was a cry like the cry of a bird "Abel! Abel!" and through leaves and smoke and flame came the white, bird-like body of the daughter of the Didi to perish in the heart of the fire

I do not know how I controlled myself I lay, wrapped in my cloak, the horror of that last scene recurring At last I rose, determined to go to Managa for revenge

Kua-ko chased me, and we met, hand to hand, with our knives A moment later I left him, a dark patch on the white plain, and went on

At last I came to Uritay and sought Managa To him I told a part of my story, and roused his fear and wrath against Runi I egged him on, for I was wild with grief and passion, and I know now I was scarcely sane My plan succeeded, and Runi's tribe was exterminated It was the body of Cla-Cla that brought me to my senses I turned and fled into the forest, and there through the long months I fought my way back to reason

For weeks I subsisted, spending all day hunting eggs and roots, holding a spirit-Rima in my arms at night And then, looking in the forest pool where she and I had gazed, I knew that I was at heart a coward

Next morning I set out to find the place where Rima had died I traced it on the third day, and resolved to sift the great heap for such ashes as might be left Judging distance well, it was noon on the third day when I came across the greater bones, so frail as to crumble when touched I bore them to Nuflo's cave and placed them in a jar, which I ornamented daily with a scroll device and a strange Spanish motto

But I thought then that I must die, for my work had been accomplished But I lived, and love of life returned—only there remained my conviction that one day my ashes must mingle with Rima's

I must learn to forgive myself—no prayers, no intercessions can avail Each soul must find its own path of salvation I have trodden mine, and were she to come to me again, I know that she would no longer hesitate to look into my eyes

NOTRE DAME

By VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo (1802–1885) was born at Besançon the son of a French general He produced his first literary work, a tragedy, at the age of fourteen his last, when he was over eighty The great historical romance "Notre Dame de Paris was published in 1831 An intensely dramatic story of Paris in the late fifteenth century, it revealed the author as a French Walter Scott But that was only one side of Hugo He was greater as a poet than as a novelist He was also a dramatist, a philosopher, an historian, and a politician "Notre Dame" has probably enjoyed a greater success in English speaking countries than any other French literary work

FROM an early hour on the 6th of January 1482, Paris had been in a turmoil It was a double holiday being the Day of the Kings otherwise known as the Epiphany, and also the Feast of Fools The people were eagerly anticipating the great event of the day, the performance of a mystery play at the Palace of Justice The representation of the mystery was to be followed by the election of the Pope of the Fools and the distinguished Flemish Ambassadors who had arrived in Paris two days previously were to witness the play

The mystery was to be performed on a lofty wooden platform erected on a colossal marble table that stood at one end of the great hall of the Palace The actors had for dressing room the space under the platform, which was shut in by hangings of tapestry, and the only means of communication between the platform and this room was a rough ladder placed in full view of the audience

The people had been good humoured for several hours after they had first assembled in and around the hall, amusing themselves by shouting singing, and exchanging rude jokes with each other, but as twelve o clock—the hour at which the Flemish Embassy was to arrive and the mystery was due to begin—drew near, sections of the crowd began to show signs of irritation Their tedium was temporarily relieved by the arrival of the rector and other dignitaries of the university, who were greeted with the facetious remarks of the crowd

Hardly had the rector and his company reached their places before the clock struck twelve The crowd suddenly became silent, and every face was turned expectantly towards the gallery reserved for the Flemish Embassy The minutes passed, but no ambassadors appeared The crowd became restive, and again angry voices were heard

When it began to appear that nothing could restrain the mob from violence, the curtains of the dressing-room were thrown back and one of the players, dressed for the part of Jupiter, advanced to the edge of the marble table, there to announce that the play would begin as soon as His Eminence the Cardinal arrived The crowd allowed the man to speak, but began to shout again as soon as he had finished, threatening the most terrible acts of vengeance on all concerned should the mystery not be started immediately

Then a handsome young man in threadbare clothes advanced towards Jupiter from the shadow of one of the pillars

"Begin immediately, Jupiter," he said "I undertake to make it all right with the Bailiff and the Cardinal "

The player hesitated no longer, but shouted at the top of his voice, "Citizens, we shall begin this moment " His announcement was greeted with wild cheers, which had hardly died down before four players mounted to the platform

The play was very dull, and the only thing that gripped the attention of the audience was the weird attire of the players There was but one person in the hall who followed the speeches · Pierre Gringoire, he who had so luckily intervened after Jupiter's reference to the Cardinal His interest was due to the fact that he had written the piece

Hardly had the players got properly into their stride before the Cardinal, the Flemish ambassadors, and a numerous train of attendants entered the hall The players stopped short, and every eye turned towards the reserved gallery

The people were at first awed by the appearance of the visitors, but, quickly recollecting that, since it was the Feast of Fools, they were at liberty to behave as they pleased, they started to crack offensive jokes at the expense of the Cardinal and his retinue

Fifteen minutes after the entry of the visitors, one of the Flemish envoys, a tall, jolly-faced man, stood up and addressed himself to the audience He demanded that the play should be discontinued, and that the people should proceed immediately to the election of the Pope of the Fools

"We have our own Pope of Fools at Ghent," he went on. "We elect him in this way: we assemble a crowd, such as there is here, and then anyone who likes, sticks his head through a hole and grimaces at the others, and the man who succeeds in making the ugliest face is chosen Pope. I propose that you follow the fashion of my country here and now."

The citizens received this suggestion with enthusiasm. It was decided that the little chapel opposite the marble table should house the competitors.

denly a thunderous roar of applause rent the air. The Pope of the Fools had been unanimously elected.

No one present had ever seen such an incredibly ugly face as at that moment displayed itself. The mouth was horseshoe-shaped, the nose tetrahedronal, one eye was overshadowed by carroty bristles, the other buried beneath an enormous wen, the teeth were irregular, and one of them protruded, tusk like, through the horny lips. When the body to which the face belonged appeared, the admiration of the crowd knew no bounds. An enormous bump on the shoulders was counterbalanced by a prodigious swelling of the stomach, the hands and feet were gigantic, the legs horribly misshapen. It was Quasimodo the bell ringer! Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame! Quasimodo the one eyed, the bandy legged.

The pasteboard tiara and the mock robe of the Pope of Fools were fetched and placed upon the exultant hunchback. He was then requested to sit upon a coloured litter which was immediately hoisted on to the shoulders of twelve officers of the fraternity of fools. A procession was formed and a tour of the streets of the city was begun.

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Only a small handful of people was left in the hall to witness the still hopeful Gringoire's last effort at getting the mystery finished.

Suddenly someone shouted, "La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda in the Square," and all rushed to see who La Esmeralda might be.

Gringoire's last hopes were shattered. Cursing the stupidity of the Parisians he too rushed out into the street. After

wandering about for a long time he came to the Place de Grève and, having espied a bonfire, made his way towards it

There was a circle of people around the fire, watching with fascinated eyes a young girl dancing At sight of her, Gringoire forgot his troubles Dark-complexioned, slim, finely shaped, her black eyes flashed fire as she twirled round on her toes with her exquisitely shaped arms held above her head It was obvious that she was a gipsy

Among the hundreds of faces that were turned upon her there was one that wore a sinister look—a look expressive half of ecstatic pleasure, half of horrified loathing Its owner was not more than thirty-five years of age, but he was already bald, and his brow was furrowed with wrinkles His dress could not be seen

The girl stopped dancing and, bending down, called to a little white goat that had been lying near her The animal jumped up and, obeying orders given by his mistress, began to perform tricks so cunning that the people were astounded

"There is sorcery in this!" said the harsh voice of the bald man The crowd drowned his words with cheers, but the little dancing-girl shuddered and turned away to continue the performance

A little later a woman's voice was heard screaming from a dark corner of the square, "Wilt thou begone, Egyptian grasshopper?" There was venom in the cry, and it was followed up with others even more unpleasant Just then the procession of the Feast of Fools came in sight and all else was forgotten Seated high above the ranks of the ruffians who owed him, as Pope of Fools, allegiance, sat Quasimodo, a look of pride upon his face.

As Quasimodo was borne past the Maison-aux-Piliers, the bald-headed man darted out from the crowd and snatched from his hands his gilt-wood crosier, the mark of his office Gringoire recognized the man as Claude Frollo, the archdeacon The crowd held its breath, expecting to see the Herculean hunchback tear the priest limb from limb, but, to the amazement of all, the Pope dropped on his knees before him, and remained in that posture while the priest pulled off his tiara and stripped him of his tinsel-cope

The outraged Fraternity of Fools would have thrown themselves upon the priest, had not the hunchback, after rising from his knees, placed himself before his dethroner and gnashed his teeth like a wild animal as he made a way for him through the crowd

Gringoire watched the strange pair disappear and then, catching sight of the dancing girl, he set off to follow her through the streets

The night was far advanced, and there were but few people in the back streets and alleyways along which the girl and her float were making their way

She turned a corner and was momentarily lost to sight Immediately afterwards Gringoire heard her give a shriek and, running up, saw her struggling in the grasp of two men One of the men, whom he recognized as Quasimodo, dealt him a fearful blow which sent him flying into the gutter

When it seemed that Quasimodo had only to bear the girl off, a horseman, followed by about a dozen archers, dashed out from a side street and wrenched her from his grasp The hunchback was seized and bound, while his companion quietly slipped away The dancer turned to the horseman and inquired his name

Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my dear, replied the officer

Thank you, she said and then, while he was twirling his moustache she turned and disappeared into the night

By the time Gringoire had recovered his senses the street was deserted Wandering disconsolately in search of a bed, he strayed into the dreaded Cour des Miracles, the haunt of thieves prostitutes rogues and murderers He was seized by a crowd of ruffians and brought before their King who decided that unless he could induce one of the women of the Cour des Miracles to take him as her husband, he should be immediately hanged By far the greater number of the women turned from him in disgust without giving him a second glance, and the rogues were about to put his head through the noose when they were interrupted by the cry La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda!' Gringoire turned to behold the dancing girl

Do you propose to hang this fellow? she asked the King

Yes sister, unless you wish to marry him, replied he

The dancer pouted her lower lip and then said I will have him!

Their wedding night was as unlike the normal as it could possibly have been Gringoire attempted to make love to her Her reply was to whip out a knife and threaten to murder him They slept in separate rooms, and poor Gringoire did not even have a bed

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At the time of the events recorded above, Quasimodo, the hunchback, was twenty years of age Sixteen years earlier he had been exposed as a foundling in the church in which he was now bell-ringer A crowd of old women had gathered round his cradle, and so horrified were they by his ugliness that they concluded he was the offspring of the devil and that it would be well if he were placed upon a burning faggot He would almost certainly have been burned had not Claude Frollo, a young priest, intervened

Pushing aside the group of garrulous old hags, he approached the cradle and extending his hand over it pronounced the words, " I adopt this child " The priest then wrapped the boy in his cassock and bore him away The women were astounded at his action, and one of them whispered, " Did I not tell you that Claude Frollo is a sorcerer? "

The priest was no ordinary man His austere countenance, his piercing gaze, his complete devotion to his vocation, marked him off from his fellow-priests Before he took over the hideous Quasimodo, the sole object of his affections was his younger brother Jehan, whom he had adopted as an infant

When the hunchback grew up, the priest, who had by then become an archdeacon, gained him the post of bell-ringer at the Cathedral Thereafter Quasimodo lived for two things only. his bells and his foster-father On both he lavished a passionate affection As if to cut him off even more completely from the world, the great bells had deafened Quasimodo with their thunderous chimes, so that he could hear no human voice

All the warmth of the priest's heart was reserved for his brother Jehan proved a bitter disappointment, for instead of following in Claude's footsteps and devoting himself to religion and learning, he frequented taverns and gaming-houses, spending money like water and gaining a great reputation as a profligate All the reproofs and remonstrances of his brother were in vain, so, to forget his misery, Claude locked himself in his library and made himself master of the occult sciences. Hence his reputation as a sorcerer, for to the illiterate populace deep learning and magic were often indistinguishable

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After having been arrested by Captain Phœbus and his archers, the unfortunate Quasimodo was hailed before the magistrate, charged with causing a nocturnal disturbance, assaulting a lewd woman, and resisting the King's guard He was sentenced to be flogged and placed in the pillory of the

Place de Greve, where the day before Gringoire had been fascinated by the beauty of La Esmeralda

The reader will remember that La Esmeralda s performance had been rudely interrupted by the bitter screams of a woman This woman known as Sister Gudule, had for precisely sixteen years been locked up in a penitent s cell beside the pillory of the Place de Greve She had not been placed in the cell by the officers of the law, but had herself chosen this form of penance

Extremely beautiful as a young girl, she had given herself over to a life of pleasure and dissipation By the age of twenty the last of her lovers had deserted her because her charms were beginning to fade, and she was left alone with a baby girl upon whom she lavished all her affection

One day when the infant was about a year old she slipped out of the house, leaving it asleep inside When she returned the cradle was empty, the only sign of her beloved child being a tiny slipper that the kidnappers had accidentally let fall A band of gipsies had been in the neighbourhood that morning and so it was assumed that it was they who had stolen the infant

Later the same day, when the mother returned to the house after a vain search for her child she found crawling about the floor a little monster, one eyed and lame This hideous wretch was to take the place of her beautiful daughter The mother crazed with grief and rage took the road to Paris, clutching the slipper the kidnappers had dropped Thinking that the tragedy which had overtaken her was a punishment from God for the sins of her youth, she locked herself up in Madame Rolande s cell in the Place de Greve, and had remained there ever since, subsisting on scraps of food thrown into her cell by the charitable Everyone called her Sister Gudule but her real name was Paquette la Chantefleurie

As for the misshapen brat that had been left in her house the Archbishop carefully took the devil out of him, and had him sent to Paris to be exposed as a foundling in Notre Dame

The cell in which the crazed Gudule had confined herself was within sight of the pillory at which Quasimodo had been condemned to undergo his punishment

The poor deaf wretch ignorant of his sentence, and therefore of his terrible fate, allowed himself to be bound to the wheel of the pillory without protest It was only when he caught sight of the metal loaded leather whip with which he was to be flogged that he realized his fate He struggled vainly when the first lashes struck his naked, deformed back but thereafter suffered

inert and in silence. He was flogged until the blood streamed down his body, and then placed in the pillory, there to remain for an hour, and endure, besides physical pain, the jeers of a depraved mob. In the very Place through which he had the day before been triumphantly borne as Pope of Fools, poor Quasimodo was now being tortured.

Some little while after he had been placed in the pillory, Quasimodo saw a priest riding across the square upon a mule. At the sight of him, the hunchback's gruesome countenance assumed an expression of gentleness—almost of pleasure. It was as if he expected to be delivered from his torment. But as soon as the priest realized who the sufferer was, he turned the mule about and rode quickly away. Thus was Quasimodo deserted by the only human creature he had ever loved—and by the author of his present misfortunes, because the priest it was who had ordered him to seize La Esmeralda and who had accompanied him when he made the attempt.

After Claude Frollo had passed by on the other side, the hunchback, broken now in spirit as well as in body, and experiencing a terrible thirst, cried out "Water! water!" The mob responded to his piteous appeal by hurling at him stones and filth out of the gutters.

After repeating his cry a third time, Quasimodo observed a young girl approaching the pillory. She was followed by a goat, from which circumstance the hunchback recognized her as the damsel whom he had attempted to abduct. Assuming that she was approaching to strike him while he was bound and defenceless, his eyes blazed with rage and he vainly writhed to avoid her. But, instead of lifting her hand against him, the dancer loosed a gourd of water from her girdle and presented it to Quasimodo's parched lips. Tears started from the hunchback's bloodshot eyes as he drank greedily.

The attention of the mob was distracted from this touching scene by a bitter exclamation from Sister Gudule, who had been watching from her cell. The sight of the dancer, whom she knew to be a gipsy, had excited her to a paroxysm of rage.

"Cursed be thou, spawn of Egypt!" she cried. "Cursed! Cursed! Cursed!"

And as La Esmeralda descended the steps of the pillory, the crazed penitent screamed, "Get thee down! Get thee down, Egyptian child-stealer! Thou wilt have to go up again one of these days!"

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Quasimodo went back to Notre Dame there to ring his bells, but with much less enthusiasm than formerly Whereas before he was placed in the pillory he thought only of the Cathedral and of the Archdeacon, his mind was now engrossed with memories of the angelic creature who had repaid his attempt to abduct her by an act of kindness

Thoughts of the same creature monopolized the attention of the Archdeacon, who spent long hours alone in a secret chamber in Notre Dame He had found out about Gringoire s virgin marriage to the dancer, and he had also discovered by careful questioning of the young playwright, that La Esmeralda s thoughts were concentrated upon a certain Phœbus, though who this Phœbus was he had been unable to determine

La Esmeralda continued to perform in the streets attended now by Gringoire as well as by her goat She and Gringoire appeared to be fonder of the goat than of each other The dancer remained with the playwright merely because she had covenanted to do so to save his life, he with her, because she provided him with board and lodging

Several weeks after La Esmeralda had been rescued by Captain Phœbus, she accidentally came in contact with him again and arranged to meet him at night in a disreputable lodging house

One of Phœbus drinking companions was young Jehan, the Archdeacon s brother Before setting out to keep his appointment with La Esmeralda Phœbus spent several hours in a tavern with his friend The two young men were followed by the Archdeacon, who overheard Phœbus telling Jehan of his assignation

After Phœbus had left Jehan dead drunk in the gut- as thus
priest followed the Captain to the lodging house a his place,
series of cunning tricks managed to gain entrance he was not
next door to that occupied by the two lovers For one lead lined
he watched through a crack in the wall as then lead poured
and suddenly driven crazy by jealous rage,
room and savagely stabbed the amoro brother approached
meralda fainted and when she came to s lles placed against the
soldiers of the watch Phœbus was lyi with the intention of
but there was no sign of the priest Hes, eighty feet up No
window that opened on the river gallery and before the

* * * do approached and, using

The dancer was brought to trial ckwards It crashed into
with the assistance of the devil anc those who were climbing it
Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers flying after the ladder

Captain was making a good recovery did not worry the court La Esmeralda at first refused to admit her guilt, but torture was applied, and she then confessed to sorcery, magic, incontinence, and murder done upon the Captain's body She was sentenced to do penance before the great porch of Notre Dame, and then to be taken to the Place de Grève and there hanged by the neck on the gallows of the city.

After sentence had been passed, the unhappy girl was thrown into a dark dungeon under the Palace of Justice She who in the streets of Paris had symbolized gaiety, freedom, and light was now weighed down with chains and immured in a lightless cell They had told her that Phœbus was dead, and she therefore no longer desired anything for herself but death

The priest visited her in the dungeon He confessed his love for her and also the part he had played in the attempt to abduct her, and in the attack on Phœbus He said that if she would agree to go away to the country with him, he would enable her to escape from prison and from death She indignantly rejected his offer, telling him that she would rather die than have anything to do with him, and so he left her to her fate in baffled rage

On the day appointed, La Esmeralda was brought to the great porch of Notre Dame and there spiritually prepared for execution The priest in charge of the services was none other than Claude Frollo, and, while he officiated, in low tones he made another appeal to the girl, telling her that he could yet save her Her refusal was as unequivocal as before

defenc she was being led away to the gallows, she happened to avoid h eyes to the windows of a neighbouring house, and to dancer lo unded joy there observed the figure of Phœbus She to Quasimo him, but he hastily retired with a woman who was back's bloods de him At this, Esmeralda fainted

The attention athered round Notre Dame had been too en- scene by a bitter g the dancer to notice Quasimodo perched been watching from of the church Nor had they noticed that she knew to be a gipsy ment hung a rope

" Cursed be thou, sp ralda's body fallen to the ground before Cursed ! Cursed ! " n the rope like a raindrop down a pane

And as La Esmeralda as beside the girl Then, having felled crazed penitent screamed, normous fists, he lifted the dancer and Egyptian child-stealer ! T the porch of Notre Dame, crying these days ! " " Once inside the church the girl

* * Law.

Quasimodo carried her to a small chamber in the upper part of the edifice and having given her food and bedding, he said, ‘ During the day you must stay here but at night you can walk about all over the church But do not go outside either by day or by night, or they will kill you, and that will be the death of me ” That same evening La Esmeralda found her goat in her cell

Knowing that while the girl remained in the Cathedral, Quasimodo would take good care of her the angry priest decided to devise a means of getting her away He therefore sought out Gringoire and, telling the simple minded poet that it was essential for Esmeralda s safety that she should be moved from Notre Dame asked him if he could think of any means of accomplishing this Gringoire agreed after much argument, to induce his fellow vagabonds, the inhabitants of the Cour des Miracles, to storm the Cathedral and liberate the dancer

The next night, when Quasimodo was making his rounds, he observed an enormous crowd making its way towards the church This was the army of the vagabonds

The vagabonds attacked the great door with picks, crowbars, and other implements but before they had had time to make any impression upon it a great beam thrown by Quasimodo, came hurtling from above the porch and landing in the midst of those gathered around it killed a dozen of them

Undaunted by the losses they had suffered the attackers then seized the fallen beam and, using it as a battering ram, returned to the assault Quasimodo commenced to hurl down on their heads large blocks of stone that had been left by the masons who had been repairing the edifice Fearful havoc was thus caused, but every time one vagabond fell another took his place, Quasimodo’s ammunition was soon exhausted but he was not yet beaten He lighted great fires of faggots in the lead lined gutters of the church and thick streams of molten lead poured down on the attackers heads

But soon afterwards Jehan the priest s brother, approached with a ladder, which he and his comrades placed against the face of the church and started to ascend, with the intention of gaining entrance to one of the galleries, eighty feet up No sooner had Jehan scrambled into the gallery, and before the next man had time to do so Quasimodo approached and, using all his strength, flung the ladder backwards It crashed into the mob below, killing many besides those who were climbing it He then seized Jehan and sent him flying after the ladder

Meanwhile the King's guard had been called by the alarmed citizens Just as the vagabonds were preparing to place other ladders in position, they were taken in the rear by the soldiers —under Captain de Châteaupers—and quickly dispersed

Having made quite certain that the attack had been defeated, Quasimodo rushed to find La Esmeralda, but when he got to her cell he found it empty While the battle was at its height Gringoire and the priest had entered the church by a secret door that could only be gained from the river The priest was disguised, and when he entered the girl's chamber along with Gringoire she did not recognize him

La Esmeralda was terrified when the priest disclosed his identity He again declared his love, and promised to save her if she would live with him When she repeated her refusal he took her to the Place de Grève and, dragging her up to Sister Gudule's cell, said, "Gudule! Here is the woman you hate Hold her till I fetch the sergeants." The crazy witch obeyed, and held the girl as in a vice

While she held La Esmeralda, Sister Gudule gave the girl a wild account of her misfortunes She finally showed her the infant's slipper that she had kept for sixteen years When she did so, La Esmeralda tore open a locket at her breast and produced the slipper's fellow Mother and child recognized each other at last

Frantically Sister Gudule tore down one of the bars of her cage and pulled the girl inside, so as to hide her from the soldiers who were approaching But all in vain After a desperate struggle, in which the wretched mother was accidentally killed, La Esmeralda was dragged to the gallows and hanged

After leading the soldiers to her, the priest had retired to an upper gallery of the Cathedral, from thence to watch the execution As he was intently watching the girl's still-living body dangling in the air, Quasimodo came up behind him and sent him flying over the balustrade to crash to death on the pavement below

Quasimodo was never seen again, but a few years later, when the vault in which La Esmeralda's body had been placed was opened, two skeletons were there found locked together One was that of a young girl, the other that of a hunchback As the vertebræ of the hunchback's neck had not been ruptured, it was evident that he had not been hanged. He must therefore have gone thither to die

WESTWARD HO!

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

Kingsley, historian, social reformer, and naturalist possessed in addition an admirable romantic prose style which is exhibited at its finest in this swashbuckling tale of adventure and intrigue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth The book was first published in 1855, and was immediately popular

AMYAS LEIGH had the salt of the sea in his blood from earliest boyhood His native town Bideford, in North Devon, was the great port of the West of England in Elizabeth s day And if Frank, his elder brother, followed rather the gentler, learned way of their parents the tastes of Amyas drove him ever to the waterside There, while the ships of England sailed over the horizon to the unknown he would watch the bronzed sailors ashore, listen unseen to their stories, and learn the uses of the web of cordage on every ship

One evening in the year 1575 at a tavern in Bideford, John Oxenham, a bold sea rover, was living again with his gunner the raid on Nombre de Dios, in which they had followed Drake to a daring success Salvation Yeo, the gunner, passed round for inspection a great buffalo horn on which was engraved a map of the Spanish Main Amyas was enthralled by it, and Oxenham could hardly believe the young giant was only fifteen years old when he offered to fight for the buffalo horn

He went, fully resolved to snatch the boy to sea But Sir Richard Grenvile, the stainless chevalier of Elizabethan knighthood, was at supper, too The plea of Amyas to go was granted, but only after he had grown older and finished his schooling And, before the boasting Oxenham left Burrough Court, the wisdom of the decision was seen For the adventurer saw a vision of a white bird that always appeared to an Oxenham soon doomed to die And so Amyas Leigh went back to school and Mr Oxenham went his way to Plymouth again, and sailed for the Spanish Main

A year after that, Amyas's father died, and the boy went straight to Sir Richard Grenvile and said,

"You must be my father now, sir" And it was so. Mrs Leigh continued to live at Burrough, with Amyas growing to huge manhood under her eyes, while Frank tickled Elizabeth's fancy at Court with his cultured wit And, all the time, Sir Richard Grenvile kept an eye on the young sea-hawk at Burrough In due time Amyas went to sea

He went first of all because of a schoolmaster's bald head and, secondly, because of a beautiful girl Not caring to be flogged for drawing caricatures, Amyas broke his slate over the head of the schoolmaster, because, as he said, to Sir Richard

"Oh, sir, if you had but seen his bald head, you would have broken it yourself!"

His other offence was to throw over the quay a man who said that Barnstaple could boast prettier girls than Rose Salterne of Bideford

It was plain that Amyas had grown too big for school. His herculean frame needed harder work So, remembering his promise to send him to sea, but also to send him to sea only with real men, Sir Richard Grenvile took him to Plymouth And, under the wing of the stocky, tough mariner who was making England ring with his name—Captain Francis Drake—Amyas vanished for three years

The whole of North Devon turned out to greet the Bideford men of the expedition when they returned A great pageant had been arranged and all society was there. Famous names of Devon—Grenviles, Carys, Fortescues, Leighs, Stukeleys—were there Frank Leigh came from London to greet his brother, dressed in dove-grey and with a flower behind his ear

For Amyas, there were two jarring notes in the surging, laughing day, two things that spoilt a little the heartening warmth of his welcome An old woman pleaded for news of her son, Salvation Yeo, who had gone on that ill-fated voyage with Oxenham Amyas still remembered the sailor who had given him the engraved buffalo horn, but was forced to say that he had heard nothing of him in the Indies But it hurt him still more to find that Rose Salterne, the girl he loved, was not in her rightful place in the pageant as the Nymph of Torridge She was not to be seen even in the crowd

The reason was simple enough Her father packed her off to a relative at Kilkhampton as soon as he heard of the busir

He explained to Mrs Leigh 'I am but a burgher, Mrs Leigh, and you a lady of blood, but I am too proud to let any man say that Simon Salterne threw his daughter at your son's head'

The trouble was that Amyas was not the only gallant in the field Will Cary, of Clovelly, his old friend, was another And there were more as yet unsuspected

But love was forgotten next morning when Frank and Amyas met their cousin, Eustace Son of a man who had remained a Roman Catholic, Eustace had come under Jesuit teaching, and a narrow nature had been ill trained The brothers found him with two suspicious strangers in Appledore and feared they were Jesuits in disguise Sir Richard Grenvile met them while hunting with Will Cary, and scented them a mile off He saw even farther and knew them for agents of Irish rebellion as well as Roman bigots For no man who was a true Catholic and at the same time, a true Englishman, need be afraid to proclaim his faith at that time The net result was that the beaches were watched night and day to stop any more such men landing

But Eustace was in the power of the two who had already landed He agreed to go to Clovelly beach the following night and get letters from an incoming boat While he was being persuaded, Rose Salterne had visited an old woman who had a reputation for witchcraft Unable to make up her mind whom to marry among all the gallants who pursued her she sought occult advice

That night, and the following night were fateful times for all Amyas talked far into the night of his love for Rose only to find at dawn that his brother was his rival Next day came an anonymous note hinting of dark doings on Clovelly beach at nightfall Amyas and Frank watched together, and Eustace had his jaw broken before he gave up the letter he had fetched Sir Richard Grenvile galloped to the home of Eustace's father, but the priests had gone And so Will Cary rode like the wind to try and catch them at Marsland Mouth the only place now unwatched There Rose Salterne was bathing at midnight to see the face of her true love in the glass afterwards So the witch woman had bade her, and stood by to see it done And pressed terrified into a small cave Rose saw the escaping priests take boat and row away, and saw Will Cary leap from a foam flecked horse—too late to stop them

But the letter from Ireland had been dramatic No less

than eight hundred Spaniards had landed there. As his unselfish way of leaving Frank a clear field with Rose Salterne, Amyas asked permission of Sir Richard Grenvile, and was told to go and serve with Winter in the Irish campaign. Before he went there began a partnership that lasted for the whole of Amyas's active life. Salvation Yeo came home, sole survivor of Oxenham's tragic enterprise. The grim story of the expedition has no place in the life of Amyas except for one thing. Before he was hanged by the Spaniards, Oxenham had found a Spanish lady who had been his mistress years before. She and their little girl had dared to go with him as he and his men were hounded through the forests of the Main. When she stabbed herself as the Spaniards caught them at last, Salvation Yeo took the child and sought the woods again. But it was no good. He was captured and separated from her, and now was back home, dreaming only of returning to the West to find "his little maid." When he heard of Amyas going to Ireland, he asked to join him at once, and was accepted.

There was one more important event before Amyas left for Milford Haven and Ireland. Frank contrived to bring together in the Ship Tavern, at Bideford, all rivals for the hand of Rose Salterne. Frank's silver tongue won them all from thoughts of fighting each other, and the Brotherhood of the Rose was formed. Each man swore to go away and seek honour in war or at Court in the name of his lady. They were forced to bring in Jack Brimblecombe, fat son of the schoolmaster Amyas had once smitten. He had been listening, and gave himself away by sneezing. But, as he, too, loved Rose Salterne, there was no harm done. And so they all parted.

Christmas came peacefully to North Devon while Amyas waged fierce fight at Smerwick. Before the Spanish garrison was put to the sword as a stern example to all invaders, Amyas captured the commander, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto. He went an honoured captive to Sir Richard Grenvile's home at Bideford, while Amyas went deep into the Irish bogs in pursuit of further honour and further forgetfulness. And, because the Brotherhood of the Rose had sent all its members overseas, save only fat Jack Brimblecombe, the courtly Don Guzman had no rivals in the rapid suit he laid to Rose Salterne's affections.

In Ireland, Eustace Leigh moved furtively on seditious business, and Amyas talked long hours with Sir Walter Raleigh on projects for colonizing in the West or for broaching its golden

secrets They settled finally on a dash to find the fabled city of the Incas Raleigh went home to England to persuade Mrs Leigh to give her permission It was given Amyas sailed West without seeing either Rose Salterne or Don Guzman

Soon after he had gone, there was a mighty feast in the great hall at Annery, such as had seldom been since Judge Hankford feasted Edward the Fourth there and while every one was eating their best, and drinking their worst, Rose Salterne and Don Guzman were pretending not to see each other, and watching each other all the more But Rose at least had to be very careful of her glances, for not only was her father at the table, but just opposite her sat none other than Messrs William Cary and Arthur St Leger, lieutenants in her Majesty s Irish army, who had returned on furlough a few days before These two were both Brothers of the Rose

Afterwards, Will Cary saw Rose in the Spaniard s arms and was only restrained from fighting there and then by Lady Grenvile But, the moment a chance came, he insulted Don Guzman, and the duel was fixed for the sands soon after dawn Sir Richard stopped the fight at the first wound and next day, as his ransom had come, the Spaniard vanished, leaving a bad impression on his knightly host and having roused the hostility that all England was beginning to feel towards his country

Amyas came back from a fruitless voyage, but Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his leader perished in a tremendous storm Worn out by privation, saddened by failure, Amyas received at Plymouth news that unmanned him Don Guzman, his honoured prisoner, had left England And with him had gone the peerless Nymph of Torridge, Rose Salterne No trace but a footmark under her bedroom window remained of the love Amyas and the others had sworn ever to defend

Will Cary was home and had slight news The fugitives had been seen on Lundy Island, but after that all was blank There was missing, too, the old witch woman Lucy Passmore Old Salterne prayed Amyas to take ship and seek his daughter While Amyas posted to London, whither his mother had moved, Will Cary exchanged letters with Frank Leigh telling him the heart breaking news and receiving consolation Jack Brimblecombe came out a fully militant member of the Brotherhood, and was ready to go anywhere in search of their lost maid

One after another, they proved true to their vows Even gentle, cultured Frank Leigh voted at once for an expedition to the West and obtained permission from both Queen and

mother to go. Back in Bideford, all the work of fitting a ship began. Rose's father wished to pay all expenses, but the Brothers of the Rose would not have it.

The crew were picked men, the equipment of the *Rose* second to none. Amyas's old captain, Sir Francis Drake, was deep in peaceable matters, having been made mayor of Plymouth, but he sent his sailor's blessing on the venture. In the middle of November, 1583, the topsails of the *Rose* grew smaller in the West till her white sails faded away into the grey Atlantic mist, perhaps for ever. And Mrs Leigh gathered her cloak about her, and bowed her head and worshipped, and then went home to loneliness and prayer.

They made landfall at Barbados, where Frank and Will Cary feasted their eyes on the tropic beauties of which they had heard so much. There was grimmer work off Grenada, where pearls were taken from a Spanish caravel after a stiff fight. Amyas had sworn, as a good subject of Gloriana, never to forget, even though he was on a private quest, that hurt must be brought to Spain as much as possible.

So, too, they heard that Don Guzman was Governor of La Guayra. There they hastened, only to find the haven full of Spanish warships. Their original idea to make an armed landing was hopeless, but Frank was determined at least to try and speak with Rose.

Amyas insisted on him having a companion, and the lot fell upon him. From a silent landing on the beach below the Governor's house, they crept up to the garden through brilliant shrubs. And then, to their astonishment and white anger, they found Rose outside the house in the company of their Catholic cousin, Eustace. That weak-willed creature was attempting to seduce Rose away from her Spanish husband, using horrible threats of the Inquisition.

Rose's shriek at the menace brought the guard tumbling out. Amyas flung himself at Eustace, but had no time to mete out the death he burned to give him. Frank had a few words with Rose, and then Amyas held the path while he dashed for the boat. But it was too late for easy going.

Gigantic Amyas fought like a lion, upheld by the knowledge that Rose Salterne was truly married and no mere plaything of the Don's. When Frank crashed to earth, knocked senseless by a great stone, he bore him through shot-torn water to the boat, only to lose his grip when he, too, was beaten down by the pursuing guard. Two men only of that tragic boatload

returned to the *Rose*, Amyas and a seaman. Frank Leigh was in the clutch of Spain, the others died where they fought.

Next day came the great sea fight of the *Rose*. Crazed by the loss of his brother, Amyas paced the deck all night, desperate for dawn and a chance to try a forlorn assault on La Guayra. But between him and the shore lay a great galleon and two galleys. Salvation Yeo looked to his guns. Will Cary and the others awaited their real baptism of fire. With trumpets braying and banners flying, the *Rose* bore down on the *Madre Dolorosa* as soon as it was light.

Drake had not wasted his teaching on Amyas. The young giant knew how much quicker an English ship could manœuvre and how deadly her low guns could be at close quarters. Holding off for a while, he went about suddenly and took the *Rose* across the Spaniard's stern.

'Now then!' roared Amyas. 'Fire, and with a will! Have at her, archers, have at her, muskets all!' and in an instant a storm of bar and chain shot, round and canister, swept the proud Don from stem to stern, while through the white cloud of smoke the musket balls, and the still deadlier clothyard arrows, whistled and rushed upon their venomous errand. Down went the steersman, and every soul who manned the poop. Down went the mizzen topmast, in went the stern windows and quarter galleries, and as the smoke cleared away, the gorgeous painting of the *Madre Dolorosa*, with her heart full of seven swords, which, in a gilded frame, bedizened the Spanish stern, was shivered in splinters, while the golden flag of Spain which the last moment flaunted above their heads hung trailing in the water. The ship, her tiller shot away, and her helmsman killed, staggered helplessly a moment, and then fell up into the wind.

The galleys were pounded and one was boarded. The other fled. Turning, Amyas took up the fight with the galleon again. But when finally the *Madre Dolorosa* sank slowly from sight, the *Rose*, too, was in sorry condition. Taking her a mile or two up shore, Amyas entered a mangrove bordered river to careen the ship and repair the shot holes. In that eerie place, where alligators crawled in the stinking mud and lines of tall herons stood dimly in the growing gloom, yellow fever lurked. That night two thirds of the crew were down with it.

Certain that only death would be their portion in the misty swamps, Amyas led his men into the hills, trying to march overland and capture a ship on the Pacific coast. Salvation

Yeo burned the *Rose* to put pursuers off the track While their dreadful trials began, Frank and Rose lay in the Inquisition at Cartagena Before long they were burned at the stake, together in death as they had never been in life

For three long years the crew of the *Rose* wandered the forests of the Main, searching for the Golden City of the Incas, hoping for riches before they sought a ship By the wooded banks of the Orinoco they searched, and at the head-waters of the mighty Amazon Fire-spouting Cotopaxi saw them pass. The grim Rio Negro claimed five lives, the Andes two more At last they stood on the Cordillera, and it was agreed that all should go down the nearest river till the sea be reached again

Half-way down that raging stream Amyas found a canoe and, looking around to find an Indian who might guide them, found instead a tall, golden girl, shy, wild, and somehow unlike an Indian girl

When her confidence was won, she took them all to her tribal camp, where she was worshipped almost as a god Amyas and his men lived for months with them in peace and content, far above the city of Santa Fé. But, when an Indian came in with news of a Spanish gold-train, Amyas knew their chance had come It was time to take the trail once more

They ambushed that gold-train and captured it, going jubilantly on to the downward road through the forest Ayacanora, the golden Indian girl, caught up with them, asking only to go with Amyas, whom she adored as a being beyond dreams. Twice she was sent back, and only Salvation Yeo saved her from suicide the third time

After that, Amyas gave it up All took a vow to treat her like a sister, and they came at last to the sea at New Granada Near the shore lay the great galleon, the *City of the True Cross.*

In the luxurious saloon, the Lord Bishop of Cartagena talked idly with a friar The guard slept When night came, the silent approach of the boats of the men of the *Rose* gave them the galleon after a brief fight Amyas, then, had no knowledge of the tragedy that act was to reveal

From the bilges came a poor, demented old woman, mazed and fantastic in the lurid garment of the auto da fé She shrank like a beaten spaniel before the Bishop of Cartagena, and one and all knew she had suffered at his hands and at those of the Inquisition Grimmer things were to come As kindness brought back glimmerings of sense to the woman, she was found to be none other than Lucy Passmore, the old witch

woman who had vanished from Devon with Don Guzman and Rose Salterne. Out came the sad tale of the martyrdom of Frank and Rose. Black browed and merciless, Amyas sent the Bishop and his friar to dangle and kick from the yard arm and then, with a load of grief on his soul, squared the galleon away to the East and England.

But there was joy to come for at least one man in the crew. Ayaconora spent long hours with all, learning English, losing Indian ways. One day she took up and sang right through an English sea song that Yeo was humming at his work. The old gunner was taken back many years by it. He questioned the girl. Bit by bit came other English words, long forgotten, scraps of memory that proved to everybody that Ayaconora was no Indian girl, but the daughter of John Oxenham and his Spanish mistress, the "little maid" that Salvation Yeo had lost so long ago.

Mrs. Leigh's weary vigil ended in February, more than four years after the *Rose* sailed so proudly from Appledore pool. Amyas dropped on his knees before her. He said quite simply, knowing her thoughts: "I would have died to save him, mother, if I could."

Thrusting back grief at Frank's death, Mrs. Leigh filled her heart with love for the blond giant who had come home and for the shy girl who came with him. Old Salterne learned with tears of thankfulness that Rose had been truly married, then he quietly died. Rich and at peace, Amyas dwelt quietly for a year. Only the demoniac lust for revenge on Don Guzman still burned in his heart and embittered happy hours. But he remained faithful to his promise to his mother, and went no more adventuring. He was even proof against temptation from Drake, who asked him to go with him to Cadiz and "singe the King of Spain's beard." He was content to ask his old chief to look out for Don Guzman, and then went on with h[is] quiet life at home.

Into the serenity that was even then being disturbed by the mutter of Armada warnings came Sir Walter Raleigh. He had been charged by Elizabeth to carry out his old project to colonize Virginia.

Amyas was given free leave to go by his mother, though it broke her heart to give it, and all the first months of 1588 were spent in preparation. All the time, too, Sir Richard Grenvile prepared the West Country against the threat from Spain. Drake had given the Dons a lesson, but still the masts multiplied

at Lisbon and Cadiz Ayaconora quietly became an English lady, studious to learn, sweet and dutiful to Mr. Leigh, worshipping Amyas from afar Amyas's mother saw clearly the way of things, but, when she talked of it to her son, his revenge-tortured soul was untrue to him. He raged

"I mean this, that she is half a Spaniard, mother; and I cannot!—Her blood may be as blue as King Philip's own, but it is Spanish still! I cannot bear the thought that my children should have in their veins one drop of that poison"

Then came great events Grenvile sent word that the Armada had sailed at last The *Vengeance*, nearly ready for the Virginian voyage, was unloaded and filled again with the goods of war Thinking himself happy once more, Amyas sailed south, treading the deck of his own ship and bent on war with Spain He would not admit to himself that England's need was his own opportunity for revenge

And, after the waiting at Plymouth, Amyas went into the terrific sea-fight in the Channel Drake sent him word that Don Guzman commanded a galleon called the *Santa Catharina* Straightway, Amyas forgot the great cause in which he fought, and quested solely for that one ship

He hardly noticed the havoc wrought on the Armada by Effingham and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher Not till the fire-ships had cleared the Spanish fleet from anchor, not till the wind was gripping them after Gravelines, did the *Santa Catharina* lie under his guns

Night robbed him of a finish even then Don Guzman ploughed north in the teeth of the gale that finally dispersed the Armada Amyas was on his heels all the time, frustrated by shoals and by gigantic seas and by nightfalls So it continued

The grim chase never closed till Scotland had been rounded and the *Santa Catharina* entered the Bristol Channel Amyas took a hone from his pocket and, red-eyed, sullen, began ceaselessly to whet the edge of his sword As Lundy Island loomed ahead, he knew the Spaniard was trapped

Then once more came a furious north-wester Unfamiliar with the Channel, Don Guzman was driven hard on Lundy's granite rocks They saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to the keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever

Amyas hurled his sword far into the sea and cursed the God

who had taken vengeance from under his hand In that same moment came a fearful lightning flash and in that same moment, too the giant was stricken blind

When the first madness of his affliction was over, he asked to be taken to the cliff tops of Lundy There he fought with himself learned the worth of his futile lust for revenge and came down, calm and clear minded to the guiding hands held out to him

It was not so easy back home Familiar doors hurt him, corners of furniture jabbed viciously at him, old, loved books were shut for ever He took an apple from a dish and idly turned it over and over in his hands as he pitied himself in thought And then the apple dropped

Groping for it, the helpless giant struck his head on a table It was too much Tears came to his exhausted soul But the tears were dried and his heart lightened For Ayaconora came warm and loving from the night surrounding him, and he knew that all he had lost was as nothing compared to all he had found

THE PLUMED SERPENT

BY D. H LAWRENCE

Lawrence's preoccupation with discovering a language to express the unconscious lends a rhapsodic element to his prose In addition, his tortured, complex personality is constantly obtruding in his work and gives it a flavour that is unpalatable to many Nevertheless, he must be recognized as one of the most outstanding "prophets of integrity" in the twentieth century "The Plumed Serpent" (published in 1926) is an excellent example of his vividly descriptive style

"THERE is only one thing that a man really wants to do, all his life, and that is, to find his way to his God, his Morning Star, and be alone there Then afterwards, in the Morning Star, salute his fellow man, and enjoy the woman who has come the long way with him

"But to find the way, far, far along, to the bright Quick of all things, this is difficult, and requires all a man's strength and courage, for himself If he breaks a trail alone, it is terrible But if every hand pulls at him, to stay him in the human places, if the hands of love drag at his entrails and the hands of hate seize him by the hair, it becomes almost impossible . "

* * * * *

Kate Leslie was nearly forty when she came to Mexico She felt that in many ways she had already lived her life She had had her lovers, her two husbands She had her children Her second husband, Joachim Leslie, she had loved to the bounds of human love, and now, although she felt a deep peace in her life, she was still seeking to safeguard her retreat into inner loneliness, into the peace of the soul She no longer wanted love, excitement, and something to fill her life She felt that out of the fight with the octopus of life, one must win the true peace of the spirit, that is damaged by a touch But it is given to no one to say "At this point my life is over, now I can seek only peace" For Kate Leslie Mexico meant not merely the end of the old life, but also the beginning of the new

It was the Sunday after Easter, and the last bull-fight of

the season in Mexico City As though driven by a force stronger than her own will Kate overcame her reluctance, and went with her cousin Owen and a young American friend to see the bull fight At the spectacle Owen gazed with the intensity of a small boy who is determined to see a forbidden thing through even though it makes him sick Villiers, the American, got a cold, unemotional thrill out of it all And Kate was sick with horror at the sight and the crowds and the cruelty and the underlying squalid evil of the bull fight and the city She knew that if she stayed any longer she would go into hysterics "I m going!" she said, and hurried away towards the exit

She was caught in a torrential downpour and struggled blindly through the crowds seeking a way of escape, striving not to lose her head and to forget the horrors she had just witnessed A short dark officer cleared a way through the crowd for her and sent her safely home Before she left him, the officer, General Don Cipriano Viedma, invited her to visit him at the house of his friend Señor Ramón Carrasco Kate, touched by his kindliness but more deeply moved by the dark mystery of his black eyes and the brooding depths of his primitive Mexican quietness, like the gloom of a tropical forest, promised that she and her friends would call

When she met Cipriano again, she told him how the mysterious depths of Mexico oppressed her 'It makes my heart sink she said Like the eyes of the men in the big hats—I call them the peons Their eyes have no middle to them Those big handsome men under their big hats they aren't really there They have no centre no real I Their middle is a raging black hole like the middle of a maelstrom When she left him she felt the stirring of a new mystery the turning of a new page that was still dark, impenetrably dark

She discovered that the unfathomable heart of Mexico was stirred by an ancient mystery, the return of the Gods of Antiquity She discovered that to a large number of visionary workers and dreamers the soul of the Mexican people could be saved only through her own ancient Gods and that even the newspapers were talking of the return of the God Quetzalcoatl to the Lake of Sayula Quetzal, the bird with beautiful tail feathers, precious to the Aztecs Coatl, the serpent—Quetzalcoatl the plumed serpent

It was Don Ramon who told her just what the return of the gods meant to him and to the other believers And his

friend Toussaint told her of the conflict in the blood of the people of Mexico, the tragedy of the Mexicans of mixed blood. Don Cipriano, he said, was pure Indian. Don Ramón was almost pure Spaniard, but probably with the blood of Tlaxcalan Indians in his veins as well.

They were obsessed with the problem of the miracle that was needed to redeem the Mexicans. Kate felt she was in the presence of men. Here were men face to face not with death and self-sacrifice, but with the life-issue. She felt for the first time in her life, a pang almost like fear, of men who were passing beyond what she knew, beyond her depth.

* * * * *

Kate and Cipriano talked to each other of their lives before they met. "Men like my first husband," Kate said, "who are good and trustworthy and who work to keep the world going on well in the same state they found it in, they let you down horribly, somewhere. You feel so terribly sold. Everything is just a sell; it becomes so small. A woman who isn't quite ordinary herself can only love a man who is fighting for something beyond the ordinary life." And Cipriano, dreaming of the old gods of his people and the peace of inner fulfilment, gazed on her as on a goddess, gleaming with a moon-like power and the intense potency of grief.

Then Kate's cousin Owen had to return to the United States, and asked her whether she wanted to stay on in Mexico. She was afraid of Mexico, afraid of what people said, that the country and the people would pull her down, and then she remembered what Don Ramón had said. "They pull you down! Mexico pulls you down, the people pull you down like a great weight! But it may be they pull you down as
S... earth's gravitation does, that you can balance on your
childr... Maybe they draw you down as the earth draws down
to the bo... of a tree, so that it may be clinched deep in soil.
deep peac... ll part of the Tree of Life, and the roots go down
retreat into ... of the earth. Loose leaves and aeroplanes
no longer wa... the wind, in what they call freedom. But the
life. She felt ... fixed deep, gripping roots.
one must win th... you need to be drawn down, down, till y...
touch. But it ... the deep places again. Then you can se...
is over; now ... he leaves back to the sky, later."
Mexico meant ...
beginning of the ... ers to me are the roots that reach dow...
It was the Sunda... on. The roots and the life are the...

What else it needs is the word, for the forest to begin to rise again And some man among men must speak the word"

And in spite of the strange sense of doom on her heart, Kate decided she would not go away yet She would stay longer in Mexico

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Kate went down to live by the lake of Sayula, the realm of the God Quetzalcoatl, where she found boatmen and humble toilers who knew that they were Men of Quetzalcoatl There she learned more of the horrors of primitive life, of the fierce lusts and savage hate of the peons, who could find no satisfaction save in the thrust of the knife and beneath it all the mystery of the lost gods, and she felt she could cry aloud for the unknown gods to put the magic back into her life and to save her from the dry rot of the world's sterility Give me the mystery and let the world live again for me!' she cried to her own soul 'And deliver me from man's automatism!'

At Sayula she heard the drums, and she who had heard the drums and the wild singing of the Red Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, instantly felt that timeless, primeval passion of the prehistoric races, with their intense and complicated religious significance spreading on the air She heard the strange Christian-Pagan hymns of the people, and saw their mysterious, primeval dances

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Ramón had given his life over to the ancient gods and their message for Mexico, and Cipriano was his loyal friend Ramon's wife, Dona Carlota, a devout Catholic, was afraid of the ancient gods, and tried to persuade Ramon to turn from them Kate and Carlota learned different ways of love Carlota in spite of her spirit of devotion and self sacrifice, was possessive, with the grasping love of a woman who has not gone through the body to the soul Kate learned the love of those who neither own nor are owned, but who meet in the ineffable radiance of the Morning Star, between the dark and the dawn There is no giving and no taking When the fingers that give touch the fingers that receive the Morning Star shines at once, from the contact and the jasmine ...eams ...etween the hands

Such was the love that Kate and Cipriano found Each ... Cipriano has two spirits in him The one is ... early morning in the time of rain, very quiet and ... with the mocking bird singing and

birds flying about . And the other is like the dry season, the steady, strong, hot light of the day, which seems as if it will never change . "

"And you," he said to Kate "You seem to me like that morning I told you about"

"I am just forty years old!" she laughed shakily.

"It doesn't matter," he said "It is the same Your body seems to me like the stem of the flower I told you about, and in your face it will always be the morning, of the time of the rains You are like the cool morning, very fresh In Mexico we are at the end of the hot dry day . I would like to marry you," he said, "if ever you will marry "

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By the Lake of Sayula Kate learned more of these deep, mysterious men into whose lives Fate had sent her—the one who loved her, and his strange, visionary friend She learned more of the salvation that was being wrought for the Mexicans through their ancient gods, through their re-discovery of their true racial selves, and their redemption from both the arid automatism of European civilization, imposed on them from outside, and the savage cruelty of their own uninformed, unregenerate past

Ramón told Carlota of the unbridgeable gulf that yawned between them, between his conception of love and hers, between her idea of the redemption of mankind and hers

"What do you think this Quetzalcoatl nonsense amounts to?" Carlota asked

"Quetzalcoatl is just a living word," Ramón replied, "for these people, no more All I want them to do is to find the beginnings of the way to their own manhood, their own womanhood Men are not yet men in full, and women are not yet women They are all half and half, incoherent, part horrible, part pathetic, part good creatures Half arrived—I mean you as well, Carlota, I mean all the world—But these people don't assert any righteousness of their own, these Mexican people of ours That makes me think that grace is still with them And so, having got hold of some kind of clue to my own whole manhood, it is part of me now to try with them"

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The movement of the Men of Quetzalcoatl spread gh the people, but not without opposition The Cl dov bureaucrats, the non-Mexican interests in the co the

obstructionists of all parties and creeds began to fight against the new movement, along with hordes of bandits with the lust for destruction irrespective of the cause at stake Ramon and Cipriano, themselves given up whole heartedly to Quetzalcoatl saw in Kate the perfect partner You may easily be a goddess says Cipriano in the same pantheon with Don Ramon and me

But Kate was afraid, afraid of the slumbering mystery of Mexico and the horror of primeval passions and desires

Mexico, she said, " is really a bit horrible to me And the black eyes of the people really make my heart contract and my flesh shrink There s horror in it And I don t want horror in my soul '

Why not? Cipriano said ' Horror is real Why not a bit of horror as you say, among all the rest?

You feel a bit of horror for me too, he went on But why not? Perhaps I feel a bit of horror for you, too for your light coloured eyes, and your strong white hands But that is good

' Get used to it,' he said ' Get used to it that there must be a bit of fear, and a bit of horror in your life And marry me and you will find many things that are not horror The bit of horror is like the sesame seed in the nougat, it gives the sharp wild flavour It is good to have it there

But Kate would not yet commit herself

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Ramón had many enemies—the Church and the Knights of Cortes, and a certain " black ' faction among the people, but he was not afraid I shall be First Man of Quetzalcoatl, he said " I know no more

I would like he added smiling to be one of the Initiates of the Earth One of the Initiators Every country its own Saviour, Cipriano, or every people its own Saviour And the First Men of every people forming a Natural Aristocracy of the world One must have Aristocrats that we know But natural ones not artificial And in some way the world must be organically united the world of man The leaves of one great tree can t hang on the boughs of another great tree The races of the earth are like trees, in the end they neither mix nor mingle They stand out of each other s way like trees Or else they crowd on one another and their roots grapple, and it is the fight to the death Only from the flowers there is commingling And the flowers of every race

are the natural aristocrats of that race And the spirit of the world can fly from flower to flower, like a humming bird, and slowly fertilize the great trees in their blossoms Only the Natural Aristocrats can rise above their nation, and even then they do not rise above their race Only the Natural Aristocrats of the world can be international, or cosmopolitan, or cosmic It has always been so So I want Mexicans to learn the name of Quetzalcoatl It is because I want them to speak with the tongues of their own blood . The men and women of the earth are not manufactured goods, to be interchangeable But the Tree of Life is one tree, as we know when our souls open in the last blossoming We can't change ourselves, and we don't want to But when our souls open out in the final blossoming, then as blossoms we share one mystery with all blossoms, beyond the knowledge of any leaves and stems and roots, something transcendent . "

And Ramón told Kate of the limitations of earthly love

"Men and women should know that they cannot, absolutely, meet on earth In the closest kiss, the dearest touch, there is the small gulf which is none the less complete because it is so narrow, so nearly non-existent That which we get from the beyond, we get it alone The final me I am, comes from the farthest off, from the Morning Star . "

"There is only one thing," he thought, "that a man really wants to do, all his life, and that is to find his way to his God, his Morning Star, and be alive there Then afterwards, in the Morning Star, salute his fellow man, and enjoy the woman who has come the long way with him . . "

He felt that Cipriano was the man who was with him in the Morning Star, and that Kate could be with them there . .

Meanwhile he struggled with those whom life had fastened on to him, with his wife Carlota, and his sons who were afraid that their rebel father with his gods will become a laughing stock Although his courage never failed he sometimes searched deep into his soul to discover why the solitary road of the First Man of Quetzalcoatl had been marked out for him

He told Kate that he was afraid of the love of the body, which makes always either the man or the woman a ravisher "If I marry a Spanish woman or a dark Mexican, she will give herself up to me to be ravished If I marry a woman of the Anglo-Saxon or any blonde northern stock, she will want to ravish me, with the will of all the ancient white demons Those that want to be ravished are parasites on the se-

Those that want to ravish a man are vampires And between the two there is nothing '

" But if you want to be different," said Kate, " surely a few people do, really "

' It may be, Ramon said, becoming calm " It may be I wish I kept myself together better I must keep myself together, keep myself within the middle place, where I am still

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Kate plunged deeper and deeper into the life of the people, listening to their new old songs, in which the Christ idea is blended with the chants of the resurgent Quetzalcoatl and then she was swept into the orbit of a sudden revolution, bursting like a tropical thunderstorm and, as at the bull fight, was brought face to face with the horror of primitive violence, and death and the spurting of dark hot blood

Under cover of sporadic anti Government outbursts, an attempt was made on the life of Ramon She saw a bandit s knife plunged in Ramon s back seized a revolver and shot at his second assailant She saw Ramon overcome his adversary and stab him to death with short stabs in the throat—one, two, while blood shot out like a red projectile—there was a strange sound a ghastly bubbling one final terrible convulsion from the loins of the stricken man, throwing Ramon off and Ramon lay twisted still clutching the man s hair in one hand, the bloody knife in the other, and gazing into the livid distorted face, in which ferocity seemed to have gone frozen, with a steady, intent inhuman gaze

The man Kate shot was only wounded, but Ramon flung his knife at him, his knife all red as a cardinal bird, and then drove the knife finally into the man's throat

After the struggle Kate hid for a time in her own house numbed and she brooded on marriage with Cipriano, and the inevitability of her surrender to him and to the vast unspoken twilight of the world of Pan She wondered whether she ought not rather to escape whilst there was still time escape from the dark mystery of Mexico, and Cipriano and Ramon But her life was now bound up with the men and antique gods of Mexico Cipriano took the name of a god He became the living Huitzilopochtli, the living firemaster, and she became the bride of Huitzilopochtli in the Temple of Quetzal coatl who was represented in human form by Ramón Ramon told their marriage was holy, ' for man is frail and woman is

frail, and none can draw the line down which another shall walk But the star that is between two people and is their meeting ground shall not be betrayed For if there is no star between a man and a man, or even between a man and a wife, there is nothing . ."

After the strange religious rites, Cipriano wanted her to have a civil marriage and live with him, but she was not yet ready "No," she said, "I am married to you by Quetzalcoatl, no other I will be your wife in the world of Quetzalcoatl, no other And if the star has risen between us, we will watch it"

After a pause Cipriano accepted her word "It is very good," he said, "it is the best"

* * * * *

Again she returned alone to her house, to think, and wonder, to try to decide And there she heard the sound that always made her heart stand still, the sound of drums, of tomtoms rapidly beaten, the sound that wakes dark ancient echoes in the heart of every man, the thud of the primeval world

But her initiation into the new life was not yet complete She attended the rites of Quetzalcoatl, at which Carlota, wife of Ramón, tried to break the spell and redeem her man from what she believed to be false gods by calling on him to save himself in the name of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin But Ramón turned her away, and in a little while she died, broken and crushed with the failure of her supreme attempt

Cipriano took command of his followers, and urged on them the inward strength of the great in heart "There are two strengths," he told them, "the strength which is the strength of oxen and mules and iron, of machines and guns, and of men who cannot get the second strength Then there is the second strength It is the strength you want And you can get it, whether you are small or big It is the strength that comes from behind the sun And you can get it, you can get it here!"—he struck his breast—"and here!"—he struck his belly—"and here!"—he struck his loins "The strength that comes from back of the sun!"

He desired that Kate should become Malintzi, bride of Huitzilopochtli She had a terrific revulsion of feeling against Mexico and the intensity of the oppressive mystery of the people and their gods "Let me get out of this," she cried, "and back to simple human people I loathe the very sound

of Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli I would rather die than be mixed up in it any more!

But there was still more for her to endure—strange ceremonies and the spectacle of human sacrifice in the rites of Quetzalcoatl The executions shocked and depressed her She knew that Ramón and Cipriano did deliberately what they did, they believed in their deeds, they acted with all their conscience But she was afraid, because they were actuated by pure will, and she feared the black, relentless power of the will in men

But the power of the man and the truth was too strong for her, and the call of her old European life faded Even when she remembered the stabbing of the helpless peons who were sacrificed she thought, ' Why should I judge Cipriano? He is of the gods His flame is young and clean He is Huitzilopochtli and I am Malintzi What do I care what Cipriano Viedma does or doesn t do? Or even what Kate Leslie does or doesn t do?

She felt that whatever power was in the fair people of the world has faded, to grow again in the black ' the power of the world, which she had known until now only in the eyes of blue eyed men who made queens of their women—even if they hated them for it in the end—was now fading in the blue eyes and dawning in the black In Ramon s eyes at this moment was a steady alien gleam of pride and daring and power, which she knew was masterly The same was in Cipriano s quick looks The power of the world was dying in the blond men, their bravery and their supremacy was leaving them, going into the eyes of the dark men, who were rousing at last

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Ramon married again at the end of the year, a young girl Teresa and Kate wondered again at the strange life and people she had plunged her soul amongst She told Teresa of her own background whilst Teresa showed her the hibiscus and the poinsettia the Christmas flowers of the Mexicans Kate yearned again for the sight of buses rolling along in the Christmas mud she remembered, and mistletoe among the oranges in a fruiterer s shop in Hampstead and the wet pavements crowded with people under the brilliant shops and she yearned to be away from the intensity of the dark Mexicans with their black eyes away from the land in which all is abstraction and *will*

But she was bound to the people of Mexico with bonds of blood and iron, and her voice was still "Man is a column of blood, with a voice in it, and when the voice is still, and he is only a column of blood, he is better"

The love of Cipriano was too strong for her, and she lived with him, and found with him the deepest satisfaction of her life But there was still an aloneness, of which she was afraid

Then for the last time she planned her escape She would fly in her aloneness, away even from this calm, remote, and yet deeply passionate man she loves, and all the deep mystery which surrounds him and his people and his gods But the will to escape was in vain

"I must have both", she said to herself "I must not recoil against Cipriano and Ramón, they make my blood blossom in my body "

She heard the simple melody of a hymn of the people

"Each man his own way for ever, but towards
The hoverer between
Who opens his flame like a tent-flap,
As we slip in unseen

"A man cannot tread like a woman,
Nor a woman step out like a man
The ghost of each through the leaves of shadow
Moves as it can

"But the Morning Star and the Evening Star
Pitch tents of flame
Where we forgather like gypsies, none knowing
How the other came "

In clasping her new life to her breast, Kate found peace She went back to Cipriano "I like you very much," he said "Very much *Mucho te quiero! Mucho! Mucho!*"

It sounded so soft, so soft-tongued, of the soft, wet blood, that she shivered a little

"You won't let me go!" she said to him

he saw the flush in her cheeks He took the programme from her and gravely wrote his name across the length of it

"An that s that he said Now I ve booked all the dances '

It was not only in their dancing that they found so much in common Before they parted, at the end of a long happy, and eventful day, they knew so much about each other were so interested in each other s lives, that Saxon was sure he would suggest another meeting

You d think they d known each other for a week, Bert said to Mary

We ve known each other longer than that" Saxon answered ' Before we were born our folks were walkin across the plains together Our fathers and mothers were pioneers '

' And our fathers fought in the Civil War Billy added

This discovery that they both came from pioneer stock had given them yet another point of contact It had begun when Billy had said Your name *is* a funny one I never heard it before But I like it

My mother gave it to me Saxon replied ' She s dead now She was educated She read lots, and she wrote poetry The Saxons were a race of people—she told me about them when I was a little girl They lived in England They were the first English and you know the Americans came from the English We re Saxons, you an me an Mary and Bert

Saxon was proud of her mother s pioneering exploits At home she had several treasured relics of the gre... hen ten thousand hooves had pulled t... appiness still who had faced incredible hardshi... Saxon, happy and con of the West ... to see her friends equally

It was this pioneer inheritanc... to her happiness came with the hard, harsh underpaid w... a baby this same spirit that made her ... said Billy Think of it! with her slovenly, embitt... to be a boy Sarah and her ov... boy Billy retorted

But now that ... ds of fortune had given them too much, the things even m... ced to darken the horizon of their happiness friendship mov... ced at first and did not immediately affect intimate than ... but they were there for those who had eyes to see ... at fir...

Billy had a ten per cent cut in his wages and Oakland was threatened with serious strikes A month after Bert and Mary

were married, they came to Sunday dinner with Saxon and Billy Bert was full of the threatened strikes

"But what are we going to do about it?" Saxon asked anxiously

"Fight!" Bert retorted belligerently "That's all The country's in the hands of a gang of robbers . We're finished We're licked to a frazzle But it'd do me that good to help string up some of the dirty thieves before I passed out"

"He scares me to death, he's so violent," said Mary bitterly

Throughout that fateful dinner-time, Bert and Mary wrangled about the industrial troubles Bert argued with terrible, almost frightening logic Mary did not understand it, neither did she understand the cause of the dispute All she wanted was security and a chance to live happily and peacefully She was contemptuous of Bert's enthusiasm for a strike

Saxon was worried about the strike, but she was even more worried about the failure of Mary's marriage She was shocked to realize that Mary and Bert had not even begun to know something of the supreme happiness that she and Billy knew

But as the days passed she had little time to think of Bert and Mary, although each day made it more obvious that nothing could save that marriage from disaster Until now Saxon's life had been one of self-contained happiness Her love for Billy had been her chief interest With the door of their cottage closed against the world, they hadn't bothered much about its problems

Now, however, those problems forced their way through the barrier of their happiness Saxon's neighbours were all affected by the strike, and although Billy had suffered no more than a ten per cent wage cut, Saxon looked at the future with misgiving Each day brought her into closer contact with the stark reality of the relentless outside world She became aware of a fateful and ominous restlessness about her, of open defiance where before there had been only the brooding, slumbering murmurs of discontent

Then that discontent burst into terrible, open revolt, like an evil, searing volcano springing suddenly to life On a fine peaceful afternoon in early summer Death walked the streets of Oakland, leaving behind him tragedy and disaster Saxon was at her open window watching the children playing in the mellowing sunshine And as she watched, she dreamt of her own child, soon to be. It was all so quiet and peaceful, a light

breeze from the Bay cooled the air and gave it a tang of salt from the sea

Suddenly, some of the children pointed up the street In a moment that peaceful atmosphere was swept away as suddenly as if the water in the Bay had swept through the streets of Oakland

The police were escorting blackleg workers when the strikers attacked them In a moment a fierce and bloody battle had broken out Saxon terror stricken, saw men she had known fighting each other, friend attacked friend The blacklegs and the police were soon surrounded They backed against the fence of Saxon s cottage and fought like cornered rats A hundred men rushed savagely at them Clubs pickaxes and stones dealt murderous blows Revolvers were fired

The calm air of a few moments ago was rent with screams of rage and agony Ordinary decent men, fathers of families had become beasts And then Saxon s heart almost stood still Down on the sidewalk, outside her own cottage she saw Bert

Come on! he shouted We ve got em nailed to the cross'

In his left hand he carried a pickaxe handle In his right hand was a revolver, empty now Saxon wondered in what terrible home the bullets had rested As he shouted Bert began to sink down horribly slowly Suddenly he straightened up in a desperate painful movement He threw the empty revolver into the face of a blackleg who was jumping towards him Then he sank down, clutching part of Saxon s gate He hung there next to another man one more among that terrible trail of dead and wounded

The battle ended almost as suddenly as it had begun Police reinforcements were rushed to the scene firing as they came In a moment the street was clear except for the dead and wounded Three bodies hung on Saxon s fence and two of them were men she knew She hurried out into the street Bert s eyes were closed He was not dead but she knew with a terrible certainty that it would not be long before he was His lips were flecked with blood She wiped his face He groaned and opened his eyes He did not recognize her, but that old defiant light was still there

With the help of a neighbour she got Bert into her house but the effort was too much As she opened the door the carpet seemed to rush up to her face and she collapsed

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Saxon's baby, a girl, was born dead The child had been a symbol of their love And with its death it was as if their old life had died also Everything changed Billy was involved in the strike Saxon waited for him to protest against the killing of the blacklegs

"It was wrong," she said

"They killed Bert," he answered stubbornly "An' a lot of others I knew"

Billy's manner frightened her Was he, too, like the rest? Would he kill other men who had families? While she was asking herself these questions Billy went on strike with the Oakland teamsters Money became short Billy joined in the violent opposition to labour imported by the employers Saxon half-suggested to Billy that they should cut adrift before they, too, were tragically involved, that they should move out into the country

"There's a lot of men living in the country now," she hinted

"Just the same," Billy replied, "I notice a lot of them a-hikin' to town to get our jobs"

Billy's attitude to the strike was not really a violent one She knew that, although she knew, too, that he took part in the violence towards the blacklegs His attitude was rather one of a blind loyalty to the workers, but she was frightened of it all But if she was frightened of the future, she was even more scared of the present, of the sudden, terrible change in Billy's manner to her It was as if the violence he used out in the street affected his manner to her He came home late He was curt, rude to her He lashed her with bitter words She smelt the fumes of whisky on his lips

It was as if a stranger had come to live with her.

Money became shorter and shorter, until at last she had to take in a lodger Billy protested, but his protests soon died down when he realized that it was a vital necessity

Saxon tried to console herself with the thought that this was not the Billy she knew He had changed in spite of himself, as a sick man can change in spite of himself She could only hope that one day he would get better

One brief glimpse of the real Billy emerged Unable to find the money to pay the furniture instalments, he went back, for one night, to the prize ring He earned the money, but his poor condition told on him He came home, beaten and battered, but he had gone down fighting, like a man While

Saxon dressed his wounds and nursed him back to health, they were close to each other again but it was only a brief respite Out in the streets with the strikers, drinking steadily to banish

of worries, Billy sank lower and lower

and faith collapsed She steeled

of courage, for the tragedy that she

knew to be inevitable And it came sooner than she expected Billy arrived home one night, drunk He took a sudden dislike to the lodger, hit him and threw him through the glass of the kitchen door into the street

To Saxon this was the end of everything She was stunned, incapable of surprise The whole affair was incomprehensible, incredible—so incredible that she was not even upset when Billy was arrested and sent to prison for a month on a charge of assault

That month was the worst she had ever lived through At times the silent cottage became unbearable and she would walk out to Oakland Mole, or to Sandy Beach or out to Rock Wall, which extended far out into the Bay Away, beyond her in the haze was San Francisco Fresh sea breezes cooled her burning brain Ocean going steamships, lofty masted sailing vessels towed by red stacked tugs, passed up and down the Estuary Saxon watched them enviously, wishing that she could share their freedom wishing that she was on board, outward bound for anywhere It did not matter where so long as it was away from the world to which she had given her best and which had trapped her in return

One day a boy in a small, brightly painted half decked skiff asked her if she would like to sail out into the Bay and go fishing with him It was the one happy day among a succession of dark, agonizing, hopeless days The boy shared his lunch with her He read to her from his book, *Afloat in the Forest*

Think of that!" he said when he had read several pages describing a great flooded forest being navigated by boys in a boat ' And the world s full of places like it Everywhere most likely, except Oakland Oakland s just a place to start from, I guess '

Those last words were carelessly, thoughtlessly spoken, and the boy had forgotten them as soon as they were uttered But when that happy day was over and when Saxon was in bed, they were what she remembered most of all about that day When she awoke in the morning she recalled them again, vividly, as if the boy had just spoken them

"*Oakland is just a place to start from*"

They made her happy She sang those magic words as she went light-heartedly about her work All her troubles, all Billy's troubles, were the troubles of the trap And Oakland was the trap But Oakland was just a place to start from On the day that Billy came out of gaol she saw at once that he had changed He was the old Billy she had loved and would love again

She wasted no time She had come to a great decision Delay was fatal If they were to escape from the trap, that escape must be made now A chance of happiness was offered, and they must snatch at it with both hands She told him that they must leave Oakland for ever, get out, cut the knot that had bound them to it Like their pioneer ancestors, they must make a fresh start

Although Billy had never known any other life but that in Oakland, had never even spent a night outside the city, the spirit of the pioneers was strong in him It had not been crushed by the city

"Where shall we go?" he asked

"Anywhere," Saxon said, as her ancestors must have said when they decided that they must find liberty in the unknown, unmapped west "Everywhere"

As life itself often goes in cycles, so do human beings Thus it was inevitable perhaps that Saxon and Billy should decide that their destiny lay in the land, on the soil from which they had sprung They heard that away in the south there was Government land to be had

They sold what they could not take with them, and, the rest of their possessions on their backs, they took a tramway-car to the city boundary, and trekked south City bred, they knew nothing of farming Their forefathers had known nothing of farming when they had trekked West, had fought the Indians and won through to fight as big a battle with the virgin soil of Oregon

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If they did not meet the dangers and hardships of their forefathers, Saxon and Billy needed their pioneer spirit to keep them going Day after day they walked south, sleeping in the open by night Billy got casual work on farms Saxon, eager for them to learn all they could before they decided on their land, encouraged him to ask endless questions She made him find out how this grew, how that was sown, about the rota-

tion of crops about ploughing They asked the farmers how they had begun farming This way they learnt of difficulties that would have discouraged less resolute people

They were in no hurry They were determined not to settle on the first land that attracted them They had started out with a few dollars in their pocket They spent nothing and saved what Billy earned They wandered on happy like vagabonds, refusing to be discouraged by people who said that their ignorance of farming would be fatal They made several good friends

It was not until the late summer that they stayed anywhere for long And then, one afternoon they saw Carmel Bay, with whose beauty they fell in love They meant to stay there only for a day, but in the end they spent all the winter there It was the bohemian colony of writers, artists, and composers that attracted them as much as the beauty of the place Billy found odd jobs to do with horses and when the spring came they were reluctant to leave They had made good friends there, among the happy go-lucky crowd who lived and worked in the Bay But the time spent there was not wasted for it was at Carmel Bay that they first heard of the Valley of the Moon

A poet listened to their plans to Saxon s clear cut description of the place she wanted to live in He lead her to a telescope, and she looked through it at a full moon Somewhere up there, in some valley, you ll find your farm he told her jokingly

But he gave her good advice as well, and told them that if they travelled north from the Bay they might find what they wanted The Valley of the Moon was perhaps a joke to him, but to Saxon and Billy, and Saxon particularly it was reality and she was determined to go on until they found it Several times they hesitated, tempted to stay at places that attracted them but it was Saxon who kept the dream valley an ideal

Yes it s beautiful she would say but it isn t the valley of my dreams the Valley of the Moon"

A newspaper man and his wife, who took them on their launch up the Sacremento River, brought their dream even closer to reality

There s something in that Valley of the Moon idea,' the newspaper man said ' It s not so remote as you might think You might find it near our valley, where our own ranch is"

When Saxon and Billy left the launch the newspaper man gave them definite directions for what might prove to be the

Valley of the Moon They worked their way towards the redwood country, swinging west and south Billy drove horse-teams, did casual work, learning all the time They were still a long way off the Valley of the Moon It remained a golden dream, remote, but luring them on, sure one day of realization Another winter was soon ahead of them, and they spent it at Ukah, in the redwood country

Billy worked at a livery stables and made additional money by trading horses, some of which he shipped back to sell in Oakland So that their trek in the spring to the Valley of the Moon should be easier he bought a wagon and two horses To pay for them he took part in one more prize-fight, and this time, with his new-found health, he won it easily.

In the spring, with the country green and flower-sprinkled, with each valley a perfect garden, they left Ukah, travelling over the mountains to Oregon, and to what they hoped was the last stage of the journey to the Valley of the Moon Through days of heat and dust they crossed the Californian plains, going always north. Sometimes Billy weakened, doubtful if they would ever find Saxon's dream valley

" It's goin' to be some valley," he said, then, after a pause, added " Think we'll ever find it? "

Saxon was sure of it The same pioneer instinct that had lead her forefathers to California was leading her now " Yes," she replied " Just as the Jews found the Promised Land, the Mormons Utah, and the pioneers California, so shall we find the Valley of the Moon "

And then quite suddenly they did find it They passed out of a grove, over rolling uplands and small canyons Saxon was quiet, almost breathless with excitement " I've been here before," she said " It's all so familiar So I must have dreamed it Why, I feel as if I was coming home . Oh, Billy, if it should turn out to be our valley "

And farther ahead, it did turn out to be the Valley of the Moon, the magnet that had drawn them on from Oakland They dropped down into a canyon, the road following a stream that sang under maples and alders The sunset fires, refracted from the cloud driftage of the autumn sky, bathed the canyon with crimson, in which ruddy-limbed madroños and wine-wooded manzanitas burned and smouldered The air was aromatic with laurel Wild grape-vines bridged the stream from tree to tree Oaks of many sorts were veiled in lacy Spanish moss Ferns and brakes grew lush beside the stream.

From somewhere came the sound of a mourning dove. Fifty feet above the ground, almost over their heads, a Douglas squirrel crossed the road—a flash of grey between two trees, and they marked the continuance of its aerial passage by the bending of the boughs.

"I've got a hunch," said Billy.

"Let me say it first," Saxon pleaded.

He waited, his eyes on her face as she gazed about her in rapture.

"We've found our valley," she whispered.

And having found their valley, they soon found their farm, a small whitewashed farmhouse, showing through the trees.

"This is it, I know it is," Saxon said with conviction. "Drive in, Billy."

"Suppose the guy who owns it won't sell?" Billy asked.

"There isn't the slightest doubt," Saxon answered with unruffled certainty. "This is our place. I know it is."

From their neighbours they discovered who owned the farm. Saxon proved to be right. He did want to sell, but on his neighbour's suggestion, Billy took a two years' lease with an option to buy at the end of the period. From their neighbours they learnt, too, that the Valley of the Moon was, after all, no idle dream. Its real name was Sonoma Valley, and Sonoma was an Indian word meaning the Valley of the Moon. It had been known by the Indians by that name for centuries, before the first white men came.

The formalities of leasing the farm completed, Saxon and Bill settled down to work it. So that they could earn money immediately Billy took up his horse trading on a larger scale. He soon had orders for more horses to be sent to Oakland. Meanwhile, Saxon was to be in charge of the vegetables, which were to be their other source of income.

Work came quickly to Billy. Not only did he do a good trade in sending horses to Oakland, but he also increased his own stock and did haulage work. He soon obtained a valuable contract for hauling timber to a new lime kiln which was being built in the district. And when that was finished, he knew that he would also have the contract for hauling the clay.

Then, just when it seemed that the finding of the Valley of the Moon had changed their fortunes, when the Fates had given back to Saxon and Billy the happiness they had snatched from them, those dark clouds of misfortune darkened once again the bright sky of their life.

One day, when Billy came home, Saxon noticed that he was silent

"What's bothering you?" she asked

"The clay pit's petering out," he said quietly

"And that means the end of your teaming contract," she said

This was disaster It would surely be impossible to keep all those horses with no work for them to do

"What are we going to do?" Saxon asked, anxious as usual to face trouble with characteristic courage She suggested certain economies, but Billy would not hear of them.

"I could sell my horses But that puts a stopper to 'em makin' money," he said "Perhaps I could get work on the road-buildin' from the county."

The pioneer tradition was still there, as strong now in Billy as in Saxon This was real trouble, it might prove to be real disaster, but they were facing it with heads high, as their ancestors had faced trouble on the way to Oregon The closing down of the clay pits would not drive them from the Valley of the Moon This was their home, their heritage, and they would fight for it

They got their horses and went out for a ride. Billy discussed the possibilities of buying more land It was the grand gesture He would go through with his plans

Suddenly, Saxon reined in her horse and pointed to a white scar on the wall of a canyon "What's that?" she asked

"It's a new one on me," he said, frowning "I was up here at the beginning of the winter, but I never saw that before Maybe," he went on thoughtfully, "it's a slide brought down by the winter rains . Come on," he added, "I wanta ride over and look at that"

So quickly did he go down the trail and across the field that Saxon had no time for questions She was puzzled by Billy's urgency and by his sudden interest in the scar on the hillside He slackened his pace only when they had to ride up the side of the canyon until they finally halted in a narrow cleft He got off his horse "You wait here," he said to Saxon, and, lying flat, squirmed on through the bush

Saxon tethered the horses, and when ten minutes had passed, she followed by the way Billy had broken Where the bed of the canyon became impassable she saw what looked to be a deer path, it formed a tunnel through the close greenery She went on for some distance farther, and then emerged on a pool of clear water in a clay-like basin It was of recent origin,

having been formed by a slide of earth and trees Across the pool rose an almost sheer wall of white She recognized it for what it was, and looked about for Billy She heard him whistle and saw him two hundred feet above, at the perilous top of the white wall

'Wait till I come down and tell you about it, he called

Saxon knew this was the precious clay required by the brick-yard Billy circled the slide and came down the canyon wall

Ain t it a peach? he asked enthusiastically An you saw it first Just look at it—hidden away under four feet of soil where nobody could see it, an just waitin' for us to hit the Valley of the Moon Then it up an slides a piece of the skin off so as we can see it Now we're on easy street

'But you don t own it" Saxon pointed out

'You won t be a hundred years old before I do I m goin' now to buy it We ll borrow the money Get an option on the land Then I ll contract the brickyard for twenty cents a yard They ll jump at it They ll be crazy for joy when they know Don t need any borin's There s nearly two hundred feet of it exposed'

They sat hand in hand beside the pool and talked over the details but Saxon was strangely quiet

What s wrong?" he asked quickly

"I wrote to my brother Tom yesterday,' she said 'I asked him to ship up the old chest of drawers—my mother s, you remember—that we stored with him

"Well, I don t see anything outa the way about that, Billy said with relief

'You are a dear, stupid man Don t you know what s in that chest?"

He shook his head and what she added was so soft that it was almost a whisper "The baby clothes'

"Sure?

She nodded her head, her cheeks flooding with quick colour

'It s what I wanted, Saxon," Billy said more n anything else in the world I ve been thinkin a whole lot about it lately ever since we hit the Valley of the Moon, he went on brokenly, and for the first time she saw tears in his eyes 'But after all I'd done, an the hell I d raised, I I never urged you, or said a word about it But I wanted it oh, I wanted it like like I want you now

His open arms received her, and the pool in the heart of the canyon knew a tender silence

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton (1803–1873), *was a man of great talent and a versatility extraordinary even for his period At the University he won some reputation as a poet, but though he continued to write verse throughout the rest of his life, his fame was won as a novelist, and his literary work brought him a fortune and a peerage Besides being a novelist, he was an accomplished playwright, a successful journalist, and a distinguished essayist In middle life he entered politics, and before he retired had become a Cabinet Minister In addition, he was a noted dandy, skilled fencer and pugilist, and a card-player so expert that his winnings at one time formed a large part of his income " The Last Days of Pompeii " was written in* 1834

"WELL met, my Glaucus! Come you to the baths?" The speaker was an effeminate, handsome young man, whose pale, delicate features showed him at once a gentleman and a coxcomb The man whom he addressed was far different His slender and beautiful symmetry was that from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models, his Grecian origin betrayed itself in the light but clustering locks that crowned the beautiful harmony of his features And as his face revealed his origin, so his purple tunic, studded with sparkling emeralds, betrayed his wealth. Glaucus, indeed, was one of the wealthiest young men of wealthy Pompeii, whose gold attracted parasites such as Clodius no less than his beauty captivated even the proud and spoilt Julia, daughter of the millionaire Diomed Glaucus, in truth, was the son of fortune in every respect but one he excited love, but found no object on whom to bestow his own

Talking lightly on a thousand matters, the two young men sauntered through the crowded streets They were in the merchants' quarter, whose colour and bustle might well rejoice the Athenian spirit of Glaucus

" Talk to me no more of Rome," he said, " pleasure is too ponderous there No, but for one thing, I am glad enough to return to Pompeii What thing is that? One day at Naple

I saw a girl so beautiful I could have loved her But business called me from the city, and I saw her no more That is all, but I remember and regret

Thus conversing, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered round an open space where stood a young girl with a flower basket and a three stringed lute in her left hand, on which she softly played a barbaric air as she begged bystanders to buy her flowers She found purchasers enough whether for her beauty or her affliction—for she was blind

'I must have a bunch of your violets sweet Nydia said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, "your voice is more charming than ever

The blind girl started as she heard his words, and the blood rushed to her cheeks 'So you have returned? she said in a low voice— Glaucus is returned!

Yes child I have returned, and my garden wants your care, as before And mind no garlands shall be woven at my house save by my pretty Nydia

He strolled on chatting to Clodius But Nydia did not at once resume her song, but turned as if to gaze after the man whose casual words brought her hard life its greatest happiness

* * * * *

That night Glaucus gave a feast to a few of his friends By Roman standards it was simple enough, for Glaucus preferred taste to splendour and despised the vulgar extravagance that delighted the wealthy Diomed The feast was opened with delicious figs fresh herbs strewed with snow, and cups of wine mixed with honey The main dish was ambracian kid, announced by flutes and carved by a slave in time to the strains of music With the courses went rare wines of ancient vintage, and the talk of the guests became increasingly animated

A toast, a toast! cried one I give you Ione the most beautiful woman in Pompeii

Ione? murmured Glaucus The name is Greek and I take your toast willingly But who is Ione?

Not know Ione! Oh ignorant traveller I will take you to her this evening Not only is she the most beautiful woman in Pompeii but also the most chaste

The party rose and, led by Clodius, went to the house of the famed Ione As she came to the door to meet them Glaucus caught his breath She was the lovely unknown who had so moved his heart at Naples

* * * * *

It was not long before a friendship grew up between Glaucus and Ione, and soon the friendship ripened into love. For her part, she soon saw the nobility of soul that lay beneath his casual exterior, while he, equally moved by her beauty and by her mind, longed only for the marriage that should bind them eternally. The bitter jealousy of Julia left him unmoved; he was even prepared to brave the hostility of Ione's guardian, the Egyptian Arbaces. But the enmity of Arbaces was more to be feared than the anger of the Gods.

Arbaces the Egyptian, master of magic and high priest of the temple of Isis, was one of those rare and terrible beings in whom genius is mixed with evil and insatiate ambition. Descendant of the ancient Pharaohs, fabulously wealthy, and absolutely ruthless, the Egyptian was a man to let nothing, not death itself, stand between him and the object of his desire. And from the moment he became Ione's guardian he had determined to have her for his own.

Very cunningly had he gone about his work. Knowing that the girl would not at first look upon a man so much older than herself, he posed before her as the austere philosopher, and won her confidence by his noble bearing and the sublimity of his wisdom. In a sense, too, he was really the ascetic sage he pretended, but he put himself above all mortal laws, and occasionally broke his austerities with orgies of the wildest and most luxurious vice, until veiled rumours of his hidden debaucheries shocked even the hardened profligates of Pompeii. But to Ione he remained a counsellor and austere friend.

Further to strengthen his hold over the girl, he had played on the religious fervour of her brother Apæcides, and made him a minor priest of Isis. Apæcides, however, had become shocked by the mummeries and false oracles of the temple, and was already beginning to toy with the proscribed sect of the Christians.

The friendship between Glaucus and Ione infuriated Arbaces and determined him to hasten his plans, and invite Ione, for the first time, to see the mysteries and glories of his great house.

The home of the blind Nydia was in the lowest quarter of the city, for she was slave to the gigantic and ill-famed Burbo, who kept a tavern for gladiators. If Burbo was formidable, his wife was still worse, and Nydia's blindness did not save her from beating and ill-treatment. But one day, soon after Glaucus' meeting with Ione, all her sorrow was turned to joy, for the Athenian, coming to the tavern with a band of

roistering friends, found his blind flower girl there and, pitying her misery, bought her and took her to his own house For three days in her sad life Nydia was happy, on the third, Glaucus said 'Sweet Nydia I am going to share my happiness with you I am going to send you to serve the loveliest woman in all the world, whom I love more than my life Guard her for me well'

Alone in her room, Nydia wept—her brief dream of happiness had perished Her only purpose in life was now to serve Glaucus, and with sorrow in her heart she went to the house of Ione

That day, as she had promised, Ione went to the palace of Arbaces the Egyptian The entrance hall was gloomy and forbidding Great pillars reached roofwards, and the mournful, mysterious faces of Theban idols gazed sightlessly across the colonnade Halfway up the hall she was greeted by Arbaces himself clad in a festive robe covered with jewels and escorted through apparently endless chambers that seemed to her dazzled eyes to contain all the treasures of the world

In the walls were set pictures of inestimable art cabinets of gems, each cabinet itself a gem, filled up the interstices of the columns, the most precious woods lined the thresholds and composed the doors gold and jewels seemed lavished all around Sometimes they were alone in these rooms, sometimes they passed through silent rows of slaves, who knelt and proffered her offerings of bracelets and of gems, which the Egyptian vainly entreated her to receive

Suddenly, as they stood in one hall Arbaces clapped his hands, and, as if by enchantment a banquet rose from the floor—a throne with a crimson canopy ascended simultaneously at the feet of Ione—and at the same instant from behind the curtains swelled invisible and delightful music

When the feast was over, Arbaces led his guest to a small building which stood at the end of the garden Ione entered and found herself in a room hung everywhere with black in the centre of which was a small altar standing before a colossal head of the blackest marble Arbaces muttered some words in a strange language the curtain behind the altar swayed back, and revealed a dim figure that slowly took the form of Ione herself

Would you see the future?' he whispered— would you see he that loves you?

Yes! murmured Ione, thinking only of Glaucus 'yes!"

Another shadowy figure appeared and knelt at the foot of the shadow-Ione Suddenly he took form Ione shrieked it was the figure of Arbaces

"This is indeed thy fate," whispered the Egyptian, and took her by the hand

"No!" gasped Ione, drawing back "It is impossible I love another"

"Who?"

"His name is Glaucus"

"Then hear me," said the Egyptian "Thou shalt go to thy grave and he to his before thou goest to his arms What! thinkst thou that Arbaces will brook such a rival as this puny Greek! Pretty fool! Thou art mine, only mine, and now I claim thee!" As he spoke he seized Ione in his arms

At that instant the curtain was torn aside and Arbaces felt a fierce grasp upon his shoulder He turned, and beheld before him the desperate face of Ione's brother Apæcides and the fierce eyes of Glaucus Nydia, knowing the Egyptian's ill-repute and hearing of Ione's meeting with him, had run to warn them of her mistress's danger

With a snarl Arbaces struck Apæcides to the ground and flung himself upon the Greek Back and forth they swayed, locked together in a deadly grip, until the Egyptian flung his antagonist to the ground and snatched up a knife

"Die, wretch!" he shouted, "the mighty Goddess claims her sacrifice!"

Even as he spoke there was a rumble as of thunder and the earth began to shake The earthquake woke, the walls and pillars reeled, the head of the Goddess swayed on its granite column, then fell on the Egyptian as he stooped over his intended victim, and struck him to the ground Arbaces lay senseless, and a thick stream of blood trickled from his mouth and ran down his jewelled robes

Glaucus staggered to his feet, picked up Ione in his arms, and ran out of the place, followed by Apæcides Outside crowds milled through the streets in panic, calling out frantically "The earthquake, the earthquake!" as they wildly sought shelter Then the convulsions ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and Glaucus and his companion hastened on their way As they passed a little mound over which spread the gloom of the dark green aloes, the moonlight fell on the bended figure of the blind girl—weeping bitterly

Arbaces did not die and as the days passed he slowly recovered his strength Reclining on his terrace morning after morning or in his painted chamber night after night, he thought continually of the forthcoming marriage between Glaucus and Ione and meditated endlessly on schemes of vengeance Now his true character was known to Ione and her brother the task would be hard and he called on all his dark gods to lend him their aid where reason had proved itself useless Ironically, it was Nydia who, all against her intention, gave him his opportunity The blind girl had long sold flowers to the wealthy Julia, and when her former patroness asked her help, she was not willing to refuse it Nydia was by birth a Thessalian and so supposed to be familiar with the magical arts, especially those relating to love The engagement of Ione and Glaucus had angered Julia hardly less than it had Arbaces, and she determined to try if a love philtre would captivate the Athenian where her own unaided charms had failed When Nydia heard her request, a startling joy seized her, if a philtre could help Julia it could also help her and with an eagerness quite unfeigned she recommended Julia to consult the learned Egyptian

When Arbaces heard Julia s request, he realized his chance had come Glaucus was delivered into his hands

"Lady, he said 'I do not deal in charms mine are the mysteries of a higher art But there is one, called the Witch of Vesuvius, who can give you what you require, and if you will wait on me to morrow, I will take you to her cave' That evening he hurried to the foot of the mountain A fire burnt in the far recesses of the cave and over it was a small cauldron Before the fire crouched a fox, gazing at the Egyptian with a bright red eye its hair bristling and a low growl stealing from between its teeth In the centre of the cave was an earthen statue with three heads formed from the skulls of a dog, a horse and a boar Before the statue sat a hideous old woman, with the remains, indeed of a singular beauty, but with glazed and lustreless regard, blue and shrunken lips and dead lank hair that seemed to be of death itself

'Rise, servant of Nox and Erebus!' said Arbaces commandingly, 'a superior in thy art salutes thee! Rise and bid him welcome

As he spoke he drew aside his robe and revealed a cincture, seemingly of fire, that burned around his waist, clasped in the

centre by a plate whereon was engraven a strange sign. The witch rose hastily and threw herself at the feet of Arbaces

"I have seen," she said in a voice of great humility, "the Lord of the Mighty Girdle—accept my homage"

"Rise," replied the Egyptian, "I have need of thee By to-morrow's starlight there will come a vain maiden seeking a love potion Instead of a philtre give her one of thy most powerful poisons, and let her lover make his vows to the shades"

"Oh, master, I dare not!" replied the witch, trembling: "the law is sharp and vigilant, they will seize and slay me"

Arbaces snarled and rose threateningly But the witch continued, "Stay! What if, instead of a potion that will stop the heart, I give that which shall sear and blast the brain, which shall make he who quaffs it unfit for the usages of life, an abject, raving, benighted thing, the plaything of every senseless fancy—will not then thy vengeance equally be attained?"

"Oh, wise Witch," cried Arbaces exultingly, "thy skill in evil outdoes even mine! Do it so, and thou shalt have twenty years longer life for this, I will write anew the epoch of thy fate on the face of the pale stars—thou shalt not serve in vain the master of the flaming belt!"

He stayed not to hear the grovelling thanks of the witch, but hastened down the mountain to contemplate his vengeance

The next night Julia, with Nydia to give her courage, made her petition to the witch, and received a phial that the hag swore contained the very essence of love itself White like water it looked, but, said the witch, it contained the promise of all happiness That night Nydia slept at Julia's house, and contrived to purloin the phial and substitute for it one of pure water She, the blind girl, and not the rich Julia, should be the one to compel the love of Glaucus!

* * *

The following evening Nydia awaited Glaucus' return, her face flushed and her whole body trembling with fearful excitement The Athenian crossed the portico just as the first stars began to rise and the heaven above had assumed its most purple robe

"Ho, my child, wait you for me?"

"Nay, I have been tending the flowers, and did but linger a little while to rest myself"

'It has been warm,' said Glaucus, I long for some cooling drink

Here at once was the very opportunity that Nydia awaited With hands unsteady through eagerness she mixed a goblet of honey and wine, and poured in the contents of the phial

Glaucus raised the cup to his lips, and had drained a quarter of its contents, when his eye was so forcibly struck by the passionate conflict of emotions on the face of Nydia that he paused abruptly and exclaimed

Why, Nydia! Nydia! Art thou ill? What ails thee, my poor child?' He stepped towards her but a sudden pang shot coldly to his heart and a dizzy whirling confusion seized his brain The earth seemed to reel beneath his feet, then a mighty gladness seized him, and he burst into a furious laugh Wild words and imprecations to the Gods foamed from his lips he felt as if carried away by some wild demon

Glaucus Glaucus!' cried the girl, "it is I, Nydia! Speak to me!

But Glaucus heard her not For a moment he stood, his face twitching as if listening to some distant summons Who calls?' he exclaimed 'What is it thou Ione? With one bound he leaped from the portico and ran muttering into the street

Meanwhile Apæcides stood with a dark figure in whispered conclave behind the temple of Isis In garb he was still a priest of the Egyptian cult, in heart he was now a fanatic Christian and planned on the morrow at once to expose the mummeries of his former temple and the false pretensions of Arbaces The man with whom he spoke was the Egyptian himself

'Apæcides said Arbaces, in a low and furious voice, ' beware reflect pause before thou repliest Art thou resolute in thy boasted design?

'I speak from the inspiration of the true God in whose service I now am answered the Christian boldly 'and in the knowledge of His grace I shall tear the veil from thy hypocrisy and thy demon worship Dark sorcerer, tremble and fare well! He turned to stride away out of the darkness

The soul of the Egyptian flared with sudden rage He glanced rapidly about him saw no one and, with sudden resolve, snatched up his stilus and seized Apæcides by the shoulder

'Die, then, in thy rashness! he muttered 'Away

obstacle to my rushing fates." He raised his hand and plunged his sharp dagger twice into Apæcides' breast. Without a groan, the young Christian fell at the foot of the sacred shrine. Arbaces gazed upon the body for a moment with fierce joy, till the sound of footsteps and wild shouting warned him back into the shadow. Staggering from side to side, his garments dishevelled and his hair flying, Glaucus reeled across the pavement and stumbled on the body of Apæcides. With the speed of a panther Arbaces leapt from his hiding-place, struck the Athenian to the ground, and raising his voice to its loudest pitch cried

"Help, ho, citizens! Hither! A murder, a murder! Before the very temple itself. Help, before the murderer escapes!"

In a few moments the street was filled with people, and the wretched Glaucus, still murmuring wildly to himself, was dragged off to prison. With a grim smile Arbaces strode away; now indeed was his vengeance nearly complete. He did not look behind him, had he done so he would have seen another figure—that of Calenus, a minor priest of Isis. He, alone in all Pompeii, had seen the death-blow struck, and he was not the man to neglect so profitable an opportunity. He hurried forward and touched the Egyptian on the arm.

"Arbaces," he said, "I was also in the shadow of the Temple."

Arbaces started with fear. "What do you want with me?"

"They say, master, that the cellars of your house contain all the treasures of Egypt. So rich a man as you would gladly spare a little for a friend who has the gift of silence."

Arbaces collected himself. "My friends are richly rewarded, Calenus. Come with me, and I will show you such things as you have never seen before. As much as you can carry away under your cloak shall be yours. Come!"

Calenus, almost overcome with greed and excitement, eagerly followed the tall figure of the Egyptian. As they entered the marble halls, traversed the dim corridors, and descended flights of narrow steps, his anticipation became almost more than he could bear. At last Arbaces stopped and flung open a heavy door. "Here," he said, "is your reward!" And with a powerful thrust he flung the priest down into the darkness below and slammed the door behind him.

Calenus screamed, but the heavy door stifled his cries. Arbaces laughed, and stamping on the stone pavement, cried,

All the gold of Dalmatia will not buy thee a crust of bread! Starve, wretch, thy voice will never now injure Arbaces.

Now it seemed that nothing could baulk the Egyptian. Happily for Glaucus, he had taken but a portion of the drug and his reason rapidly returned to him. But the magistrates could not but believe him guilty of the murder, and condemned him to face the lion in the arena on the following day. Arbaces exercising his rights as Ione's guardian had taken her and Nydia into his own house, and kept them in virtual confinement. But because of her blindness, Nydia was less closely guarded than her mistress, and the acute hearing common to her affliction made her aware of the plight of Calenus. With great difficulty she crept down to the cellars, heard through the door his whispered proof of Glaucus' innocence and the Egyptian's guilt, and escaped from the house to that of Sallust, the only one of the Athenian's friends who had remained constant to him in his adversity.

The Games began with contests of gladiators. Some mounted on horseback ran at each other with lances, others with spiked gloves in their hands mangled each other's flesh to give Clodius and his like the chance to gamble. Some—the most popular these—fought sword and shield against net and trident, while others, in complete armour, fought with desperate skill until a dropped arm or a missed foothold spelt death to them and joy to the shouting audience. All the people wanted was blood, and by the time Glaucus was driven alone into the arena their appetites were whetted to the highest pitch.

Proudly disdaining to glance at the shouting throngs about him, Glaucus strode into the centre of the circus and imperturbably awaited his doom. The lion was young and fierce, yet something in the air had affrighted it, and the faint rumblings from Mount Vesuvius that passed unnoticed to the babbling audience stirred the animal with unaccustomed fear. As it was driven into the open and saw the heavy plume of smoke that crowned the overhanging crest of the volcano, it roared dismally and tried to run back into its den. The crowd slowly fell into astonished silence, when suddenly the heavy air was rent by the shout of Sallust.

"Glaucus is innocent! I have the proof, and I call upon the people to save this virtuous man."

With a vast rumble of astonishment the crowd turned to look at this audacious interrupter, and the President in his box called out in astonishment, "Who, then, is guilty?"

"Arbaces, the Egyptian!"

Even as he spoke a great roar as of thunder shook the city and the peak of Vesuvius split into a cataclysm of flames and lava With shouts of horror the crowd fought for the exits, and even as they fled the sky became darkened with smoke and cinders began to rain upon the doomed city Alone of all the people, Nydia was unaffected by the darkness and confusion, for to her blindness night was as familiar as day, and turmoil no distraction With sure steps she led Glaucus through the crowds to the side of Ione, and the three hurried through the showers of ashes towards the sea-shore As they fled, the thunder seemed to shake the very buildings themselves, and fearful flashes of lightning smote down the porticoes of palaces and temples Lava poured down the side of the mountain into the city, and flaming rocks rained on the people as they struggled frantically towards the gates In this last hour they glimpsed specimens of every baseness and nobility Some staggered for safety loaded down with money-bags and treasured possessions, only to fall victims to the lava they were too avaricious to escape; some succoured the lame, others abandoned the aged, and some furiously called down the vengeance of Heaven on the wicked city

As Glaucus and Ione neared the shore a tall figure stepped in front of them, with a drawn sword in his hand It was Arbaces the Egyptian

He raised his hand, but even as he did so, a flash of lightning struck a column behind him Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street and riving the solid pavement where it crashed! So, in the moment of his triumph, perished the Egyptian!

At last the confusion fell away behind them, and the three looked back, from the deck of an escaping ship, on the fiery ruin that had been Pompeii Glaucus and Ione had eyes only for each other, and no one noticed when the blind girl slipped away from them to the stern of the ship Her task was done, Glaucus would have his happiness, for her there could be only memories Softly and unobserved she slipped over the side of the vessel into the dark water

When Glaucus and Ione awoke in the morning, their first thought was of each other, the next of Nydia They guessed her fate in silence, and while they drew nearer to each other, forgot their deliverance and wept as for a departed sister

The ship pressed on to safety

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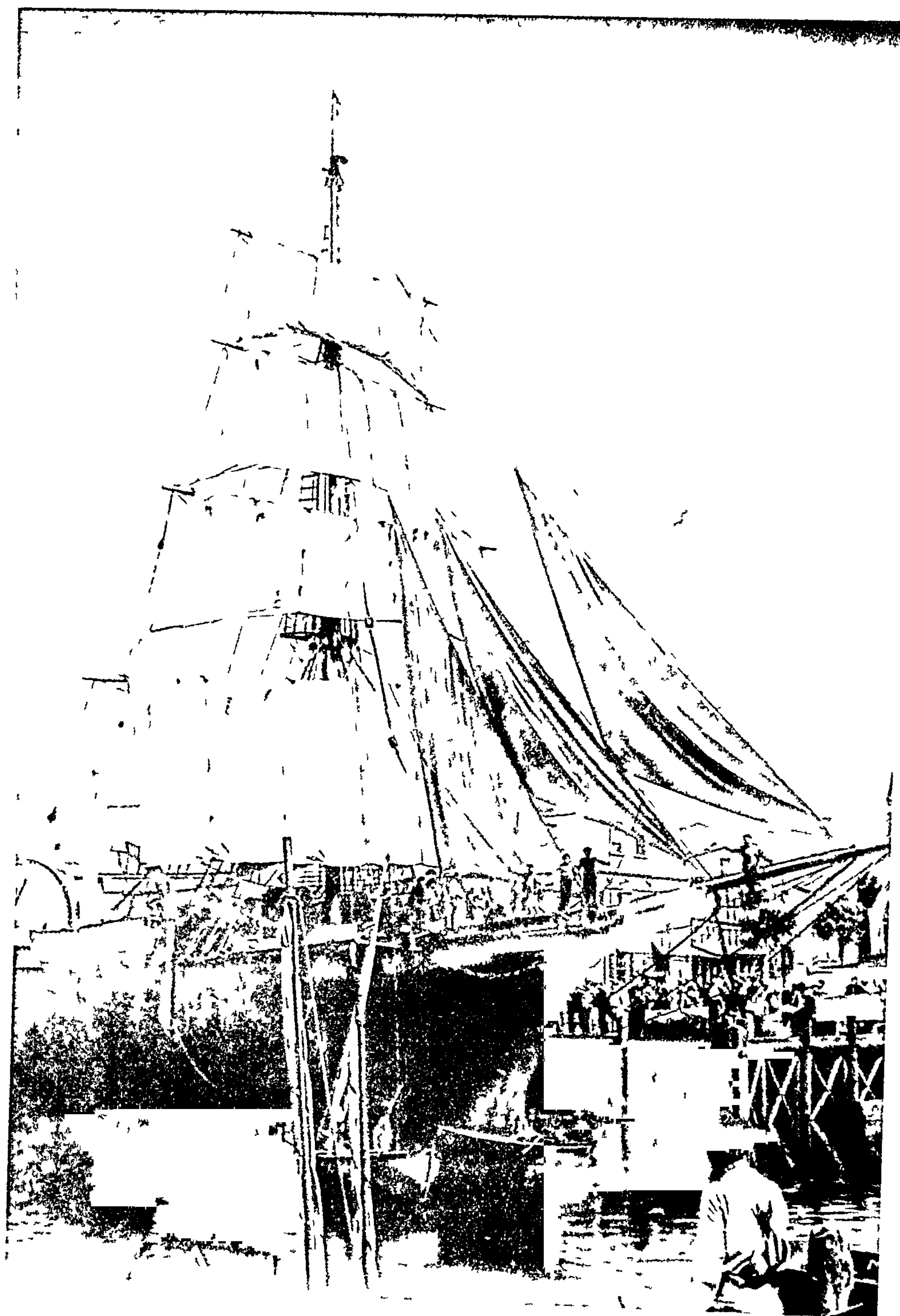
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R hg t

C. The Last Days of Pompeii

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Courtesy Warner Bros

The "Pequod" in harbour—A scene from "Moby Dick"

UNE VIE

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

" Une Vie , which appeared in 1883 was De Maupassant s first full length novel A brilliant and moving account of a woman s life, it is perhaps the greatest of this author s works Certainly no other novelist has written a finer study on the same lines His active literary life was very short he died in a lunatic asylum in his forty third year, but he had by then established himself as the world s greatest short story writer, and the passage of the years has only served to enhance his reputation

JEANNE LE PERTHUIS DES VAUDS left her convent in 1819, when she was seventeen years old Her father, the Baron, had kept her there, secluded from the world, for five years, and when she returned to her parents she was completely ignorant of what are called " the facts of life '

The Baron, though an aristocrat, was by education and temperament a philosophical radical A whole hearted disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, he hoped to be able to make his daughter happy and virtuous by " bringing her out ' amid the sights and sounds of the countryside round *Les Peuples*, the old family seat on the cliffs near Yport

Les Peuples was to become Jeanne s property She was to be married there, and there settle down for the rest of her life, leading the quiet, healthy existence of the prosperous country gentry

She was radiantly happy during the first weeks at *Les Peuples* She wandered all alone about the countryside, thrilled by the caresses of wind and sun, drinking in the intoxicating scent of wild flowers

Jeanne was young, beautiful and wealthy she had the most charming estate in all France, her father was wisely indulgent, and her mother fondly adoring She wanted only one thing more to make her life complete a husband Night and day she dreamed of love, yearning for the day when she would meet the man who had been predestined to make her his own

One Sunday not many weeks after they had come to live

at *Les Peuples*, the priest introduced them to the Viscount de Lamare, who had recently taken up residence in the neighbourhood The Viscount was not very rich, but he was young, handsome, and charming The Baron and his wife both liked him and invited him to dinner Soon he came regularly to the house It was not long before Jeanne was head-over-heels in love with him Her parents gently encouraged her, and almost before she realized what was happening, she was married

On her wedding-day the Baron took Jeanne aside and, after some hesitation, spoke as follows

" I have asked your mother to tell you about the facts of marriage, but she refuses to do so It therefore devolves upon me to warn you that, upon marriage, things are revealed to women that have hitherto been kept secret from them If no hint of these things is given to them beforehand, they sometimes recoil, shocked and frightened, from the harsh realities, and refuse to yield to their husbands I cannot tell you more, but you must realize that you belong to Julian completely "

These words frightened Jeanne without, however, enlightening her There was much that she knew instinctively, but only experience could teach her the nature of these " harsh realities "

That night she shuddered with apprehension after her maid, Rosalie, had undressed her and put her to bed She hid her head under the sheets when she heard her husband knocking on the bedroom door He waited a little while and then knocked again, but, getting no reply, he came in and stood by the bed She uncovered her head and, looking up at him fearfully, said

" Oh, how you frightened me ! "

" But were you not expecting me, then ? " he asked

She did not reply

When he attempted to make love to her she shuddered and turned away, saying, " Oh, please, not yet "

A little later he made another attempt, but again she repulsed him He then fell asleep, and in the morning behaved as if nothing had happened to disturb the harmony that existed between them He seemed content to wait.

She had her first night of love while they were on their honeymoon in Corsica She had dreaded it, but when it came all her fears were laid aside The remaining weeks of

the honeymoon passed like a dream, made up of passionate embraces and wildly exciting caresses

But the dream was soon ended When they returned to *Les Peuples,* Jeanne felt flat and dispirited She had looked forward so much to the mystery of love, and now there seemed to be not much in it She had so much wanted to be married Now that this ambition had been achieved there seemed to be nothing further to look forward to Life stretched before her empty and bleak, whereas only a few months before it had seemed full of exciting possibilities

Was she really in love with this man into whose hands she had resigned herself, her fortune, and her home? She found him physically attractive—yes but was she really going to like living with him? What had she in common with him save a transient physical passion?

During the honeymoon she had discovered that Julian was very careful about money—too careful, in fact This horrified her all the more because her father had always insisted that the best thing to do with money was to spend it as quickly and pleasantly as possible

As soon as they returned to *Les Peuples,* Julian seemed to lose interest in his wife He left her to sleep by herself plead ing that he was tired He also became very slovenly in habit and appearance going about in dirty old clothes with an untrimmed beard He took over the entire management of the estate and immediately instituted an economy campaign which made him very unpopular with both peasants and servants, the gallant well groomed lover had been replaced by a mean and boorish husband

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During their first winter at *Les Peuples,* Rosalie, Jeanne s maid gave birth to an illegitimate child She obstinately refused to say who the father was, despite the combined efforts of Jeanne, the Baron and the priest to induce her to divulge his name

Julian wished to give Rosalie a little money and send her away, but Jeanne insisted that the maid should be allowed to stay on at *Les Peuples,* and that the infant should be taken care of by a nurse

One night, not many weeks after the child had been born, Jeanne, finding herself unable to sleep because of the extreme cold got out of bed and ran upstairs to Rosalie s room with the intention of sharing her bed She was astonished to find

that the maid was not in her room and that her bed had not been slept in.

Jeanne rushed downstairs again to waken Julian and, bursting into his room, found him in bed with Rosalie. Horror-stricken, she rushed back into her own room, whither Julian followed her. But the idea of having him near her or feeling his touch and hearing his voice filled Jeanne with loathing, and, in a frantic desire to get away from him, she ran out into the snow-filled night. She ran wildly down the garden and then across the moor towards the sea. When she reached the cliff she crouched down on the grass, trembling like a sail in the wind.

Visions of long-past happenings flashed through her mind, and she bitterly recalled the romantic yearnings of her youth. All was over now; nothing was left but weariness and despair.

Julian and the two men-servants had followed her tracks in the snow. While she was still trying to gather courage to take the fatal leap down on to the wave-lashed rocks, they came up and caught her. She lost consciousness, and they carried her home and put her to bed.

Thereafter she spent many delirious nights and days. At last, one evening, her mind clear, she found herself alone with the Baroness. She immediately told her mother how she had found Rosalie in bed with Julian. But the Baroness, thinking she was still delirious, would not believe her.

In the end the priest was sent for and Rosalie made to confess her guilt before the priest in Jeanne's bedroom. The maid revealed that Julian had seduced her before his marriage, and that he had resumed illicit relations with her immediately after the honeymoon. Worst of all, he was the father of her child.

Jeanne was filled with a cold determination to leave her husband for ever, and in this she was supported by her father, who was boiling with indignation. But the good-natured old priest, anxious that there should be the minimum of scandal and unpleasantness, reminded the Baron that he had not seldom been unfaithful to his wife, and urged that Jeanne should forgive Julian. After much discussion the priest's view prevailed. Jeanne agreed to continue to occupy the same house as Julian, and it was arranged that Rosalie should be given a farm and that a husband should be found for her. Jeanne sullenly agreed to these proposals, black despair in her heart.

A few months later she gave birth to a boy. During her confinement she had cursed God for bringing this terrible physical pain upon her after all the spiritual torment through which she had gone, but as soon as she was delivered of the child she was filled with inexpressible joy. Here, at last, after interminable months of anguish and disillusionment, was something to love her. Thereafter she lived only for Paul, her son. She no longer felt bitter towards Julian; she was completely indifferent to him.

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There were several aristocratic families living in the neighbourhood, but the only local people with whom Julian cared to be on friendly terms were the Fourvilles. Gilberte, Countess de Fourville, was young, beautiful and impetuous; her husband, big bodied, great hearted, and charming, was madly in love with her.

Julian was obviously very attracted by the Countess, but was a little cold towards her husband. Jeanne regarded the wife as her friend, and found herself in complete sympathy with the jovial Count.

One day Jeanne wandered into a wood in which Julian had made love to her shortly after they had first met. There she came upon two horses tethered together. She recognized them as those of her husband and Gilberte, but of their owners she could find no trace except a pair of woman's gloves and a pair of riding whips. She waited in vain for twenty minutes, hoping they would come back, and then, quite suddenly, it dawned upon her that they were lovers. She fled back to *Les Peuples*, but decided to pretend not to know of their relationship.

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Soon afterwards Jeanne's mother, who had long been ailing, died. To Jeanne, in her near hysterical state, her death came as a terrible shock. After discovering about Julian's infidelities Jeanne had begun to loathe anything to do with sexual passion, and she had turned eagerly towards her parents as towards persons who were above any suspicion of sexual irregularity. Her mother, in particular, she had come to regard as a pure and perfect wife and mother. The night after her mother's death, Jeanne began piously to go through her private papers. Among them she discovered evidence that her mother had been shamefully unfaithful not long after

her marriage At first she could hardly believe her eyes, but the evidence was overwhelming, so she burnt all her mother's letters lest the Baron should read them This revelation almost killed Jeanne's faith in human nature

When she had recovered from the double shock of her mother's death and the destruction of one more illusion, she began to wish for another child to keep Paul company She was very perplexed as to how to achieve this end Her husband had not shared her bed since the affair of Rosalie, and she had, of course, no wish that he should But her desire for another child became so strong that she asked the priest to convey to her husband that she wished to renew marital relations with him

Julian condescendingly obliged her, but he took good care to prevent conception from taking place In despair, Jeanne asked him outright to give her another child, but he flatly refused Then, prompted by the old priest, she resorted to guile One day she told Julian that she was with child This was untrue, but he believed it, and thereafter took no precautions Soon, to her unbounded delight, she discovered herself pregnant She then locked her door against her husband

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Soon afterwards the old priest, who had been in the parish for sixteen years, was given promotion elsewhere His place was taken by a fanatical young Puritan called Tolbiac, who came with the intention of cleaning up the parish The old priest warned him that the only way to keep his parishioners pure was to chain them up, but he indignantly refused to believe this

Abbé Tolbiac soon found out about the illicit relationship between Gilberte and Julian He called upon Jeanne, told her of his discovery, and demanded that she should either force her husband to renounce Gilberte or leave him She refused to take either course, whereupon the priest departed in a towering rage On the following Sunday he denounced *Les Peuples* from the pulpit, making veiled references to Julian's love affair Not long afterwards the spiteful priest was seen leaving the Fourvilles' residence

On a stormy afternoon in May, Count de Fourville came running up to *Les Peuples* in a state of great agitation He asked Jeanne if his wife was with her, and when she replied in the negative, he hesitated for a moment and then rushed away

towards the sea. Jeanne started to follow him, but he soon disappeared from sight.

Having reached the edge of the cliff, he turned to the right, in the direction of the deep valley of Vancotte. There he saw a shepherd's hut on wheels, and, tethered to it, two horses. He approached the hut and set the horses free. Then he applied his eyes to a crack in the wall of the hut. What he saw inside drove him into a frenzy.

He jumped up, shot the outside bolt of the hut door, and then, placing himself between the shafts, dragged the hut to the top of the slope. There he let go the shafts, and the hut rushed wildly down the hill, its guilty occupants screaming. When the hut reached the bottom, it was smashed to pieces and the two lovers were lifeless and horribly mangled.

That night Jeanne was delivered of a dead child—a girl. For three months afterwards she remained in bed. At times it seemed that she was at the point of death, but the unremitting care of the Baron and old Aunt Lison saved her life.

When she was well again her mind was haunted with bitter-sweet memories of the early days of her married life. She began to forget Julian's faults and to remember with sad gratitude the little happinesses he had given her. She pictured him as he had been when she had first given in to him in Corsica. But with the passage of time she thought less and less of him, devoting herself more and more completely to her son.

Young Paul, worshipped and attended upon by three people—Jeanne, the Baron and Aunt Lison—was utterly spoilt. He was the supreme ruler of *Les Peuples*.

The family was completely estranged from the Church on account of Abbe Tolbiac's behaviour, and Paul was brought up in the agnostical tenets of the Baron. One day he announced to Aunt Lison, who had been surreptitiously attempting to pump some religion into him, that "God is everywhere except in church."

At the age of fifteen Paul was sent to a boarding school, at the Baron's suggestion. At first his mother had refused to let him go, but she gave in when the Baron pointed out that she was being thoroughly selfish instead of kind, as she thought.

During the years when Paul was at school Jeanne lived only for the holidays. It horrified her when she noticed how quickly he was growing up, but she insisted on treating him

like a child. She herself had aged so much that she might have been taken for her father's sister.

At the age of twenty Paul began to show signs of dissolute tendencies. He borrowed large sums of money, which he left his mother to repay, and he took to drinking, gambling, and loose women. Then one day it was discovered that he had gone to London with a woman of the streets. The only letters Jeanne received from him were appeals for money.

Shortly after this the Baron fell dead in his lawyer's office, and a few months later Aunt Lison died, saying that she would ask God to take pity on Jeanne.

After Aunt Lison's funeral, Rosalie, now a buxom and prosperous farmer's wife, arrived at *Les Peuples* to look after Jeanne. The latter allowed this woman, who had once been her maid, to take complete control over herself and over all her affairs.

Rosalie soon found that Paul's extravagances had dissipated the greater part of the family fortune. She made Jeanne sell *Les Peuples* and move into a little house on the high road, some miles inland. Jeanne had by now suffered so many calamities that she was too stunned to do anything except obey Rosalie. Acting on the latter's instructions, she ceased to send money to her son, but she let him know that he would always be welcome whenever he might choose to return home.

Jeanne still entertained the hope that Paul would return to her, but as the years passed she grew more and more apathetic.

One day in early spring Rosalie took her to *Les Peuples.* The new owner was away, and Jeanne was graciously allowed to enter her old home once again. She wandered from room to room with an agonizing pain in her heart. Every little bit of the house recalled some poignant memory.

That evening she received a letter from Paul. He said that the woman with whom he had been living was dying after having given birth to a child, and he asked Jeanne to take the infant, as he was penniless.

Rosalie was sent to get the child, and a few days later returned with it and handed it over to the now radiantly happy Jeanne. The mother had died the night before, and Paul was to return after the funeral.

As Rosalie sat watching Jeanne smothering the infant boy in kisses, she said, gently, "Life, you see, is never so good or so bad as people think."

voyage, impelled thereto by curiosity of these portentous and mysterious monsters, the nameless perils of the wild and distant seas wherein they roam?

Inquiring of the landlord for a bed, he informed me the house was full "But avast," he said, "you h'ain't no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are goin' a-whalin', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing" I replied that I never liked to sleep two in a bed, but in the circumstances had no alternative

I began to feel somewhat uneasy after supper, however, for the landlord referred to my future bed companion as "a dark-complexioned chap, who eats nothing but steaks, and likes 'em rare", and so I resolved that he must undress and get into bed before I did It was getting late, and any decent harpooneer ought to be home

The more I thought about it the less I liked it, and finally tried to sleep on a bench This was too short, hard, and draughty Eventually the landlord lighted me to a room, cold as a clam, in which stood a bed large enough to hold four harpooneers I was still suspicious, and more so when mine host told me that my harpooneer was no doubt late because he was out trying to sell the last of a number of embalmed New Zealander heads, brought from his last voyage "The devil of a fellow this," I thought, "that eats raw steaks and peddles human heads"

I slowly undressed and got into bed The mattress received me unkindly, but at last I slid off into a light doze Candle-light and a heavy footfall awoke me, when, heavens, what did I see? That infernal head-pedlar of a harpooneer was nothing but a savage, his head completely bald save for a scalp-knot twisted upon his forehead, his face, and as he undressed I saw also his body, arms, and legs, were of a dark purplish-yellow colour, completely tattooed all over with blackish squares Quite plainly he must be some abominable savage shipped aboard of a whaleman in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country Fearful but fascinated, I watched him perform some sort of heathenish rite before a little ebony idol, and then take up a tomahawk from the table, which he proceeded to hold in the light, his mouth at the handle, and emit clouds of smoke He extinguished the light, and, tomahawk between teeth, leapt into bed I could keep quiet no longer, and loudly sang out, "Landlord! Watch! Coffin! Angels! Save me!"

The landlord rushed in as showers of sparks from the pipe threatened to set me on fire, and the cannibal to kill me if I didn t speak "Don t be afraid, grinned Peter Coffin, ' Queequeg here won t hurt a hair of your head '

Stop your grinning, ' I shouted ' Why didn t you tell me that infernal harpooneer was a cannibal?

I thought ye know d it,—didn t I tell ye he was a peddlin heads around town?—But turn flukes again and go to sleep Queequeg, look here you sabbee me, I sabbee you—this man sleepee you—you sabbee?

"Me sabbee plenty, grunted Queequeg, puffing away at his pipe, you gettee in I thought better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian, so consented to retire again if he would put out his dastardly tomahawk of a pipe

I never slept better in my life, and on waking next morning found Queequeg hugging me, although I could hardly tell his arm from the patchwork counterpane, so checkered was it from periodical exposure to sun and sea I woke him up and by signs and broken English he made me understand that he would dress first, and then leave the apartment alone to me I appreciated this delicate thought, all misgivings disappeared

His first act was to put on his tall beaver hat then his boots then his pantaloons Next he washed, then, to my amazement, took his harpoon from the bed head slipped out the long wooden stock unsheathed the head, whetting its edges on his boot and, facing the bit of wall mirror, vigorously scraped away at his face I learned later of what fine steel the head of a harpoon is made, and how exceedingly sharp the long straight edges are always kept The toilet finished he proudly marched out, wrapped in a great pilot monkey jacket and sporting his harpoon like a marshal s baton

The following day and night produced a mutual affection between this savage and myself, and we resolved to ship aboard the same vessel get into the same boat, the same watch, and share each other s every hap This was joy to me for he was an experienced harpooneer, whereas I was ignorant of the mysteries of whaling albeit well acquainted with the sea as a merchant sailor

Next day we took passage on the schooner *Moss*, setting sail down the Acushnet river for Nantucket, that lonely town set in a sea of sand, from whence the dauntless whalers forever depart, and to which many never return The little *Moss*

flew before the stiff breeze, but so great was the strain upon the mainsheet that it parted the weather-sheet, and in the confusion that followed, with the boom flying from side to side, a man was swept overboard. Queequeg crawled under the path of the boom, secured one end of a rope to the bulwarks, then flung the other like a lasso round the end of the boom as it swung over his head, thus trapping the spar. The schooner was run into the wind, and while the hands were clearing away the stern boat, Queequeg dived overboard. He disappeared, but shortly rose again, dragging the almost lifeless form with one arm. The boat soon picked them up, and with complete unconcern the noble savage only asked for fresh water to wash the brine off, put on some fresh clothes, and calmly smoked his pipe!

From that hour I clove to Queequeg like a barnacle; yea, till poor Queequeg took his last long dive.

We put up at the sign of the Twy Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling clam or cod chowders. On the morrow, leaving Queequeg shut up with his little idol Yojo for a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, I sallied forth in search of a ship. There were three up for three-year voyages, out of which I chose the *Pequod*, and a rare old craft she was. A ship of the old school, rather small, with an old-fashioned claw-footed look about her. Seasoned and weather-stained in the typhoons and calms of all four oceans, her old hull was darkened, and her bows looked bearded. Her masts, cut somewhere on the coast of Japan, where her original ones were lost overboard in a gale, stood stiffly up, and her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled. Added to which she was inlaid all over with a quaintness both of material and device. She was a thing of trophies—a cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies. All round her open, unpanelled bulwarks were garnished, like one continuous jaw, with the long teeth of the Sperm whale, inserted there for pins to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to, the thews deftly travelling through sheaves of sea ivory. She sported a tiller at her venerable helm, carved in one mass from the long, narrow jaw of her hereditary foe. A noble craft, but somehow most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that.

It being noon, and the ship's work suspended, I sought for someone of authority to whom I might apply for enrolment. I found an elderly brown and brawny man who turned out

be, not the captain of the ship whose name was Ahab, but a Captain Peleg once the chief mate in her and responsible for the afore mentioned inlays and carvings, and now, in partner ship with one Captain Bildad the chief owner of the vessel, the remaining shares being held, as is often the case in these parts, by widows, fatherless children, and wards in chancery

Captain Peleg was an old blusterer, firing many questions at me, whilst Captain Bildad, seated in the cabin reading the Scriptures aloud, was a strict Quaker, hardly troubling himself to stop and look at me simply saying, " He ll do, in answer to Peleg's 'What do you think of him? I signed the ship s articles, being given the 300th lay which means at the end of the three year voyage I should receive a three hundredth part of the ship s earnings Not a way to make a fortune but I knew myself to be green at whaling, where no wages are paid, but all hands, including the captain receive certain shares of the profits called lays, proportionate to their importance and respective duties Now signed on I asked if I could see Captain Ahab only to learn that he was confined to his house with a moody sickness Captain Peleg telling me that he lost a leg on the last voyage since when he s been kind of moody— desperate moody, and savage sometimes but that will pass off Thou lt like him well enough He s a grand ungodly god like man Captain Ahab Ahab s above the common, Ahab s been in colleges, as well as mong the cannibals been used to deeper wonders than the waves, fixed his fiery lance in mightier, stranger foes than whales His lance! ay, the keenest and the surest out of all our isle

So I departed, first bespeaking them to see Queequeg next day departed with a deep thoughtfulness of Captain Ahab, the cruel loss of his leg, and an uncertain awe which I found difficult to analyse

After Queequeg s fasting vigil we visited the *Pequod* together, where he was readily accepted first exhibiting his skill with the harpoon in an almost hair raising manner

There was no sign of Captain Ahab but that was not unusual, for often the captain does not appear until the ship is ready to sail, and even then leaves the first few days of the voyage to the care of his officers The owners Captains Peleg and Bildad saw to everything the crew, the stores the numerous articles peculiar to the whale fishery, spare boats, spare spars spare lines and harpoons, spare everything almost, except crew and ship for you must know that whaling vessels especially

are the most prone to all kinds of accident, and on a three-year voyage must be all-sufficient, there being little hope of securing spares or supplies in the remote harbours at which they call.

In a few days all was ready, and in a grey misty morning Queequeg and I made our way to our future floating home As we went along, I thought I saw some shadowy figures running through the mist towards the ship Fearing we might be late, we hurried, but lo, when we reached her they had disappeared, and on board everything was in profound quiet The rest of the crew arrived in twos and threes, and we were soon kept busy Towards noon the ship's riggers were dismissed, the *Pequod* hauled out from the wharf, and we set sail with Captain Bildad as pilot, and Captain Peleg roaring about the quarter-deck as if he were going to command all the voyage, my rear receiving one of his free kicks and an admonition to " spring to it, thou sheephead " Captain Ahab kept to his cabin

It was a sharp, cold Christmas, and as the grey light merged into darkness, we were fairly set upon the wintry ocean, whose freezing spray cased us in ice The stout sail-boat which had kept us company ranged alongside to take off the owners, and strange it was to see how reluctant they were to leave this *Pequod*, in which thousands of their hard-earned dollars were invested, aye, loathe to leave the vessel in which their hearts lay, bound on so long and perilous a voyage Ship and boat diverged, we gave three heavy-hearted cheers, and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic

For several days after leaving Nantucket nothing was seen above hatches of Captain Ahab, the three mates regularly relieving each other at the watches, although sometimes they issued from the sacred retreat of the cabin with orders so peremptory, it was plain they obeyed a higher command

Starbuck, the first mate, was a Quaker, a long, earnest, dried-up man possessed of great courage, extremely conscientious, with a deep natural reverence Stubb, a native of Cape Cod, was the second mate, cheerful, happy-go-lucky, and never without his pipe Long usage had, for him, converted the jaws of death into an easy-chair, and he presided over his whale-boat as if the most deadly encounter was but a dinner, and his crew all invited guests The third mate was Flask, a short, stout, ruddy fellow, to whom whale-hunting was almost a joke, for he had no regard for the marvellous construction of the leviathans he killed, but rather felt personally

affronted by them regarding them as some species of magnified water rat merely requiring circumvention with a little time and trouble in order to kill and boil Fear of them he knew not

These three mates commanded three of the *Pequod s* whale boats, and each had his boat steerer, or harpooneer whose duty it is to hand him a fresh lance when required Between mate or headsman and harpooneer there exists a close intimacy and friendliness, the latter living aft and eating from the same table, though not at the same time, forming a sort of servants hall of the high and mighty cabin For his squire, Starbuck had selected Queequeg whom you already know Stubbs choice was Tashtego, a tall, lithe, snaky Red Indian from Gay Head, a descendant of those proud warrior hunters of the moose in the aboriginal forests of the Main The third harpooneer, Daggoo by name, stood six feet five, a gigantic coal black negro savage, who as a youth had voluntarily shipped on board of a whaler lying in a lonely bay on his native African coast From his ears hung two large golden hoops and from years spent in whaling ships he retained all his barbaric virtues, moving about the decks as erect as a giraffe This imperial negro was the squire of little Flask, who looked like a chessman beside him The crew itself was made up of a cosmopolitan collection of lusty devil may care fellows, French, Sicilian Portuguese Nantucketeers Maltese one or two English, Dutch, Icelanders Chinese—in short, a crew to be found in any whaling vessel, but, as usual commanded by American officers

For a time we had biting polar weather but rapidly running southward before a fair wind the weather improved and one day as I mounted to the deck at the call of the forenoon watch, foreboding shivers ran over me, I looked aft, and there stood Captain Ahab upon his quarter deck He stood like a figure of bronze, one arm holding by a shroud erect looking straight out beyond the ship s pitching prow His whole form expressed the firmest fortitude, a fixed and fearless determination Threading its way out from among his grey hairs, right down his tawny scorched face and neck, there ran a slender rod like mark, lividly white and also white in the pale shaft of the sun there gleamed his false leg fashioned at sea from the polished bone of a sperm whale s jaw On each side of the *Pequod* s quarter deck was bored a half inch auger hole to accommodate this prop to nature So he stood, grim unbending with a

look of eternal anguish in his face, in all the nameless, regal, overbearing dignity of some mighty woe.

After that morning he was every day visible to the crew, either standing immobile, or pacing his deck with ivory stride, until, near the close of one particular day, he suddenly ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft The first mate, though astonished, for such an order is seldom or never given except in dire emergency, wonderingly obeyed, and for a while the crew stood in an excited, expectant, and rather apprehensive group, whilst the old man continued to pace with half-slouched hat and bent head Suddenly pausing, with a flashing eye he cried, " What do ye do when ye see a whale, men? "

" Sing out for him ! " they replied

" Good ! And what do ye do next, men ? "

" Lower away and after him ! "

" And what tune do ye pull to, men ? "

" 'A dead whale or a stove boat'," they shouted, and at every shout more strangely fierce and glad became his face Holding up a Spanish sixteen-dollar gold piece to the light of the setting sun, and advancing to the main mast, he nailed it there, exclaiming, " Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw, whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys ! Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water, if ye see but a white bubble, sing out "

" Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, " I have heard of Moby Dick, the white whale, but was it not Moby Dick that took off thy leg ? "

" Aye, Starbuck," cried Ahab, with a loud animal sob, " aye, my hearties all round It was Moby Dick that dismasted me Moby Dick brought me to this dead stump I stand on now Aye, aye, it was that accursed white whale that razed me, made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day," and, tossing both arms, he shouted out, " Aye, aye ! I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Mælstrom, and through perdition's flames before I'll give him up And that is what ye have shipped for men! To chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it now? I think ye do look brave "

"Aye, aye!" shouted the harpooneers and seamen, running closer to the excited old man 'A sharp eye for the white whale a sharp lance for Moby Dick!

At Ahab s bidding a brimming pewter of grog was brought, and ere night fell officers and crew alike were pledged in league to Ahab s revenge Starbuck alone demurred saying they were pledged to the owners to hunt whales for profit, not a dumb creature in revenge, but Ahab overwhelmed him for the present, crying aloud as he dismissed them, 'Drink! ye harpooneers! drink and swear ye men that man the deathful whale boats bow—Death to Moby Dick! God hunt us all if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!'

I, Ishmael, joined my oath with the rest, with a wild, mystical, sympathetic feeling for Ahab s quenchless feud seemed mine

For some time past the secluded white whale had haunted those uncivilized seas mostly frequented by the sperm whale fishermen But few of them had seen him and of those that had lowered for him, calamity had befallen—mishaps not restricted to sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs, or devouring amputations, but mishaps fatal unto death So that the fame and dread of him had in time spread throughout the fishery He still carried an iron of Queequeg s, Tashtego and Daggoo had seen him also His successful resistance to attack, his peculiar snow white, wrinkled forehead and a high, pyramidical white hump, in addition to his bulk, vast even amongst sperm whales, had in time invested him with an almost supernatural regard by whalemen, even so, pledged we now were to his destruction

For one I gave myself up to the abandonment of the time and place, but while yet a rush to encounter the white whale, could see naught in the brute but the deadliest ill The *Pequod's* crew, made up mostly of mongrel renegades cast aways, and cannibals, officered by Starbuck, whose virtue and right mindedness counted but for little, the invulnerable jollity of indifference in Stubb and the mediocrity of Flask, seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help her captain to his monomaniac revenge

Some few weeks after the event just described, as Queequeg and I were mildly employed weaving a sword mat as an additional lashing to our boat, the cloudy sultry afternoon s silence was split by a strange long drawn, musically wild and unearthly shout from Tashtego on masthead look out in the t gallant cross trees

look of eternal anguish in his face, in all the nameless, regal, overbearing dignity of some mighty woe

After that morning he was every day visible to the crew, either standing immobile, or pacing his deck with ivory stride, until, near the close of one particular day, he suddenly ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft The first mate, though astonished, for such an order is seldom or never given except in dire emergency, wonderingly obeyed, and for a while the crew stood in an excited, expectant, and rather apprehensive group, whilst the old man continued to pace with half-slouched hat and bent head Suddenly pausing, with a flashing eye he cried, " What do ye do when ye see a whale, men? "

" Sing out for him ! " they replied

" Good ! And what do ye do next, men? "

" Lower away and after him ! "

" And what tune do ye pull to, men ? "

" ' A dead whale or a stove boat '," they shouted, and at every shout more strangely fierce and glad became his face Holding up a Spanish sixteen-dollar gold piece to the light of the setting sun, and advancing to the main mast, he nailed it there, exclaiming, " Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw, whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys ! Skin your eyes for him, men, look sharp for white water, if ye see but a white bubble, sing out "

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"There she blows! There! there! there! She blows! she blows!" He stood hovering above, half suspended in the air, wildly and eagerly peering towards the horizon

"On the lee-beam, about four miles off! a school of them"

Instantly all was commotion

The sperm whale blows as a clock ticks, with the same undeviating and reliable uniformity This regularity differentiates him from other tribes of his genus

"There go flukes!" now cried Tashtego as the whales dived beneath the surface

The ship was kept away from the wind, and she rolled gently before it The line-tubs were fixed in their places: the cranes were thrust out, the mainyard was ba
three boats swung over the sea Outside of
eager crews with one hand clung to t
was expectantly poised on the gunwal

At this critical instant there was " they shouted, and at Ahab was seen surrounded by a group glad became his face that to our eyes seemed spirits fresh found piece to the light of swift, silent celerity they cast loose the main mast, he nailed boat on the other side of the deck Th raises me a white-yellow, aboriginal natives of Manila B oked jaw, whoso-tall old man of ebony, on his head a gliste , with three holes whilst one white tooth evilly protruded from whosoever of ye His garments were a rumpled black Chinese this gold ounce, black trousers sharp for

While yet the wondering ship's company gazed upon the strangers, Ahab cried to this old man, "All ready, there, Fedallah?"

"Ready," he half hissed

"Lower away, then, d'ye hear? Lower away there, I say," thundered Ahab, such violent command in his voice that the men sprang over the rail The sheaves whirled round in the blocks, and with a wallow our three boats dropped into the sea Then, with a dexterous, offhand daring, the sailors leaped down the rolling ship's side into the tossed boats below Ahab's boat shot round under the stern, pulled with tremendous velocity by the steel-and-whalebone yellow demons, whose powerful strokes fell with the regularity of trip-hammers. Fedallah pulled the harpooneer oar, whilst Ahab stood in the stern steadily managing the steering oar, as he had done in a thousand boat-lowerings ere the white whale had torn him

As we spread out, each man pulling with all his might to the

exordiums of his respective headsman, I ll omen, to Queequeg
figures Queequeg and I saw disappearing ou see him quid,
the morning of our arrival, and also of sunhen you quick see
had been mysteriously heard in the night watches
was now explained above water,

Another proof, if proof were needed, of gloo obtains his
conflicting purpose See him now, his boat tearing precisely
the water as, with tornado brow, eyes of red murddisgorge
foam glued lips, he forces his demon crew towards his presome

The boats became more separated In front of us w
three whales, and so intent was Starbuck on the quarry thly
he failed to notice the increasing darkness of the dun cloudr
I, Ishmaeing upon the sea, the waves curling and hissing
sympathetic feeling erected crests of enraged serpents Quee

For some time past I, sprang to his feet
those uncivilized seas *There, there*, give it to him," whispered
fishermen But few oshort, rushing sound the iron darted
had lowered for hired commotion came an invisible push
restricted to spraineorward the boat struck a ledge, the sail
devouring amputationd, a gush of scalding vapour shot up,
the fame and dread d and tumbled like an earthquake beneath
fishery He still ca suffocated as we were tossed helter skelter
Daggoo had seen bling cream of a squall Squall, whale and
his peculiar snoded together, and the whale, merely grazed
pyramidical whiped
mongst sperm the boat and, tumbling back to our places,
to our knees in the sea The driving scud, rack, and
rew darker with night Impossible to bale the boat
ch a sea, and no possible sign of ship or the other boats

Dawn found us drenched through, shivering with cold,
despairing of help Suddenly we all heard a faint creaking
as of ropes and yards The thick mists were dimly parted by
a huge vague form

We sprang into the sea as the ship bore right down upon
us saw our boat disappear beneath the vast hull, and then
come up weltering astern Again we swam for it were
dashed against it by the seas, and at last taken up and safely
landed on board The other boats, fearing the squall, had cut
loose from their fish in time and returned

After this I thought things out 'Ishmael," said I " considering that squalls and capsizings in the water with night bivouacs on the deep are common occurrences in this kind of fe, considering also that you belong to the uncommonly

"There she blowboat; and finally considering in what a she blows!" He are implicated tracking the white whale—air, wildly and e together, you might as well go below and "On the leg"

Instantly Queequeg, "Come along, you shall be my lawyer, The spelnd legatee" This was the fourth time in my undeviatlife I had done the same thing, but now I felt that all entiates I should henceforth live would be a supplementary "gain of so many weeks or months, as the case might be!

berThe wonder of Ahab's devilish crew soon passed away, for a whaler wonders soon wane, and the subordinate phantoms found their place amongst the crew. Only Fedallah remained a sinister, muffled mystery to the last. He was such a creature as civilized, domestic people of the temperate zone only see but dimly in their dreams. He seemed to have some sort of influence with Ahab, but how or why, I know not

Days, weeks passed, and under easy sail the ivory *Pequod* slowly swept across four several cruising-grounds that off the Azores; off the Cape de Verdes, on the "Plate" off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and an unstaked watery locality south from St Helena

One transparent blue morning, with a stillness spread over the sea, the slippered waves whispering together as they softly ran on, a strange sight was seen in the distance: a great white mass lazily rose, gleaming like a snow-slide, and then as slowly subsided and sank Daggoo, from the masthead, mistook it for the white whale The boats were hastily lowered, and raced, Ahab's boat leading, to the place where it sank Our oars suspended, we awaited its reappearance, when lo! it slowly rose, revealing the most wondrous phenomenon the secret seas have hitherto revealed to mankind A vast pulpy mass, furlongs in length and breadth, cream colour, lay floating in the water, innumerable long arms radiating from its centre, curling and twisting, as if blindly to clutch at any hapless object within reach With a low, sucking sound it slowly disappeared again, and Starbuck with a wild voice exclaimed, "Almost rather had I seen Moby Dick and fought him, than to have seen thee, thou white ghost!"

"What was it, sir?" said Flash

"The great live squid, which they say few whale-ships ever beheld and returned to their ports to tell of it"

But Ahab said nothing, turning his boat, he sailed back to the vessel, the rest as silently following

If to Starbuck the squid was a thing of ill omen, to Queequeg it was quite a different object "When you see him 'quid, said the savage, honing his harpoon later, "then you quick see him 'perm whale'

Though other species of whales find their food above water, and can be seen feeding, the spermaceti whale obtains his whole food below the surface, and no one can tell precisely what it is At times, when closely pursued, he will disgorge what are supposed to be the detached arms of the squid, some twenty or thirty feet in length

Queequeg was right, for whilst almost dozing in the gently swaying masthead the next day, I came to with a shock, for close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, his glossy black back gleaming in the sun, lay rolling a gigantic sperm whale, tranquilly spouting his vapoury jet

We manned the boats as quickly and quietly as possible, but the three simultaneous cries from the mastheads must have alarmed him, for as we glided in the chase, the monster perpendicularly flitted his tail forty feet in the air and sank out of sight, to the cry of "There go flukes'

After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again close to Stubb's boat, and, alive to his jeopardy made off at speed, "head out" Though apparently the most massive part of him the sperm whale's head is really the most buoyant, and when going at speed he elevates it in the air obliquely from the mad yeast he brews

Start her, start her, my men,' yelled Stubb, blowing great puffs from his pipe The boat leapt as backs and sinews strained at the oars Like desperadoes they tugged and strained, till the welcome cry was heard, "Stand up, Tashtego, give it to him'

The harpoon was hurled

"Stern all!' The oarsmen backed water, as the hot and hissing line flew along every one of their wrists blisteringly passing through Stubb's hands, from which the quilted canvas hand cloths had accidentally dropped A hempen blue smoke jetted up, and the oarsman, seated by the tub, taking off his hat, dashed sea water into it Additional turns were now taken round the loggerhead, and the boat, towed by the agonized whale, sped through the boiling water like a shark, all fins

Stubb and Tashtego here changed places stem for stern, a staggering business in that rocking commotion, where, at the

slightest motion from within, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Each man with might and main clung to his seat, Tashtego at the steering oar crouched almost double to bring down his centre of gravity Whole oceans seemed passed as they shot on their way, until at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight

"Haul in," cried Stubb to the oarsmen, and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on Ranging up by his flank, Stubb darted dart after dart into the flying fish, the boat alternately being sterned out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, then ranged up for another fling

Red tides now poured from all sides of the tormented monster, and jet after jet of white smoke agonizingly shot from the spiracle hole in the top of his head As the weakening whale relaxed in his wrath, the boat pulled close to, and, reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long lance into the innermost life of the fish It is struck, and starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry", the monster wallowed in his blood, over-wrapping himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado to struggle out of that frenzied twilight into the clear air of the day

Abating his flurry, the whale surged from side to side, spasmodically contracting his spout-hole with sharp, cracking respirations, gush after gush of clotted red gore shot into the air, and, falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks His heart had burst!

"Him dead, Mr Stubb," said Tashtego

"Yes, both pipes smoked out," replied Stubb, withdrawing his own pipe from his mouth, and scattering its ashes, he stood for a moment thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made

Forming a tandem of three boats, we commenced the slow and wearisome business of towing the trophy to the *Pequod* And hard work it was, as hour after hour we eighteen men toiled upon that inert, sluggish corpse in the sea The average sperm whale measures eighty to ninety feet long and some forty feet through his thickest part, and weighs nigh upon ninety ton!

By lantern-light we moved it alongside the ship, fastened by the head to the stern and the tail to the bows. About mid-

night Stubb enjoyed a steak cut from the tapering extremity of the body, whilst below thousands upon thousands of voracious sharks smackingly feasted in the sullen black waters

With daylight the ivory ship became a red shambles and every sailor a butcher The enormous cutting tackle was swayed to the main top and firmly lashed to the lower mast-head, the strongest part anywhere above a ship s deck The great blubber hook was inserted into the whale and all hands heaving at the windlass, the *Pequod* careered over on her side, trembling and quivering, until at last, with a great swash the ship rolls upwards and backwards from the whale the blubber begins to strip from the body, as the peel spirally strips from an orange The blubber is the fish's skin, twelve to fifteen inches thick, and will yield one hundred barrels of oil As the blanket—for so it is called—ascends to the masthead it is cut off and descends to the blubber room below

The head is cut from the body and suspended two-thirds in the water at the vessel's side whilst, when stripped, the carcase is then let loose and floats astern, the sea a boiling, seething mass of flaying sharks The head then receives attention

Tashtego Daggoo, and Queequeg are the dentists, Queequeg lances the gums, the fifteen foot jaw, hinged not at the sides but at one end, is lashed down to ringbolts, and, with tackle rigged from aloft, they drag out the forty two teeth In old whales they are worn down, but undecayed, not filled after our artificial fashion! The jaw is sawn into slabs and piled away like joists The upper part of the head, known as the case is an unctuous mass wholly free from bones some twenty six feet long, full of the highly prized spermaceti in its absolutely pure, limpid, and sweet smelling state, about five hundred gallons in all

Tashtego was employed in the ticklish business of standing on the slippery head, guiding a bucket down a hole from whence at his signal it was hoisted, full of spermaceti, all bubbling like a pail of new milk Now, as the eightieth or ninetieth bucket came suckingly up, my God! poor Tashtego dropped head foremost down into the well, and with a horrible oily gurgling went clean out of sight

'Man overboard,' cried Daggoo, his mate, from aloft, but before anything could be done the tackle gave way with a thunder boom and the great mass dropped into the sea Daggoo could be seen through a thick mist spray clinging to

the pendulous tackles, while poor buried-alive Tashtego was rapidly sinking to the ocean's bed.

Suddenly a naked figure with a boarding-sword in its hand leapt from the bulwarks. My brave Queequeg dived to the rescue. As the head with its entombed figure slowly descended, Queequeg made several side lunges with his keen blade near its bottom. Then, dropping his sword, thrust his long arm inwards and upwards, catching a leg. But knowing this was not as it ought to be, he thrust back the leg, and, by a dexterous heave and toss, wrought a somersault upon the Indian and, inserting his arm again, he brought him out in the good old way, head foremost. As for the great head itself, that did as well as could be expected.

A boat had been lowered, and they were quickly brought to the deck. Tashtego was long in coming to; my Queequeg did not look very brisk either, and no wonder!

There is much that I could tell you of the mysteries and marvels of the sperm whale, I do truly regard him as the mightiest of God's living creations, for as time passed we chased and killed many, and never did I cease to wonder at his secrets. We touched neither port nor land, and if this should seem a wonder to you, you must remember that a whaler carries all her supplies, even water, yea, even enough for a three-year voyage.

From the south and west the *Pequod* drew nigh to the Formosa and Bashee Isles, and according to usage they were pumping the ship at morning, when lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water. The oil-casks are kept damply tight by hosing sea-water into the hold twice weekly, which is afterwards removed by the ship's pumps, and thus mariners quickly detect any leak in the precious cargo. There was no time to lose, and, it being calm weather, we had to break out the hold.

The leak was difficult to find, though working, and stripped to his woollen drawers, Queequeg had to crawl about in the damp slime of the half-disembowelled ship. Thus my fast and bosom friend was seized with a fever, which nigh brought him to his endless end. Not a man of the crew but gave him up, and Queequeg, thinking no better of himself, requested the carpenter to make his coffin in the shape of a canoe, that he might be launched on the ocean to sail to his ancestors, as they had been launched before. The canoe coffin was accordingly made to his measurement. Everything being done to his satisfaction, even to the lid with a hinged flap, he

made a sudden rally, averring that he had forgotten a little commission he had to do ashore He recovered, as savages do, very quickly, so that the canoe coffin became unnecessary, and, being very buoyant, it replaced the ship's lifebuoy in the stern, which had been lost overboard through disuse I mention this particularly, as you will see at a later date

We met various ships in our course the *Virgin* the *Rosebud* the *Samuel Enderby* of London, the *Bachelor*, the *Delight*, from all of which Ahab asked only one question of the captain ' Hast seen Moby Dick, the White Whale?" and the more negatives he received, the more gloomy, morose, and introspective did he become At last, as the *Pequod* was making good way through the great South Sea a large ship, her sails boastfully set, bore down upon us Ere her commander, trumpet to mouth, could speak, Ahab shouted the inevitable question, he was unable to conceal or throttle his joy as the answer came back, " Aye, yesterday Have ye seen a whaleboat adrift?'

Before further questions could be asked, the Captain of the *Rachel* sprang aboard the *Pequod*

He said that late on the previous afternoon three of his boats were engaged with a shoal of whales, when the white hump of Moby Dick rose from the blue sea His fourth boat had immediately set off in pursuit, harpooned the whale, and been towed out of sight As night fell he had perforce to pick up his three boats, and was now in quest of the fourth in which was his twelve year old son The poor man was sorely worried, and beseeched Ahab to unite with him in the search, by sailing four or five miles apart, thus sweeping a double horizon

Ahab listened, unmoved and ice cold

Captain Gardiner, I will not do it,' he said, ' even now I lose time Good bye, God bless ye, man, and may I forgive myself, but I must go Mr Starbuck, look at the binnacle watch, and in three minutes warn off all strangers, and turning with averted face, he descended to his cabin leaving the pale and unhappy father transfixed

Now, all other whaling waters swept, had Ahab chased his foe into the very longitude and latitude where his tormenting wound had been inflicted, his purpose so gleamed from his steely eye that it domineered the crew, and made them hide within their souls all doubts, misgivings, fears But as Ahab s eyes so awed the crew, in some wild way the inscrutable Fedallah s awed his in turn

The rolling waves and days went by, the velvet nights

wrapped us in a diamond-star-studded mantle, until this mantle was suddenly rent from stem to stern in the mid watch by the peculiar odour sometimes given to a great distance by the living sperm whale.

In the light of dawn, Ahab had himself hoisted aloft by a life-line to the main royal masthead He suddenly raised a gull-like cry, "There she blows! there she blows! A hump like a snowhill! It is Moby Dick! Did none of ye see him before? The doubloon is mine, Fate reserved it for me! Mr Starbuck, stay on board and keep the ship! All ready the boats there? Stand by, stand by! Lower me, Mr Starbuck; lower, lower, quicker! quicker!" and he slid to deck with the velocity of lightning

The boats were dropped, the sails set, and all paddles plying, as Ahab led the onset A pale death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's eyes, a hideous motion gnawed his mouth

As we neared him, the whiteness of the whale made a beautiful sight amid the blue encircling sea, the shattered pole of a recent lance projecting from his back He sounded and disappeared, his track only told by the sea-fowl softly hovering and dipping on the wing With oars a-peak, paddles down, sheets of sails adrift, the three boats stilly floated, awaiting his reappearance.

Suddenly, as Ahab peered down into the depths, he saw a white spot uprising with great celerity As it rose, the crooked jaws of white glistening teeth yawned beneath the boat The whale, obliquely lying on his back in the manner of a shark, slowly and feelingly took the bows full within his mouth and shook the cedar as a cat mildly shakes a mouse The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head He, in a frenzy of rage, took the long bone in his naked hands and tried to make the grip relax. The yellow crew crowded aft as the jaws relentlessly closed, cutting the craft in twain Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey, Moby Dick now lay at a little distance, vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows, whilst at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body. He then, watched by the other powerless boats, swam round and round the wrecked crew, lashing himself to a more deadly assault

All this was seen from the *Pequod's* mastheads, and, bearing down, she saved the situation by parting the ferocious whale from his victims Half drowned, Ahab and his crew were picked up by Stubb's boat, but Ahab's spirit was undaunted

Bidding his crew and the men of Stubb's boat "double-

bank' the oars, he gave pursuit The whale, however, seemed to swim with a treble banked fin, the pace he set was hopeless, so, hailing the ship, Ahab called all hands in, and with sails set the *Pequod* bore down in the leeward wake of Moby Dick

The day was nearly done, as night fell Ahab placed himself half way within the scuttle, and, slouching his hat there stood motionless until morning He gave orders with daylight to crowd all sail, for the white whale was not to be seen Ahab was one of those geniuses amongst whaling men who, from the simple observation of a whale when last descried, can by prescience of experience, skill and confidence, accurately foretell the direction in which he will continue to swim for a while as well as his probable rate of progression

The ship tore on, unfearing blind, and reckless The crew were with Ahab to a man, Starbuck alone was still conscious of the madness of the chase How they strove through the blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them! When lo! not a mile from the ship, Moby Dick burst bodily into view Rising with the utmost velocity from the farthest depths he boomed his entire bulk into the air, piling up a mountain of dazzling foam Thus "breaching' did he defy us

Aye, breach your last to the sun, cried Ahab, thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand! Stand by the boats! Lower away!"

The boats were no sooner on the water than Moby Dick turned, coming straight for them at a furious speed with open jaws and lashing tail But skilfully manœuvred like trained chargers in the field, they eluded him, whilst darting irons into him from every angle His evolutions became so intricate, the lines of all boats so fouled that Ahab to avoid the tangle of harpoons and lances forming a very death s hedgehog of bristling blades, was forced to free his boat by cutting the lines The white whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangle, irresistibly dragging the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flanks, dashed them together like two nuts, and, diving disappeared in a boiling maelstrom

The two crews were yet circling in the waters, grabbing at the wreckage when Ahab's boat seemed drawn up to heaven by invisible wires, as the white whale, shooting perpendicularly from the sea, dashed his broad head against its bottom It turned over and over, and fell gunwale downwards, with Ahab

and his men struggling out from under it. Moby Dick then lay a little way off, slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side, smiting fiercely at any chip or crumb of wreckage.

Ahab was found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half, his ivory leg broken once again. No whit daunted, than on deck, leaning on Starbuck, he mustered all hands, to find that little serious ill but sprains and contusions had befallen. The dark Fedallah was the only casualty, having been carried overboard in Ahab's own line. At this information Ahab once more became a furnace of revenge, issuing rapid orders, "Quick! all hands to the rigging of the spare boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons! hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets! helm there! steady, steady, for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe, yea, and dive straight through it, but I'll slay him yet!"

The whale was still in sight to leeward, so again the sail was shortened, and everything passed as on the previous night, save for the sound of hammers and the hum of the grindstone, as the men toiled by lantern-light in the complete and careful rigging of the spare boats and sharpening of fresh weapons.

From the broken keel of Ahab's boat the carpenter fashioned him a new leg, and again he stood, a grim, motionless figure.

The third day dawned fair and fresh, but the sea ran empty of any whale spout. By Ahab's orders look-outs dotted every mast and almost every spar. An hour after noon, three points off the weather bow, the monster reappeared.

All was commotion again. The boats were lowered, and as they pulled away from the ship, thousands of sharks appeared from the depths, and, for some extraordinary reason, followed Ahab's boat only, maliciously snapping at the oar-blades.

"Give way!" cried Ahab to the oarsmen, and the boats darted forward to the attack. The whale heard them coming, maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, possessed with fury, he came head on, churning his tail among the boats. Missing Ahab's, he dashed in one side of the upper part of both mates' boats. Whilst Queequeg and Daggoo were stopping the strained planks, a cry went up as the beast shot by, for upon one flank, lashed by the involutions of the lines around him, appeared the half-torn body of Fedallah, his sable raiment frayed to shreds, his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

Setting sail to the rising wind, his lonely boat was swiftly impelled by oars and canvas after the now steadily swimming

Moby Dick, and still, as Ahab glided over the waves, the unpitying sharks followed

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay but, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the *Pequod* changed his course and bore down upon it smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam The solid white buttress of his forehead smote the starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled Through the breach the waters poured, as mountain torrents down a flume Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel, then, turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface within a few yards of Ahab s boat

With body arched back, and both arms high lifted to the poise Ahab darted his fierce iron, and fiercer curse "To the last I grapple with thee, from hell s heart I stab at thee, for hate s sake I spit my last breath at thee Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine let me then tow to pieces while still chasing thee, though tied to thee thou damned whale *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The stricken whale flew forward, with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove, ran foul Ahab stooped to clear it, he did clear it, but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and, voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone

For an instant the tranced boat s crew were still, then turned ' The ship! Great God, where is the ship?'

All that still showed of the ivory *Pequod* were the tops of the masts, whilst the three pagan harpooneers still maintained their sinking look outs on the sea Concentric circles seized the lone boat, and spinning round and round in the vortex, ship and boat and crew, disappeared from sight, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago

Of all that gallant ill fated crew, I alone survived to tell the tale Round and round then ards the black bubble at the axis of did I revolve The black bubble its cunning spring in the *Pequod's* stern, Queequeg s coffin lifebuoy floated by my side

For one whole day and night I floated on a soft and dirge like main On the second day a sail drew nearer, nearer, and picked me up at last It was the devious cruising *Rachel*, still searching for her captain s lost son only to find another orphan

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS

By GEORGE MEREDITH

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" placed Meredith (1828–1909) in the front rank of English novelists, but he failed to win the interest of the general public until "Diana of the Crossways" appeared in 1885, a novel which, for the splendour of its character-drawing—Diana herself being a brilliant study of womanhood—and the irresistible sweep of its narrative, is among the great novels of the world "Richard Feverel" may be greater, and in the long list of Meredith's novels there are others which certain readers may think as great But Diana herself is incomparable Meredith's own favourite was "Beauchamp's Career" His difficult style, a barrier or an irritation to many, is so closely welded to his thought that it comes to seem natural to the sympathetic reader

Diarists and letter-writers of the second quarter of the nineteenth century make frequent mention of the beautiful Mrs Warwick Had she really so much beauty, so much wit? If so, she deserves that we should think the best of her, for the well of true wit is truth itself Yet our world thinks beauty generally delinquent, and cleverness an attribute of Satan's lieutenants So, when scandal touched her she was doubted the more for her wit and her beauty

The diarists suggest that she allowed herself more liberty in speech and action than the perfect woman was then supposed to desire Her laughter, which she herself called "the breath of her soul", played over some of England's most cherished beliefs, the belief in man's supremacy in mind and woman's divinely ordained subservience, for instance She fought—and her own experience sharpened the struggle—for a woman's right to have a mind and to use it And the world was not yet ripe for her free and lofty growth As she herself said—"Men may have rounded Seraglio Point, they have not yet doubled Cape Turk" Another saying of hers—"A woman in the pillory restores the original bark of brotherhood to mankind"—has a cry in it of personal anguish She was not, it is plain, the rose-pink heroine of romance, but a soul born

active, wind beaten, but ascending Men, she says, desire " a still woman, who can make a constant society of her pins and needles ' They create by stoppage a volcano and are amazed by its eruptiveness She was not a still woman A volcano? Some of the diarists hint as much

The world first became aware of her at a ball held in Dublin to celebrate the return of the veteran soldier, I ord Larrian an Irishman who had won many victories for England Watching the dancers and now and then dropping a word of inquiry to his aide, Captain Sir Lukin Dunstane, the old soldier looked some time at one of them before he asked her name, which Sir Lukin did not know He said he would ask his wife, and manœuvring over to where Lady Dunstane sat, came back with the information that the handsome creature was a Miss Merrion, Irish aged between eighteen and nineteen, and a dear friend of his wife's, he ought to have remembered her, but she was a child when he saw her last Lord Larrian himself sought Lady Dunstane for further knowledge and learned that Miss Merrion had come to Dublin expressly to honour the Irish hero

She makes everything in the room dust round a blazing jewel, ' said the old man

" She makes a poet of a soldier," said Lady Dunstane, pleased by the ardour roused bv her friend The General asked her name in addition to Merrion ' Diana Antonia, Lady Dunstane told him, ' Tony to me Diana to the world A moment later the old man saw the lovely young creature come swiftly towards them her hands held out, all her face one tender sparkle of a smile, and her cry proved the quality of her blood—" Emmy! Emmy! my heart! '

The hero of the evening must be introduced, and she danced a quadrille with him enchanting him with her sparkling youth Then Sir Lukin brought a sometime schoolfellow of his own, Mr Thomas Redworth, to be presented to his wife, and it was plain to Emma that once more she was being used as an approach to Diana, and Mr Sullivan Smith a heady Irishman, all but challenged an Englishman to a duel for trying to hold her to a dance engagement so that to keep the peace Lady Dunstane contrived to hand her over to Mr Redworth and leave those rivals defeated None of them were to forget this Dublin ball Mr Redworth indeed, the sensible Englishman, ended the night in a gentle delirium calculating the means of enlarging his income until it should

be adequate to lay, with his heart, at the feet of Miss Merrion

A fortnight later she was staying with Lady Dunstane in Surrey, completely happy in their friendship They were readers of books, philosophical, romantic, political They talked—asked each other why things were not *done*, that so plainly ought to be done, for the common weal; and they themselves cut the knot statesmen refused to undo "O! for a despot," Diana sighed, scorning the slow processes of statesmen's thoughts She envisaged a world in which such a despot would right the wrongs of Ireland and of women

In the spring she went on a visit to her old home, The Crossways, which was let to a Mr and Mrs Warwick, with whose nephew she made then a first acquaintance Him she described as "a gentlemanly official" Her letters to Emma from other houses she visited suggested a weariness of being homeless Once she wrote, "How brutal men can be!" and Emma suspected some experience that had roused what Diana later called "the tigress" in her, defending her freedom Yet Lady Dunstane was little prepared for her engagement to Augustus Warwick, interested, like Mr Redworth, in railways—an action Diana herself never could explain fully, though it was hastened by an awkward piece of love-making from Emma's husband Sir Lukin expressed penitence to the flaming Diana, abject enough, but she could not feel that Emma's home was suitably hers if Emma's husband proved amorous Yet "a gentlemanly official" seems a strange refuge for Diana Merrion! So Emma thought, who was to find her Tony often inexplicable Mr Thomas Redworth, too, was taken aback by Diana's engagement Slowly he was getting ready to be ready to ask her to be his! He had put his whole capital into railways—a new and risky enterprise Once he almost mentioned it to Diana, hoping she would guess the stake he played for, but while he hesitated, the moment was gone When he came to set his slow tale before Lady Dunstane, naming the income the railways brought him, in order to discover whether she thought it justified him in asking a lady to share his lot, his honest and humble mutterings of "brilliant" and "the highest" sent a chill to Emma's heart "Tell me," she said, seeing him suddenly as a man of strength who above all others would have been fit to guide her Tony, "it is not Diana?" She was near weeping, for him and for Diana's reckless choice of the "gentlemanly



Rischgitz

Richard Cœur de Lion is surprised in Sherwood Forest

A scene from Ivanhoe



The Christening —A scene from " Tristram Shandy "

official" Redworth at least was manly and trustworthy, of the finest Saxon type in build and character And this marriage that Tony described abruptly as "the wisest thing a waif can do was not that, at all events waif or not Mr Warwick proved, when she saw him, handsome, as men go, a pair of whiskers encasing a long, thin nose, a cold and negative mouth, very conscious of the superiority of the English to all nations upon earth 'A gentlemanly official It fitted too well!

Mr Redworth, urged by her to see as much of the Warwicks as he could—"I wish her not to lose a single friend —buckled himself to the task His own feeling was laid under lock and key, dungeon deep He became a frequent guest at their London house and could report to Emma that Mr Warwick had a capable head, though commonplace beside his wife The noble gentleman for Diana was yet unborn, agreed her two friends, agreeing also that one must not judge a mortal husband by his wife s deserts Mr Redworth, carefully giving Mr Warwick his due a little vexed Lady Dunstane She had no wish for sentimental moaning but she wished he possessed a finer image of her Tony, who, in another country than this would have been sung by poets, exalted to the skies Here her destiny was to inflame two railway directors

Two years later she would have prayed for Diana to inflame none others She had heard rumours of dissension between Mr and Mrs Warwick, though Diana never mentioned it, saying only that her husband had been unlucky in his rail way ventures and was in need of money One day she wrote of a Government appointment Mr Warwick had obtained being marched into Smithfield [illegible] please for no good reason The absurd was harder to bear than the shameful

Having resolved to face the world, she faced it boldly She would not stay shrouded at Copsley Emma s home but would go to London and be seen—"wherever I am received She would work—write—and as she thought of it she began to enjoy a foretaste of independence after the mincing tastes of luxury She lived in lodgings, alone, save for her maid, Danvers, and began the life of work and penury, feeling a savage exultation in passing through the streets on foot and unknown who had been a hostess of the great world and the friend of a Minister of State She had her champions Lord

Larrian (who presented her with a huge Newfoundland dog as a bodyguard), Sir Lukin, who defended her in all the Clubs, and, after interviewing Mr Warwick, held him up as the traducer of the "cleverest, the nicest, the best woman of her time" Other friends rallied, and she soon became the centre of a circle brilliant enough Her wit still flew If she acknowledged in her bitter hours that it was occasionally a cheaper wit, produced because it was expected of her, and because in her threatened state she must find cover in applause, "the beautiful Mrs Warwick" retained her hold on the world One thing she would not allow any attempt to win over Mr Warwick Some of her friends (Redworth for one) made the effort In her mood of acid self-sufficing, she poured scorn on them Truce or treaty would signify pardon, not exoneration, and she disdained such mercy

Emma was indefatigable in defence But there were those who did not subscribe to the view spread by Lady Dunstane that Mr Warwick had no case whatever Against the hundreds of Diana's supporters, ready to be sworn on her behalf, must be set the battalions led by Mrs Cramborne Wathin, whom Diana had lightly snubbed Mrs Cramborne Wathin, when the case came on and the plaintiff was judged not to have proved his accusation, remained entrenched in her belief that there is no smoke without fire

So here was the beautiful Mrs Warwick—exonerated, but not free Her ironic fury at the plight made her cold to the rejoicings of her friends, and she might have let herself run to a permanent bitterness, if Emma had not fallen ill and required her nursing. a ministration that restored Diana herself to a saner spirit Later she went abroad with Lord and Lady Esquart Gossip whispered that she fled to escape her husband's further attack on her freedom

Her battle, inner and outer, was not over She could see, at times, why her husband must suspect her of unfaithfulness in the grosser sense Yet the fault lay chiefly in the common view of marriage She thought she would never love, save as a friend And that brought her to think of the man who seemed to her best fitted to be the friend—not the lover—of women Tom Redworth, calm, sensible, loyal, cold as she! For some reason she called him, even to herself, "Mr" Redworth Perhaps she thought it safer to put that little barrier between their two coldnesses? When she heard of his entering Parliament, she would only let herself rejoice because of

what he might do in striking at the unjust laws that limit the freedom of women Mr Percy Dacier, a nephew of her friend Lord Dannisburgh, was also a coming man "The very young men and the old are our hope, she wrote to Emma The middle aged are hard and fast for existing facts ' She looked to a time when freedom should be gained and she long dead, and because she was not to see it, she thought of herself as the detached observer, with no personal stake in the game It was plain that a favourite belief she had concerning herself—that she was all disengaged intellect—was in the ascendant, thought Emma, smiling as she read!

At this time her first novel appeared At this time, too she met the Hon Percy Dacier Mr Dacier was engaged to an heiress, she wrote to Emma, a Miss Asper, niece of a great shipowner, and as Dacier ought to marry money for the sake of his career it was a good match

Dacier gradually came to occupy more space in her letters He was a pure English type finely bred, a sportsman, serious politically She surveyed him coolly for Emma, hoping he might ' be of some use to our cause, and involving herself more deeply in political interests For she was reviving, after her blow Her vital eagerness was not quenched The beauty and the colour of foreign places enchanted her into believing that the check given by her marriage was outflown a perilous state of mind, when a young man, whom her brain could enliven, intently considered her In his condescending curiosity—was she blameless or too vivid a creature to be safe?—he was drawing near enough to be singed by her brightness, when he had to leave for England His uncle, Lord Dannisburgh, was ill She begged him to let her know whether she could be useful—if the patient wanted nursing or cheerful companionship an imprudence that troubled him He even ventured to hint to her hostess Lady Esquart, that it would be wiser if Mrs Warwick did not return to England just now When he was gone, Diana told herself she had no wish to see him again She had her freedom—of a sort—her restored youthful ecstasy She would not have it disturbed nor did it seem likely that Mr Dacier was the man to disturb it

In London, Redworth was doing his best to make editors and critics aware of The Princess Egeria a novel by Antonia Redworth was rising to the position of a Railway King, and he had his influence The Princess Egeria

was noticed, because he dropped hints of its author's social importance It got about that the characters in the book were real personages, thinly disguised, and when it also got about that "Antonia" was the beautiful Mrs Warwick, whose "case" was still fresh in the memory, the novel's success was certain, and, in addition to fame, Diana found herself possessed of an income

On her return to London she launched herself bravely on the tide of popularity She furnished a house, "under the paws of creditors," as she told Emma, and began to entertain literary and political London, writing busily as a refuge from her personal problems, and of necessity, if she was to live Dacier was frequently her guest and Mr Tonans, the great editor, and among others whose importance was yet wanting, Arthur Rhodes, a young man who hoped to become a poet There was brilliant talk at Mrs Warwick's dinners, and when Diana went down to Copsley to stay with Emma, she poured forth her relish for the life

Lord Dannisburgh died in the summer, a grief to Diana, who had loved the old man unfeignedly, a love she expressed with a courage all her own, when she heard of his last message to her It was a request that she would spend an hour watching by him when he was dead A strange and a selfish wish But she took it as a test of the mettle of friendship, and she fulfilled it She was not one to fear tongues, or perhaps they had done their worst? Dacier, cautious still, got a new view of her as she sat, quiet and calm, by the dead man

The old scandal was revived by Lord Dannisburgh's death. The women, especially, talked of it, and notably at Lady Wathin's—Mrs Cramborne Wathin was now my lady, and the elevation in rank had deepened her influence upon those who had not attained it, without bringing her to the higher level of society, to which women like that Mrs Warwick, of no birth, no money, and no character, had the entry! And all because people took her rattle for wit and because our
nobilit marri Wathin feared, has little regard for morality
Rfriend And alk went on, she heard, at Mrs Warwick's
seemed to her beathin was acquainted with Mrs Warwick's
women Tom Re our true gentlemen, and now ruined in
For some reason she onduct"
worth Perhaps she new novel, "The Young Minister of
between their two co ady Wathin's battalion was aflame with
ing Parliament, she could be no one but Dacier, who was

now at all her parties, had been seen walking in the park with her daily, on his way to Westminster, who positively went to concerts (though he had no ear for music) in order to be near her. So promising a young man to fall into her toils, lamented the moral phalanx led by Lady Wathin, who did not omit to draw attention to the plight of poor Constance Asper, turning to Romanism as balm for her slighted heart.

Diana, it seems, needed all her good friends, as she needed, in a more material sphere, her literary success. She entertained much and expensively, a good cook, good wines, all of the best. And she must write as rapidly as she might—give the public what it wanted—if she was to maintain herself at this level. It was the level at which she was of service to Dacier, his Princess Egeria. That she could be anything more to him she would not allow. 'Women are women and I am a woman, but I am I, and unlike them,' she would have said, if forced to explain the situation, and though Dacier now and again seemed about to demand more, she thought herself armed by the knowledge that to give it would be his ruin.

Yet the double strain of keeping womanhood and debts at bay told on her. Her writing flagged, even as the need for it grew. Success had made her believe it easy to earn. Why stint the pleasant and beautiful things of life when a mere pen can pay for them? Her new book, 'The Cantatrice', was almost sure to be a success. Young Arthur Rhodes admired it heartily. Emma perceiving Redworth in the book's too practical hero, resented the insistence on a certain bluntness of nose, and said only, 'I like the writing.' A further damp to the author's feeling. There was the matter, too, of Mr. Warwick's new approach, through Lady Wathin. She had repulsed it, but there was an implied threat that brought panic. If only she had not obeyed Emma and Redworth when they checked her first flight! She might, but for them, have been free, instead of struggling desperately on slippery ground.

When Dacier came to tell her he, at least, had ceased to struggle—that he must have her for his own, and when she was free, for his wife—her attempt to hold up her illusion of independence failed. She was come to a desperate stop. She could not write. She dreaded intolerably her husband's threat of 'the process of the law' for the second time. And

she was in love, after all "I feel a culprit," she said "But I am sure I have courage, perhaps brains to help At any rate I may say this, I bring no burden to my lover that he does not know of" She struggled, but his impassioned pleading, after so much reserve, swept her to him To-morrow, he said, they would go away together When he left, her old world lay shattered and her new world had but one figure, the sun of it, to light the strangeness

She wrote the necessary letters to Emma, to Redworth, he must be left to think what he liked Her boxes were packed and labelled—good-bye to the hated name of Warwick! Six o'clock—she was to meet Dacier at the railway station for Paris at twenty to eight Between six and seven came a sound of knocker and bell at the street door Her maid rushed in to say that Mr Redworth was come, and before a word could be mustered he was in the room He said, "You must come with me at once"

* * * * *

For the second time Redworth and Emma had stayed her flight When Diana heard that Emma was to undergo a severe operation, there was no hesitation Friendship had always meant more to her than love, and until the two could be combined—but that was not yet—the hotter passion was wilted by the steadier flame Dacier waited in vain at the station that night, and though he allowed the explanation later, it is likely that the blow to his self-esteem, the waiting foolishly for a woman who should (he felt in the depths of him) fly to his beckoning, never was quite forgiven He might—and he did—go down into Surrey in hope of seeing her Yet something had gone from his thought of her There was a certain vacancy, though he bled with her suffering on Emma's behalf, and was lifted for the time above his lover's claims into a region where the greatness of her nature could be seen

As Lady Dunstane, passing the after-perils of the operation, slowly gained strength, he found Diana's absence not altogether to be deplored He had time to recover his native poise His passion rose, but his position in the world counselled him more wisely He did not regret his proposal to take the leap, but he came to see that it was as well that he had been prevented, and that Diana should not be near enough to inflame him afresh

With proud honesty, Diana gave Emma the letter she had

written on the night when she was prepared to go with Percy Dacier. Emma was too humane and wise in human nature to chide her, but she grieved for Redworth. For 'I love him,' Tony said of Dacier, 'and because I love him, I will not fetter him.' She would not refuse to see him, but temptation would not master her again. 'I am beginning,' she said, 'to understand the dues of allegiance. You may have faith in me."

"I have, with my whole soul," said Emma, and they fell back into their perfect confidence, discussing the vexed questions of themselves and the world.

There was one question Diana did not discuss: money. She had a household in London to support, and she was not working—'The Cantatrice' remained untouched. Redworth came, and his talk was of this very thing—money. He saw no virtue in poverty. Equally he abhorred idleness and dilettante insurgency. Inflexibly British as ever! Diana, whose recent investment in a mine, which the friend of a friend in the City had commended to her, lay somewhat on her conscience, listened to him with an especial disdain. She had not consulted him about the mine, knowing he would peremptorily intervene. The mine was, it seemed, completely empty, and she was as little inclined to go to him for counsel in the guise of a fool. There was nothing for it but to drive herself to writing. She began to see that she risked something, too, by staying in the country. Her political friends were asking why she no longer shone among them as the hostess of the intelligent. When, at last, she returned, there were reproaches from Tonans, the great editor, for her prolonged absence, not so much because of lost entertainment as lost profit—all she now could tell him of political affairs and men was stale. Dacier she met by chance. When he spoke of the past, she said: 'You speak of a madwoman, a good eleven months dead. Let her rest.' His reply was, 'If I may see her——' And on that note they parted, to meet again at her own house, resolved henceforth to remain strictly rational. 'Come whenever you think I can be useful,' Diana said, and as their meetings were to be so innocent, they might safely be frequent. She could only venerate this noblest of lovers for not speaking a word of love, and in return must never expose her own feeling. At the same time she must dazzle, praise, and counsel so that he thought the shrewd comment his own. Once he had come

near being lord of her destinies Now he chivalrously worshipped at the prescribed distance How to reward him was her dangerous thought, and she strove valiantly to help him; as it seemed she did. Discreet, if culpable, the world pronounced them

With debts mounting, friends coming and going, Diana's house stood on shifting sands It was said that nowhere in London was there so much good talk, without scandal, and who was to know that the hostess, writing (quite truly) for dear life, could not earn enough to maintain solvency?

If the world hinted that Dacier did not come to her for political counsel only, she could feel an indignant surprise, knowing that their common interest in a great political crisis that was imminent held them as close as love If Tom Redworth speculated anxiously upon her financial state, he yet maintained that her friendship with Dacier was a noble thing and proof of her fineness of mind Emma, for once well enough to come to London, and primed by Tony with the tale of Percy's "worthiness," enjoyed a brief contact with their brilliant life, though she, too, feared that Dacier expected more than intellectual sustenance from his Egeria The world talked "Does it matter?" Diana asked "I am his in soul, and we were compromised neck-deep already"

But the sustenance of Dacier was taking from her more than good reputation Entertaining his friends tried her strained resources—financial, mental, physical She was aware of being almost at the end of them when he came to her one night, after a party at which all had shone, though Dacier thought he perceived some shadow on Diana's brightness She was thrilled that he had noticed it, had come back when all were gone to discover the cause But he had another meaning to tell her that the Prime Minister had decided to propose the revolutionary measure—the abolition of the Corn Laws—a secret confided only to Dacier Her shadow of depression was gone now She saw her lover as moving the revolutionary machine—a growing power! He was enchanted by her enthusiasm—the effect of his confidence "I thought I could freshen you and get my excuse for coming!" he said She answered him with one of her quick flashes of phrase "Oh, a high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird!" Yet when he wanted a loverly return for the exultation he had roused, she held him off, though she gave him hope of "to-morrow" When he was gone she was still on high, but

in another element She saw the news as her deliverer from crowding embarrassments Mr Tonans, the great editor, would give much to possess it in advance of his rivals—and Dacier had not bidden her to secrecy he had said the news would be out early next month Carried on a flood of impulse, she drove through the midnight streets of London to the office of the newspaper that Englishmen held to be the world s oracle Tonans had reproached her for never having news for him To night she brought him the greatest

Next morning, Dacier, comfortably perusing his newspaper, came upon it The secret, confided to him by his chief, was blazoned to the world Utter astonishment held him before he perceived the ruin of his career How *could* Tonans have got at the news? How was it possible? Only the Prime Minister and himself were cognisant of it He was quite sure his chief had confided in no one else Even when the full horror of the betrayal came to him, he did not suspect Diana She was his very self in faithfulness to his interests When he set out for her house, it was not to accuse, but to ask her woman s wit to divine how the secret could have escaped There must have been a spy at the keyhole he said! Tonans had an article in this morning s paper bruiting the matter to all England!

For the first time the full weight of what she had done came upon her ' Is it of such importance?" she asked, her reason and her fears contending He told her sharply that she must know *how* important—to him as well as to the Prime Minister How, he asked, could it have become known?

She told him, sparing herself nothing She was in extremity—she saw ruin coming—she had not thought Tonans would use the news at once—but she had done it—for money She saw, as she made her confession, how hard his eyes had grown He lashed her with his questions, his scornful query of, 'How much? I am curious to know what my imbecility was worth And she knew it was the end between them

As it was With a cold completeness he turned from her to the heiress Miss Asper the meek admiring creature who so long had yearned for him and had no brains to exercise for or against him And he burnt unread Diana s letter that came that night

Emma Dunstane heard of Dacier's engagement to Constance Asper and almost at the same time of Mr Warwick s death in a street accident—Diana had her freedom too late

As days went on, and Diana did not write, Emma went up to London, her heart yearning over her Tony. She met young Arthur Rhodes at Diana's house-door. He loyally said that he heard Mrs Warwick was ill—from working too hard.

Diana lay on her bed in a fireless, curtained room. The whole tide of her life had run out, and as Emma found her cold hand, she wondered if it was gone too far to return. Anguish, passion, sweeping so vital a creature, swept her far. Penitence, self-scourging, were of the wildest and most desperate. It needed all Emma's tenderness and understanding to draw her Tony back from the depths. Patiently as a mother with a sick child, she lifted her from despair to a faint hope of life. She lay beside her that night, and at intervals had the happiness of feeling Tony's hand travelling to make sure of her.

The recovery was slow, the world's talk busy. The beautiful Mrs Warwick was punished fitly for her beauty and her wit. Percy Dacier had married Constance Asper, escaping her toils. Surmise, condemnation, moral lessons were in the air, fanned by Lady Wathin. Only the old and faithful champions remained, with young Arthur Rhodes for a new one—and Redworth always. Redworth, solid, practical, yet, as she found later, a lover who could be a friend. She was some while coming to that point, having to chastise herself fully for what was done, but she came to it at last, to Emma's joy.

"Marriage, dear Emmy! marriage! Is marriage to be the end of me?" she asked, with all her old ironic humour, when the moment was near. She admitted that his way of love-making took her by surprise—"I was expecting a bellow and an assault of horns." By which it may be clear that her wounds were mending and her wit revived, as it was equally clear to Emma that she humbled herself before the man's faithful love. For Emma, who knew her, saw through the mockery to the woman who, though flecked with many faults, was a growing soul, finely shaped and finely shaping. Regarding Redworth—"Does he know everything?" Diana asked.

"He is a man with his eyes awake, he knows as much as any husband could require to know," said Emma. "You will not tease him? Promise me! Give yourself frankly."

A marriage of "the two noblest of human souls, one the dearest," Emma thought it, and prayed that she might live long enough to see their child.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

BY CHARLES READE

This huge romance of the Middle Ages first published in 1861, is the result of an exhaustive study of medieval life The hero s career is more or less based on available facts concerning the father of Erasmus The book reveals the great narrative gifts of its author more clearly than in his other work, where it is obscured by violent propaganda

IN the little town of Tergou in Holland there lived in the fifteenth century a cloth merchant named Eli with his wife Catherine They had nine children, of whom but five come into this tale Cornelis and Sybrandt lazy, deceitful, and evil hearted, Giles, a dwarf of amazing strength, Kate the gentle cripple, and Gerard, our hero Gerard was destined for the Church, and had been educated in a monastery He could write very beautifully—a rare accomplishment in that age when calligraphy was a highly prized art He could also paint, and in the pursuit of these arts was encouraged by old Margaret Van Eyck, sister of the famous painters

One year the Prince of the Low Countries offered prizes in open competition for various branches of the arts, including manuscript writing and illumination Gerard went to Rotterdam to compete On the way he met an old man and a beautiful girl half fainting with hunger by the roadside They were an old d[illegible] Margaret Brandt, from the [illegible] Gerard shared his food [illegible] air white skin, and deep violet eyes of the girl captivated Gerard, and almost from the first glance he was in love with her

In Rotterdam Gerard took a letter from Margaret Van Eyck to the Princess Marie, heir to the throne of the Netherlands, and then but a child Her mother was so charmed with the young artist s modesty and sincerity that, on hearing he was to be a priest, she promised him on her daughter s behalf a benefice near his native town when he should be ordained But alas ! a priest must give up all earthly ties, and Gerard was in love He was constantly at Margaret s house in Sevenbergen He determined to give up his career as a priest

But he had an enemy, the avaricious burgomaster, Ghysbrecht Van Swieten Twenty years before, this man had wronged Peter Brandt and his daughter, and now he was mightily afeared that Gerard might discover his guilty secret So he told Gerard's father, Eli, that Gerard was courting Margaret

There was a terrible family quarrel Gerard vowed he would ne'er be a priest while Margaret lived On Dame Van Eyck's advice the lovers decided to marry at once in secret, and to flee to Italy, the land of the arts, where Gerard should make his name They were formally betrothed, a ceremony in those days almost equal to marriage, and soon they were standing before a priest awaiting the final blessing

But it was not to be Gerard's idle brothers, Cornelis and Sybrandt, afraid that Gerard would lessen their share of Eli's wealth if he did not become a priest, were determined that he should not marry Their sly cunning told them that the burgomaster Van Swieten also for some reason wished to prevent the match A drunken man's babble informed the brothers when Gerard's wedding was to take place They flew to tell the burgomaster Before the betrothed couple could complete their vows they were torn asunder by the burgomaster's men, and Gerard was carried off to gaol, ostensibly for having disobeyed his father's will

He was confined at the top of a tall tower That night Margaret and a friend, an old soldier named Martin, came to Gerard's rescue Martin shot an arrow, to which was attached a cord, through the prison window Gerard pulled up the cord, to which a stout rope was fastened He tied the rope to an old, heavy coffer in the cell, and in so doing accidentally opened the secret lock A number of old documents fell out, which Gerard took with him down the rope to safety

The lovers fled to Margaret's house at Sevenbergen, but the next night they found the house surrounded by Van Swieten's men Ghysbrecht had discovered that Gerard had escaped with the very document which proved the burgomaster had cheated the Brandts Gerard hid in a hole in the floor under Margaret's bed, and the soldiers never found him Overcome with the fears of the night, the lovers spent the rest of the night in each other's arms

Next day Gerard fled to Italy He left behind for the burgomaster all the documents except one, on which he saw the name of Brandt This he determined to read Martin

undertook to show him the road to the German border. Margaret was to go a short way with them. Scarcely had they started but the hue and cry was after them. The burgomaster's bloodhounds tracked them through the forest. After a terrible and thrilling chase Gerard escaped over the border into Germany.

Alone on foot, Gerard made his way through a strange land where Dutch cleanliness and Dutch courtesy were alike unknown. At a filthy inn he met a jovial Burgundian soldier who cheered him with a motto he used on every conceivable occasion: '*Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort*.' An odd friendship grew up between the rough, good hearted crossbowman, Denys, with his weakness for petticoats, and the young artist priest, with his single passion for one pure woman.

Many were the adventures which befell the two on their way. One day on the road to Dusseldorf they killed a bear cub. They carried the bleeding carcass with them for their supper. Later Gerard turned round to see a huge she bear rushing down on them. She was mad with anger at the loss of her cub, and had followed the scent of the blood. She made for Denys, who leaped up the nearest tree.

Ill luck would have it that the tree was dead and short, without branches. Denys would certainly have been killed had not Gerard picked up Denys's crossbow and shot at the bear with desperate, unskilled hands. The bear abandoned Denys and pursued Gerard, who took refuge in another tree. But though Gerard was the more agile, the bear was relentless. Up she lumbered after him, mad for blood. Out along a branch she pursued him, till Gerard had nothing behind and below him but a forty foot drop, and in front of him the snarling she bear. Then a bow twanged, blood spurted out of the bear's jaws, and it rolled to the ground, dead. Denys had saved him.

After an encounter with a bandit under a gibbet laden with the dangling corpses of his companions, Gerard and Denys reached Dusseldorf. There Gerard, whose leg had had a goodly piece taken out of it by the bear, fell ill with a fever. He was visited, unasked, by a physician, who so angered him with his pomposity and his quackery, that the invalid clinched the argument as to whether he should be bled or not, by throwing a bolster at the doctor and bringing him to the floor, robes, phials and all. Gerard, gentle youth though he was, had ever a hot temper.

Fearing the good physician's revenge, the travellers slipped from the town next morning, and hired a boat to take them down the Rhine All at once two things occurred. They spied a posse of officers of the Law pursuing them down the bank, and the boatman's little boy pulled the plug from the bottom of the boat In a few moments they were in the cold and rushing Rhine

Gerard was a strong swimmer, but Denys was rendered helpless by the heavy crossbow slung across his back Gerard was half-way to the bank when he heard a cry "Adieu, comrade, adieu!" and there was Denys, fast sinking In a moment Gerard was back at the spot where Denys had disappeared, and, by means of the same crossbow, hauled him to the surface, and presently towed him to the shore—the opposite shore to that where their pursuers were waiting for them

Strangely enough, this sousing cured Gerard of his fever. The hunt was out after the pair, but they outwitted the pursuers, and that night lay safe at a monastery, where a healing poultice was laid on Gerard's leg Gerard always felt happy in a monastery, and sometimes repaid the hospitality by doing copying for the monks Poor Denys could not abide a monastery, and felt fifty times more at home sleeping in a cowshed, as they sometimes were obliged to do, or even in a tavern infested with robbers But after his experiences in one monastery, where the young monks stole out at night to carouse in the crypt of the church, Denys owned that his opinion of the monastic life had risen Poor Gerard was dreadfully shocked

Soon the travellers came to Burgundy, Denys's beloved native land, of which he had never ceased to sing the praises all the while they sojourned in Germany Here indeed the inns were much cleaner and the fare much better, and Gerard began to think that his friend had not over-rated the Burgundian virtues until they slept at a certain inn Denys, seeing a buxom girl at the door, led the way in without further inquiry The landlord made them pay for their supper in advance Then he went out

While supper was preparing, Denys, as was his wont, fell to courting the buxom serving-wench They were alone in the yard, and, to his surprise, she began to weep She said her sweetheart had been hanged Denys tried to cheer her, but she would not be comforted Then she seemed to take a great resolution and told him. "The landlord is gone to fetch the band"

'The band! What band?'

'Those who will cut your throat and take your gold"

It appeared that Manon's sweetheart had been one of the band before he was caught In league with the landlord, they robbed and murdered the guests of the inn Denys persuaded the girl to run to the town, which lay a league or two distant, to summon aid It was a wild, stormy night

When Denys went back into the house he found seven villainous looking men seated round the fire, and the landlord pouring them out neat brandy To gain time, Denys paid for another bottle for the merry company, and, feigning to suspect nothing, went to join Gerard in their room and to prepare the defence

The robber he feared most was a huge man they called the Abbot, who wielded an axe It was useless to bolt the door, for the doorpost was false and swung outwards on a hinge The two men concealed themselves on either side of the door Presently the first assassin crept in, and was slain on the instant by Denys's dagger They put the corpse in a chair facing the door, and Gerard adorned the face with phosphorus, and writ the word DEATH in fiery letters on the forehead

Presently another came up to see what had happened to the first, saw this luminous apparition confronting him in the dark room, and ran howling down the stairs Then came the Abbot He gave a gasp on seeing the apparition, and Denys shot him in the mouth It was his last arrow, and only wounded and maddened the Abbot He kicked his dead comrade aside and came on, wielding his huge axe An heroic fight to the death followed Ere it was over, help from the neighbouring town had arrived The Abbot, spitted on the two swords of Denys and Gerard, wrenched free, took a flying leap down the staircase and fell dead

In the town, whither the two friends went next day to make their depositions, for the rest of the gang had been taken and were to be tried, another misfortune befell While Denys was gambling with some fair ladies, who not only cheated him, but robbed him of his purse to boot, Gerard was arrested for sorcery [illegible]r making of a luminous corpse He was like to have been bu[illegible]ed, had not the local cure come to his assistance, and, in re[illegible]st[illegible] or a gift of the phosphorus, which he forthwith put to [illegible]d a[illegible]aking uses, procured Gerard's release

[illegible] had the friends left the town than they met a troop [illegible]ed by the Bastard of Burgundy They were bound

northwards to quell a rising in Flanders. To Denys's surprise and horror, they seized him and forced him to go with them on pain of death Soon after they were gone, Gerard was robbed of his purse by a nobleman's servants So he was left, friendless and penniless in a strange land, and not half-way to his destination, Rome

Meanwhile Margaret had struck up a friendship with Gerard's patroness, the Dame Van Eyck To her she confided all her troubles except one, and that she told nobody It grieved her sorely nevertheless, for Gerard had taken with him the written testimony of betrothal, which in those times was equal to marriage lines One day by chance she met Catherine at Dame Van Eyck's house Catherine was waiting to ask the old lady to read a letter she had received from Gerard, for Eli, the only member of the household who could read, was away from home Margaret offered to read the letter, and Gerard's mother, not knowing the young lady, thankfully accepted. Emotion proved too strong for the poor reader, and she fell in a swoon at Catherine's feet Then Catherine discovered two things that the girl was Margaret Brandt, and that Gerard was to be a father

A pupil of the Van Eycks, one Hans Memling, was then setting out for Rome He was entrusted with a letter from Margaret Brandt to Gerard He was good soul enough, but he loved the "nipperkin, canakin and brown browl" more than they deserve In a tavern at Tergou he babbled out to Sybrandt that he was taking a letter to Gerard in Italy. Sybrandt told Cornelis, and then they both informed the burgomaster

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, knowing Gerard to have the fatal document in his hands, determined to prevent his return to Holland Gerard was an escaped prisoner, with dire penalties hanging over his head Only his love for Margaret, ther... a could make him risk a return (Ghysbrecht did not ...iry that the old soldier Martin had ere this obtained a par...nce Gerard from the Duke) So Cornelis and Sybrandt a... burgomaster between them conceived the diabolical ...fell to making Gerard believe that Margaret was dead To ... in the the burgomaster wrote a false letter, purporting to ...aid her Margaret Van Eyck, to inform Gerard of Margare...er, but The brothers substituted it for the true one in Hans ... a great wallet

Margaret and her father left Sevenbergen and w... etch the

above a tailor s shop in Brede Kirk Street Rotterdam For a short time all went well Her father had begun to acquire a reputation as physician, when the old man was laid low by a stroke From that time he was no more than a helpless child

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physicians grew jealous and she was like to have been prosecuted as a witch She escaped with a heavy fine, how ever, and was forbidden to practise

She now had her sick father and old Martin, who lived with them, to support, and a child coming She took in washing from her old patients, and Martin carried the basket One day she found a soldier talking to the girls at the well Courage,' he cried " the Devil is dead," and she knew him for Gerard s friend Denys Thereafter he also came to live with her and helped with the ironing

One day an unexpected and unwelcome visitor came to the house It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten He delivered a letter from Gerard, and went scowling away Gerard had sent a letter by a Dutch ship from Venice, it had fallen into the burgomaster s hand, and, smitten by a pang of remorse, he had brought it, after tampering with the seal to Margaret

Eli was to set up Cornelis and Sybrandt in a shop in Rotter dam, and the whole family were now in that city By a sad sc feud was in progress b Only the little gentle h In his letter, however, Gerard bade Margaret read it to his family Accompanied by Denys, therefore, she went to Eli s house, and there read the letter aloud It detailed Gerard's adventures from the time Denys left him until his arrival in Venice

t he was befriended by a master beggar by name Cul de Jatte, who took him as servant and travelled with him into Italy From him Gerard learned much of the tricks and stratagems then in practice among the goodly fraternity of vaga bonds He saw Cul de Jatte paint sores on himself, and tie up his limbs to look like deformities, and steal bones from the churchyard to sell as holy relics and a hundred other tricks Gerard steadfastly refused to help him in his deceptions but earned a few pennies on his own account by playing ditties on a psaltery that the beggar had bought him

After he and Cul de Jatte parted ways, Gerard was overtaken

by a nobleman on horseback, who insisted on exchanging clothes with him, setting him on his horse, and travelling with him as a servant The nobleman was doing a penance that obliged him to change places with a poor man So Gerard came to Augsburg, and there fell in with the great merchant Fugger, who was also travelling to Italy, and took on Gerard as his scrivener

Gerard rode in the merchant's litter amid a vast armed caravan of travellers, and should have been safe from further peril But one day he got down to walk, and presently lost the company A storm came on, and spying an old windmill, he decided to take shelter in it. It seemed deserted, but he had not been inside long when a band of desperadoes came in and barred the door The windmill was their headquarters, Gerard had little hope of leaving it alive

He braved it out, explained his predicament, and asked for a bed He was taken up a winding staircase to the very top of the mill, and shown a small room with a truckle bed There was no bolt on the door Fearing the worst, he lay down at the door with his sword drawn Suddenly, with a loud clang, the bed disappeared into the floor A trapdoor underneath it had opened, and, looking down, Gerard saw a yawning pit going right down to a well below the floor of the mill

Knowing that the robbers would come up to find out why he had not fallen into their horrible trap, Gerard made a rope of some straw which was lying in the room and let himself out of the window Then he sprang on to one of the sails as they revolved past him From the sail he fell to the ground, and sprained one leg. He could hear the whole band thundering up the staircase to his room

In desperation he hobbled to some barrels of spirit which were lying near the door of the mill, pierced them with his dagger, and threw them on to a pile of straw by the door Then with his tinder he lit the pile and set fire to the mill The assassins were trapped in the burning building Gerard crawled back to the road, and by good luck met the caravan again. So, without further adventure, he came to Venice, and sent off his letter

Gerard took ship for Rome Between Naples and the Holy City he was shipwrecked in a terrible storm The only people beside himself on the boat who did not give way to craven fear were a huge Dominican friar, who stood in the poop ignoring the elements and confessing the passengers, and a Roman

woman with a babe at her breast Gerard saved the woman by binding her to a wooden statue of the Virgin and lowering it like a boat off the ship Then the gigantic monk helped Gerard to throw overboard a broken mast, and holding to this they were both brought to land Next day Gerard reached the Holy City

He had believed he could easily make a living by his skill at writing, but he found that a thick wall of fees, commissions, and chicanery stood between patrons of art and an unknown artist However, he struck up a friendship with a painter who lodged in the same house and who found himself in like case, and they kept the pot boiling by painting playing cards Then it turned out that the landlady had a friend who was the very woman whom Gerard had saved from the shipwreck one Teresa She could not do enough for Gerard, and eventually introduced him to Father Colonna, a priest of the powerful and wealthy Colonna family, and himself a great patron of the arts

From then on Gerard prospered He received a commission to copy manuscripts in the Vatican One day he was sent for to the Cesarini palace, and a young princess commanded him to write a letter for her She fell in love with him, declared her love, and when, though perhaps tempted by her extraordinary classic beauty, he kept aloof, she all but had him murdered in her house Fearing her vengeance he decided to lie low for a little, and, having nothing to do, set himself to read the old document relating to the Brandts The writing of it was so ill, that he had not before had the patience to decipher it Now he discovered that Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was illegally holding land and rents belonging to Margaret and her father

He determined to return to Holland at once But the next day arrived the false letter by the hand of Hans Memling Margaret, it said was dead and buried Struck down by the blow, Gerard fell desperately ill and all but died himself When he recovered his despair turned to reckless bitterness He plunged into the wildest dissipation, drinking gamaret wenching One day the princess saw him in a wild cornmit at in a boat on the Tiber, and by his side what she thoug true a beautiful harlot (and was in reality a boy dressede saying mocked her to Gerard s companions Furious, she c on her revenge hat Brother

She hired a professional assassin to murder and had left a

man was no other than the husband of Teresa He followed Gerard one night when, a prey once more to the blackest melancholy, the heartbroken lover wandered down to the Tiber full of thoughts of suicide Seeing the assassin, Gerard went up to him and, baring his breast, begged the man to kill him The assassin recognized him, and stayed his hand With a snarl of contempt Gerard rushed from him, and with one cry, "Margaret!" flung himself into the river.

That same night, Margaret gave birth to a boy, and in her weakness and joy called on Gerard to come back to her. Faintly, as if at a vast distance, she heard Gerard's voice answer, "Margaret!"

The assassin rescued Gerard and took him to a Dominican monastery hard by Here his tortured soul passed to penitence, and turned from the world, and Gerard became a monk Meanwhile in the tailor's house in Brede-Kirk Street one of the greatest men of the century was being suckled, and weaned, and was cutting his teeth

Gerard was now Brother Clement, a Dominican friar In the same monastery lived the gigantic monk who had braved the elements in the shipwreck. His name was Brother Jerome, and he took Clement's spiritual welfare into his especial care Clement's zeal and his rare mastery of languages destined him to become a travelling preacher Before going forth once more into the world, however, he was subjected, under Brother Jerome's stern tutelage, to a number of sore trials

Jerome took him into the foullest prisons, made him officiate at horrible executions, took him to where his erstwhile companions were roistering, and above all forbade him to frequent his good friend Father Colonna, who, though a priest, in his heart, put the ideals of the Greeks above the Christian Church. At length Clement was ordered to England with Brother Jerome

On his way through Italy he met a motley company of pilgrims, and among them a beautiful young lady of rank, who, as a penance, came forward to wash his feet, as she did to every ag̃elling friar she met She wore a mask She confessed her sent him—that she had had a young stranger, whom she loved, Gered by an assassin It was the princess The assassin City he'r returned to her, and her spies had told her Gerard beside hi
were a hulistened with emotion to her tale, and then, as she the elements'ily unhappy, and penitent, he told her gently the

true facts, but as if he were another person. At the end she recognized him, and fell swooning at his feet. He bade her leave the pilgrimage and return to Rome to work out her penance in good deeds among her own people.

Gerard stayed for some time teaching in the University of Basle. His manner of life—deep study and self mortification—were rapidly earning him a reputation of saintliness. After a twelve month Brother Jerome came to fetch him to England. The two friars went preaching down the Rhine.

Meanwhile in Rotterdam Margaret was sorely distressed at Gerard's absence. His father had sent him a letter to Rome telling him that he was pardoned and begging him to return immediately. But the months had passed, and there was no sign from him. Margaret was having a hard struggle to make ends meet.

But conscience was working in Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. He was growing old, and remorse prayed upon him. Now Margaret sometimes found gifts of money mysteriously appear in her house. Catherine, who helped her with the baby, had sent Denys back to Burgundy. Old Martin was dead. Presently Margaret's father died also, but before he passed away he had a vision. "I see him," he cried, "in a boat, on a great river, coming this way."

Acting on this, as she felt, Heaven sent sign, Margaret sent a young man who was in love with her, Luke, up the Rhine to a station where all the public boats put in, to look for Gerard. Brother Clement, however, had left the boat higher up and was gone to rescue a runaway nun from a life of sin in an ill famed tavern. Jerome went on to Rotterdam to bespeak a passage to England. He met Luke inquiring for Gerard, and told him: "He you seek will be here by the next boat, and if he chooses to answer to that name."

Clement, however, took a short cut on foot and joined the boat below the station and arrived the same day in Rotterdam. Constantly during his journey he had been praying for Margaret's departed soul.

More and more distressed at Gerard's silence, Margaret at length went with a neighbour to consult a famous hermit at Gouda. Imploringly she asked: "Is he quick or dead, true to his vows or false?" The answer was a faint voice saying: Send me a holy friar, I am dying.

When Clement reached Rotterdam he found that Brother Jerome had already taken ship for England, and had left a

message saying that Clement would do better to stay in Holland and preach to his own folk. Clement withdrew to a monastery, where the prior appointed him to preach the next day in the great church of Saint Laurens. On his way thither Clement met a woman who asked him to go to the hermit of Gouda.

That day Margaret, who had not heard a sermon for many a day, decided to hear the new preacher. Before she found a seat in the church she stood against a pillar, and the sun lit up her beautiful auburn hair. Clement saw and started, awestruck. He thought she was a spirit. Margaret did not recognize the robed monk, but yet saw that he had for some reason recognized her. She determined to wait for him after the service.

Thinking that Margaret must be buried in the churchyard of Saint Laurence, since her spirit had appeared in the church, Clement inquired of the sexton for her grave. The sexton was Margaret's neighbour, and knew her well. He had also once been in the employ of Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. When he learned from the friar that Gerard (for Clement did not reveal himself but pretended to be Gerard's friend) believed Margaret to be dead, he told the friar how he had once heard the burgomaster and Gerard's two brothers Cornelis and Sybrandt talking about a letter which they were to put in place of another in the wallet of one Hans Memling, and how the burgomaster had given the brothers money to do it.

On hearing this Clement gave way to a most terrible wrath, and strode straight to his parent's house. Margaret, coming up to the sexton a moment after, heard the story and knew who the friar was. Fearing bloodshed (for she knew Gerard's hot temper), she rushed to Eli's house. Gerard had just gone, having burst in on the family at dinner and cursed Cornelis and Sybrandt with all the terrors of the medieval curse.

Gerard then went to Tergou to the burgomaster's house. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was mortally ill. Gerard confessed him, and, without revealing his identity, made him promise to restore the stolen lands to Margaret. Then he went to the dying hermit, and, after comforting his end, buried him and took his place in the cave. The holy anchorite lived without ever showing his face to the world. People brought gifts to the mouth of the cave and asked blessing.

Margaret was now a rich woman, but still a sorely unhappy one, since Gerard had disappeared again. Meanwhile Gerard's other brother, the dwarf Giles, who was a favourite at Court,

had reminded the young Princess Marie of her promise as a child to give Gerard a benefice She forthwith gave him the vacant benefice of Gouda As, however, he did not come to claim it, at the end of six months it was about to be disposed of elsewhere

But at last Margaret had found out that Gerard was the hermit of Gouda She took her little boy one night and went to the cave She went in alone Gerard, who was very weak and feverish through the rigorous mortification of the flesh which he had undertaken in order to forget his love thought she was sent by the Devil He reviled her and fled from the cave Then she put the little boy in the cave and went away When she came back she saw Gerard who thought the child a foundling dandling him on his knee Then she went in, and told Gerard that the child was his son

The unhappy pair were reconciled, and at length Margaret persuaded the hermit to leave his cell that same night and go to the Gouda manse, which she and Catherine had made ready Thus Gerard became vicar of Gouda Margaret Van Eyck s late servant and companion (the old lady was now dead) became his housekeeper and married Margaret s swain Luke

Margaret often visited the vicarage, and she and Gerard worked together for the poor of Gouda Never, however did she and Gerard pass the bounds of pure friendship The little boy grew, and at nine years was sent away to school, where he astonished his masters by his prodigious aptitude for learning

One day plague broke out in the town where the boy was at school Gerard hastily went to take him away He found Margaret there before him She had put the child in safety, but herself had caught the fell disease and was even then dying She confessed to Gerard and died in his arms He was broken hearted He took her back to Gouda and buried her in the churchyard As the first clod fell on her coffin something snapped in his breast He left the manse and entered a Dominican monastery, a dying man Soon he too was laid in Gouda churchyard in the same grave as his Margaret

The little boy Margaret and Gerard s son, belongs not to Fiction but History Over the tailor s house in Brede Kirk Street is writ in Latin HERE IS THE LITTLE HOUSE WHERE ERASMUS WAS BORN

IVANHOE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

This novel, published in 1819, was the author's first departure from Scottish themes and his most popular book. Though dictated while Scott was suffering from illness, it has a masterly sweep and power, and is among the first successful attempts to recreate a "historical" atmosphere

CEDRIC the Saxon, Thane of Rotherwood, sat in his ivory-inlaid chair at his banqueting-table and scowled He had many things to disturb him, chief of which was the conquest of England by the Norman adventurers Yet he, the descendant of the great Hereward, would do his utmost to show these arrogant Normans the mettle of the Saxon race

By the marriage of his ward the Lady Rowena, descendant of King Alfred, with the noble Athelstane he would unite two English royal houses, to whom would rally all his oppressed countrymen

"These Norman fools," he cursed, "think me old, but they shall find that, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward still flows in the veins of Cedric"

Then, in a lowered tone, he lamented that his son Wilfrid, the Knight of Ivanhoe, had not ruled his unreasonable passion for Rowena, for which he had been banished, leaving Cedric in his old age like the solitary oak to withstand the full sweep of the Norman tempest

The blast of a horn stirred him from his musing

"To the gates, knaves!"

The warder returned with the news that Prior Aymer and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the Knights Templar, sought lodgings for the night

"Normans both," muttered Cedric "But the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached"

When the repast was about to begin, the major-domo raised his wand and said, "Forbear Place for the Lady Rowena." Cedric rose, went to meet his ward, and escorted her to the elevated seat at his own right hand

At sight of the Saxon beauty, Brian de Bois-Guilbert was deeply stirred, she differed widely from the Eastern sultanas

with whom he was more acquainted Rowena was tall and exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties When she saw the Knight Templar s eyes bent on her with an ardour that gave them the effect of lighted charcoal she drew with dignity the veil round her face to intimate that his glance was disagreeable

Just then Oswald the cup bearer whispered in his master's ear that another newcomer was without, a Jew calling himself Isaac of York

Introduced with little ceremony and advancing with fear hesitation and deep humility, a tall, thin old man approached the lower end of the Saxon's board As none offered to make room for him, a Pilgrim, who sat in the chimney corner, asked the shivering, hungry Jew to accept his seat

Discussion at the table turned on the Crusades Bois Guilbert declared that the English knights were second only to the Templars, but was unexpectedly interrupted by the Pilgrim with, "Second to none!" The interrupter recalled that he had once seen King Richard and five of his English knights challenge all comers in the lists and that each knight had cast to the ground three antagonists Bois Guilbert scowled when Cedric asked the names of the doughty knights who had so gallantly upheld the honour of England, but he was unprepared for the disconcerting reply

The Pilgrim gave all the names, save one "a lesser knight whose name dwells not in my memory But Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert well knows the truth of what I have told you

Unaware of the special interest which his news would convey to his Saxon hosts, who were strangers, the Norman, stung by the Pilgrim s remarks, burst forth with

"I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse s fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe! Were he in England and durst repeat in this week's tournament the challenge, I would give him every advantage of weapons and abide the result!"

The silence was broken by the voice of the beautiful Rowena, who said with unusual warmth

"And I affirm that he will meet fairly any honourable challenge!"

At mention of his banished son, and by Rowena s instant defence of him, Cedric the Saxon was both startled and disturbed But he added

"Were further pledge necessary, I myself would gage my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe"

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The tournament at Ashby, opened next day by Prince John in place of King Richard, still believed to be a prisoner in Austria, was one of the most memorable in the history of chivalry.

Memorable too for the house of Cedric, which at first watched with despair the Saxon champions being overthrown by the confident Norman challengers, led by Bois-Guilbert Then a young knight, styling himself the Disinherited, mounted on a black charger, came forth unexpectedly and, dipping his lance with supreme grace, saluted the Prince and the ladies

Though few believed that the promised encounter could end favourably for the newcomer, the multitude applauded his youthful grace, dexterity and great courage as he rode straight to the central pavilion and, with the sharp end of his lance, struck the shield of Bois-Guilbert, leader of the challengers, until it rang again.

"Have you heard mass this morning," demanded the surprised and arrogant Templar, "that you peril yourself so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," was the retort

"Then this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise"

The two met in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt, and their lances burst into shivers Equipped with fresh weapons, they sprang again from their stations and charged The Disinherited Knight reeled, but kept his seat, and his own lance went fair and true, hitting the proud Norman's visor, the point retaining its hold on the bars The unseated Templar, stung to madness by his disgrace, drew his sword and waved it at the newcomer, who leapt from his saddle and drew his own sword But here the fight was stopped, for the youth had fairly won, leaving the boastful Bois-Guilbert, to spend the rest of his day sulking in his tent

"Sir Disinherited Knight," cried Prince John from the Royal Pavilion, "It is now your duty to name the fair lady who, as Queen of Honour and Love, is to preside over next day's festival Raise your lance"

The knight obeyed, and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, which the conqueror carried along the galleries of beauties until he deposited it—at the feet of the fair lady Rowena

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In next day's tournament about a hundred knights took the field in two companies of fifty, one led by Brian de Bois Guilbert, the other by the Disinherited Knight.

After their numbers had been thinned in an exceptionally severe encounter, the Disinherited Knight found himself opposed by three determined contestants: Athelstane, who though a Saxon had joined the Normans, Front de Bœuf and Bois Guilbert. At the most critical moment there dashed to the youth's rescue one of his own party, the Black Knight, who rolled Front de Bœuf to the ground and then knocked the slow Athelstane senseless. In the desperate combat that followed, Bois Guilbert was again unseated by the Disinherited Knight, and only the arrival of Prince John to declare the tournament at an end prevented the discomfited Templar from being forced to yield to his enemy, sword at throat.

Acclaimed the champion of the day, the Disinherited was conducted to the foot of the throne of honour to receive from Lady Rowena the reward of a splendid chaplet. He was wounded, and was heard to protest against the marshals for removing his helmet. But they did so, and the well formed but sunburned features of a young man of twenty five were seen amidst a profusion of fair hair. His countenance was pale as death and streaked with blood.

As the Knight's helmet was removed Rowena uttered a faint shriek, and Cedric rushed forward to separate his son Wilfrid of Ivanhoe from the girl he had been forbidden to marry. But the marshals of the tournament had forestalled him.

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During the tournament Prince John, catching sight of a beautiful Jewess in the crowd, had invited her and her father, Isaac of York, to take a seat in the box occupied by Athelstane, much to that worthy's indignation. It was Isaac and his daughter Rebecca who tended the wounded Ivanhoe after the tournament, and took him for nursing and shelter to their residence in Ashby. Here Ivanhoe was also struck by the lustrous beauty of Rebecca, and would not have dissented from the remark which Prince John had made concerning her when he exclaimed:

'By the bald scalp of Abraham, yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived.'

And yet, when Rebecca told Ivanhoe, as she nursed him, that she was a Jewess, she sighed internally to observe his

glance of tenderness and respectful admiration for his benefactress exchanged for a manner cold, composed, and collected as towards one of an inferior race.

The three, with Ivanhoe carried on a litter, set out from Ashby, but the Saxon guards deserted. Fearing attack from outlaws, Isaac begged permission to join Cedric's party returning to Rotherwood, but was curtly refused by Athelstane, smarting still from the snub administered to him through the Jew by Prince John, at the tournament

Just then Rebecca, making her way through the attendants to the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and in the Oriental way of addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment

"It is not for myself that I pray this favour, nor is it for this poor old man But it is in the name of one dear to many, and even dear to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection For if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask"

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal for one whose identity she dared not disclose in the presence of a father who had disinherited him, gave it double weight with the Lady Rowena. So it was that, unknown to her, the man she loved joined her father Cedric's party, and was still with them when they were ambushed in a narrow pass by some of the Norman nobles from the tournament, led by De Bracy, of the Free Companions, who was an intriguer with Prince John against King Richard

The Saxon captives were taken to Torquilstone, castle of the roystering Baron Front-de-Bœuf, where they were to be held for ransom, revenge, and still more sinister purposes

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The first unfortunate to be interrogated by his Norman captors was Isaac of York, into whose dungeon descended Front-de-Bœuf, with his torturers

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," said Front-de-Bœuf, and straightway ordered his wretched captive to send to York and bring back for him a thousand silver pounds

"Holy Abraham," returned the Jew . . "Not within the walls of York, ransack my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find a tithe of that huge sum of silver"

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver is scant, I refuse not gold"

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac "I am old and poor and helpless"

"Old thou mayest be," replied the knight—"more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in usury and knavery Feeble thou mayest be But rich thou art"

"I swear to you, noble knight"

"Perjure not thyself," said the Norman "This dungeon is no place for trifling Prisoners ten thousand times more distinguished than thou have died within these walls, and their fate hath never been known But for thee is reserved a long and lingering death"

Whereupon Front de Bœuf ordered his Saracen slaves to light a fire under a bed of iron bars

"Now choose between such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver"

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew

"Seize him and strip him" commanded the knight

The unhappy Jew eyed in vain their countenances in the hope of discovering symptoms of relenting

"I will pay," he said "Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York with your safe conduct"

"Thy daughter!" said Front de Bœuf "I gave that black browed girl to be handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert"

The yell which Isaac of York raised at this unfeeling communication made the very vault ring He threw himself on the pavement and clasped the knees of Front de Bœuf

"Take all you have asked—take ten times more, reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt, broil me on that furnace but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour"

"I thought your race loved nothing save their money bags" said Front de Bœuf, relenting somewhat

"Robber and villain!" hissed the Jew, "I will pay thee nothing unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety"

"Strip him, slaves and chain him down to the bars"

But the torture was delayed by the sound of a bugle, twice winded, without the castle

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While the unhappy Jew was undergoing his ordeal in the dungeon De Bracy was paying his attentions to Rowena elsewhere

"Sir Knight," said she coldly, "I know you not, and that no

man wearing spurs ought thus to intrude himself into the presence of an unprotected lady "

" De Bracy's name has not been always unspoken ; heralds or minstrels have praised deeds of chivalry," he ret

" But which of them," demanded Rowena, " shall reco song your conquest of this night over an old man follow a few timid hinds, and its booty, an unfortunate ma transported against her will to the castle of a robber? "

" You are unjust," said the knight, in confusion " free from passion, you can allow no excuse for the fr another, although caused by your own beauty "

" Such language of strolling minstrels becomes not the of knights or nobles "

" Proud damsel," said De Bracy, incensed at find gallant style procured him nothing but contempt H less hotly. " Thou art proud Rowena, and thou art th to be my wife By what other means couldst thou be ra high honour and to princely place? "

" Sir Knight," said Rowena, " when I leave the Gra which I was brought up, it shall be with one who ha learnt to despise its dwelling and its manners "

De Bracy, guessing her meaning, assured her that Wilfri Ivanhoe would never lead her to his footstool " This riva in my power."

" Wilfrid here? " said Rowena, incredulous

De Bracy laughed Not only was Wilfrid in the castle, bu his host Front-de-Bœuf had only to recognize him, the knigh who opposed his own claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe, and he would destroy him

" Save him for the love of Heaven! " exclaimed Rowena, suddenly frightened

" I can, I will—when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy "

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While the foregoing scenes were taking place, Rebecca awaited her fate in a distant and sequestered turret, guarded by the daughter of one of Cedric's dead friends, an old Saxon hag Ulrica, who had been ravished by the Norman captors of this, her ancestral halls

The hag scowled at the fair Jewess with the malignant envy which old age and ugliness, united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty " There is no escape," said the hag, " but through the gates of death." She left the room

as she spoke, her features writhed into a sort of sneering laugh

Presently Rebecca trembled and changed colour when she heard a step on the stair, and a tall man dressed as an outlaw entered as though for the execution of some deed of which he was ashamed Anticipating his explanation, Rebecca unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar which she offered him

"Take these good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father"

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the man, "these pearls are blind in whiteness to your teeth, the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes, and I prefer beauty to wealth"

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, "no outlaw has ever refused such offers"

"I am not an outlaw then, fair Rose of Sharon" said Brian de Bois Guilbert, dropping his mantle

"Then what wouldst thou have of me?" said the alarmed Rebecca "I am a Jewess Our union would be contrary to the laws of Church and synagogue"

"It were so indeed," replied the Templar, laughing "I cannot wed It is against my vow as a Templar to love any maiden otherwise than as I would love thee Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations"

"Stand back!" exclaimed Rebecca "I will proclaim thy villainy Templar, from one end of Europe to the other You will be held accursed for dishonouring the cross that thou wearest"

"Thou art sharp witted" replied the Templar, "but loud must be thy voice if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle"

"I will not submit to thee!" cried Rebecca "Thou the best lance of the Templars—craven knight—forsworn priest! I spit at thee The God of Abraham hath opened an escape for his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!"

She threw open the latticed window and in an instant stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below Clasping her hands, she extended them towards heaven, imploring mercy on her soul before making the plunge

The Templar, who never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude

"Come down," he coaxed, "rash girl!—I swear by earth and sea and sky I will offer thee no offence"

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca

The sound of the bugle without summoned the Templar from the room

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The Norman conspirators had been summoned to consider a letter written by Cedric's jester Wamba, demanding the release of all the captives, failing which he and his comrades, none other than Robin Hood, his merry men, and the Black Knight, would besiege the castle and destroy it

At news that there were at least two hundred men outside the castle Front-de-Bœuf became alarmed, and was counselled by the Templar to send at once to York or elsewhere for assistance

As they had no messenger who would undertake this errand, the Normans hit upon the ruse of asking the besiegers to send in a priest who would reconcile the captives to God, for they were to be executed on the following morning

But the priest who was sent into the castle was none other than Cedric's jester Wamba, disguised Left unguarded in the presence of his master, the jester prevailed on Cedric to exchange clothes and escape from the castle

Presently the unsuspecting Front-de-Bœuf led Cedric, habited in monk's garb, to the postern gate, urging him to do his utmost to bring Norman aid to their beleaguered friends

"If thou wilt do mine errand and return hither, thou shalt see Saxon flesh as cheap as ever was swine's flesh in Sheffield market"

As the two parted, the baron thrust into Cedric's unwilling hand a piece of gold and warned

"Remember, I will flay off both your monk's cowl and skin too if thou failest in thy purpose!"

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, "if, when we meet again, I deserve not better at thy hand"

Turning back towards the castle, the old die-hard threw the piece of gold towards the donor, exclaiming, "False Norman, thy money perish with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was suspicious "Archers," he called to the warders on the battlements, "send me an arrow through yon monk's frock!

Yet stay—we must thus far trust him, since we have no better shift I think he dare not betray me'

The Norman took a long draft of wine, then sought out his prisoners—and noticed something amiss He struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester and, throwing open the collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude

"Fiends of hell!" shouted Front de Bœuf And thou" he said to the Jester I will give thee holy orders Tear the scalp from his head and pitch him headlong from the battlements Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now?

'If thou give me the red cap thou propose whimpered Wamba, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal

'The poor wretch," said De Bracy, 'is resolved to die in his vocation Front de Bœuf, thou shalt not slay him He shall make sport for my Free Companions'

But the demonstrations of the enemy outside cut off further talk

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The progress of the historic battle for Torquilstone was watched by Rebecca from the room of Ivanhoe who had to lie like a bedridden monk while the game that would give him freedom or death was played out by others

'What dost thou see Rebecca?'

'Nothing but a cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and to hide the bowmen who shoot them

"The archery may avail but little against stone walls Look for the Black Knight, fair Rebecca, leading his followers onwards

' I see him not '

'Foul craven! Does he blench when the wind blows high?'

"He blenches not! He blenches not! I see him now he heads his body of men close under the barbican They have made a breach! They rush in—they are thrust back! Front de Bœuf heads the defenders! I see his gigantic form above the press! They throng in again! God of Jacob it is the meeting of two fierce tides!'

She uttered a loud shriek

' He is down! He is down!"

Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe, "for our dear lady's sake!'

'The Black Knight But no, he is on foot again His sword is broken He snatches an axe from a yeoman He presses Front-de Bœuf with blow on blow The giant stoops and

totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman He falls. He falls "

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Front-de-Bœuf was taken to his room, and, in the interval of the fighting which followed, Bois-Guilbert and De Bracy discussed him

" Yet a few hours," said the callous Templar, " and Front-de-Bœuf is with his fathers "

" A brave addition to the kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy

" Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf? " demanded a broken and shrill voice by the bedside of the dying baron, who shuddered and asked

" Who is there? "

" I am thy evil angel "

" Think not that I will blench from thee "

" Think on thy sins, Front-de-Bœuf On rebellion, rapine, murder "

" Let me die in peace "

" In peace thou shalt *not* die," replied the voice " Even in death shalt thou think on thy murders "

" Vile murderous hag, detestable screech-owl! " exclaimed the dying noble, now recognizing Ulrica, his former paramour

" Ay—it is she who demands all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine till the very instant of dissolution! "

" Gods an[illegible] fiends! Oh, for one moment's strength! "

" Think not o[illegible]it, valiant warrior Thou sl[illegible]e no soldier's death Remem[illegible]erest the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments The flames are fast rising "

Outside, the voice of the Templar sounded above the din of battle

" All is lost, De Bracy, the castle burns "

De Bracy led his men to the postern gate, but they were beaten back, and the vaulted passages rang with the encounter between De Bracy and the Black Knight, until the former was felled with a ponderous axe

" Yield ye, De Bracy? " said the Black Champion

" Not to an unknown conqueror "

Suddenly the Black Knight whispered his name and the startled De Bracy made his submission

Rushing into the burning castle, the Black Knight bore out the wounded Ivanhoe in his arms Rowena was saved by her

father s servants, but Rebecca, carried off by Bois Guilbert, filled the air with her departing shrieks

Tongues of fire had now risen to the evening skies Tower after tower crashed down As the victors gazed with wonder upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red, they saw the maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica outlined above, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration Then the whole turret gave way, and she fell to perish in the flames that had consumed her tyrant

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One of the casualties of the battle of Torquilstone was Athelstane, the Saxon hope, who had been felled by a sword blow

Before saying farewell to the Black Knight, Cedric invited him to come to Athelstane s castle of Coningsburgh for the funeral celebrations

The Knight came, attended by Ivanhoe, disguised, and immediately begged Cedric to grant him the boon promised for his share in the fight for the castle

Cedric coloured, and protested that it was scarce fitting for a stranger to mingle in an affair concerning his own honour

' Nor do I wish to mingle, said the Knight mildly except so far as you will admit me to have an interest As yet you have known me only as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock Know me now as Richard Plantagenet!

' Richard of Anjou! exclaimed Cedric stepping backward

" No, noble Cedric! Richard of England, whose deepest wish is to see her sons united to each other And now I require of thee, as a man of thy word, to give and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight Wilfrid of Ivanhoe

" And this is Wilfrid, said Cedric, pointing to the disguised knight in attendance

' My father! My father! " said Wilfrid, prostrating himself at Cedric s feet " grant me thy forgiveness! '

Thou hast it, son, said Cedric, raising him up ' Thou art about to speak, and I guess the topic But the Lady Rowena must complete two years mourning for her betrothed husband, Athelstane, before we can treat of a new union

It seemed as if Cedric s words had raised a spectre for at that moment the dead Athelstane appeared very much alive, with the news that he had only been stunned by the sword that had struck him down

"My ward Rowena, you will not desert her?" asked the alarmed Cedric, still hoping for a revival of Saxon England

"Father Cedric," protested Athelstane, "be reasonable The Lady Rowena cares not for me Here, Cousin Wilfrid, in thy favour I renounce and abjure . Hey! our cousin Wilfrid hath vanished!"

The gallant Knight of Ivanhoe had responded to a sudden appeal, made by his fair nurse Rebecca, to come to her aid at the Preceptory of Templestowe, to which she had been carried by Bois-Guilbert, and where, to save himself from the punishment of broken rules, he had admitted her to be a sorceress, the punishment for which was death, unless saved by a champion

The judges had been two hours in the lists waiting when Ivanhoe arrived The Templars' champion, Bois Guilbert, looked fiercely at his old antagonist

"Dog of a Saxon!" he blustered "Take thy lance and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee"

"Ha! proud Templar! Hast thou forgotten that twice before didst thou fall before this lance?"

The trumpets sounded, the knights charged each other, in full career, and Bois-Guilbert fell in the lists, killed, not by his rival, but by his own contending passions

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On the second morning after the nuptials of Wilfrid and Rowena had been celebrated, Rebecca called on the Lady of Ivanhoe and, with head bent to the ground, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic

There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice and a tenderness of accent which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed as she bade Rowena adieu

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised, as if a vision had passed her The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it left a deep impression He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have approved

BLACK BEAUTY

By ANNA SEWELL

Other biographies of animals had appeared before "Black Beauty was published in 1877, but none with such a sympathetic detachment and understanding of the subject Though produced to a large extent as a protest against cruelty to animals, it remains perennially popular as a charming accurately observed chronicle of events in the life of a horse from which the student gains oblique glimpses at human life in Victorian England

THE first place that I remember was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water with rushes and water lilies and shady trees Here, when I was young and it was hot I used to spend much time with my mother When it was cold, we used to stand in a warm shed near some fir trees

One of the first things I remember was my mother, whose name was Duchess, telling me of my father and my grand father who twice won the Newmarket Cup, and my sweet tempered grandmother, and then urging me to grow up just as gentle and good and to work willingly and lift my feet when trotting and never bite or kick I never forgot this advice

Then when I was nearly two and we were standing in the early morning mist one spring morning, I saw my first hunt The hare, wild with fright leapt a stream, closely followed by the dogs and huntsmen Then, suddenly we saw two horses fall One lay groaning in the grass Someone ran to our master s house and came back with a gun There was a loud bang, and then all was still, the black horse moved no more

My mother was greatly troubled by this and afterwards would never go near that part of the field

When I was four, and my bright black coat had grown fine and soft my master broke me in Those who have never experienced this cannot imagine how terrible it feels to have a thick piece of steel pushed between one s teeth and tongue and held fast by leather straps, made to come out of the corner of one s mouth